THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

AMERICAN LABOR AND BOLSHEVISM

EVERY DAY SOME NEW STRIKE, or bomb-explosion, or red-flag waving in this country or Canada confirms a Buffalo editor in his belief that "union labor is in the hands of unscrupulous men whose political, social, and economic principles stand on all fours with those of Lenine and Trotzky." But as almost every dispatch from Atlantic City tells of a new defeat for the extreme radical element in the American Federation of Labor Convention, the New York *Times* is by no means the only paper to be convinced that "Reason Rules American Labor." And as it considers recent acts and utterances of labor groups and labor-leaders throughout the country, it recognizes many "other signs that the conservatism of American labor is a fact, not a theory." Efforts to repress "Bolshevism" also appear in the Socialist party, whose executive committee has expelled from membership "Left Wing" elements which "believe in the *Soviet* and immediate seizure of all industry." The Secretary of Labor declares that not only will Bolshevism fail to gain a strong foothold here, but even American radicals will repudiate it when they realize what it means. A New York *World* correspondent at the American Federation of Labor convention has noted that "for the first time in many years the extreme radical groups which have always contributed the most noise and a great deal of mischief, pitched their song in a subdued key." The outstanding feature of the opening days of the convention, according to a New York *Tribune* writer, "was the evident determination on the part of officers and delegates to smash everything that savors of Bolshevism by whatever name it may be described." When Governor Runyon, of New Jersey, told the members of the convention, "you are out of harmony with destructive creeds," a roar of applause came from the floor, we are told. Press writers have cited among the evidences of conservatism the failure of the convention to indorse the general strike for Mooney, the rejection by the metals section of the Federation "by an overwhelming vote" of a proposal to agitate for the pardon of Eugene V. Debs, the emphatic repudiation at a preliminary meeting of a plan to eliminate trade divisions and amalgamate the present unions so as to turn the Federation into "One Big Union," the suspension of the radical feeders' and pressmen's assistants Franklin Union No. 23 of New York City, and the revocation of the charters of four Canadian unions. The president of the Boilermakers and Iron Ship-Builders Union has sent out an order to all locals which, he says, "serves notice on all that Bolsheviki, I. W. W.'s, or kindred gentry will not be tolerated."

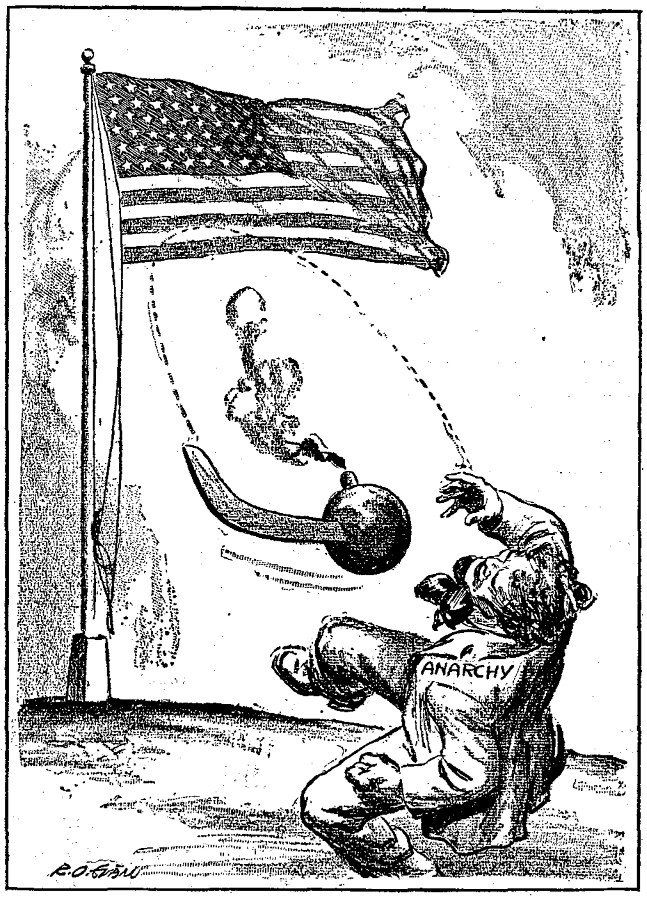
The movement for a labor party, which is frowned on by the present Federation chiefs, has a strong hold on labor in many sections of the country, we gather from the labor press. Yet Mr. John J. Leary writes in the New York *Tribune* that in so far as the Federation is concerned, this movement has so far had to contend with "a lack of interest in it on the part of the individual trade-unionist." But even if the Labor-party movement should develop unexpected strength, Mr. Bruce Bliven, of the New York *Globe*, thinks that no Bolsheviki will be interested in it, for its platform calls for "just such palliative measures" as the Bolsheviki fear, since in their opinion "they tend to lull 'the exploited' workers into comfortable acceptance of a system which is still wrong even tho it is made more pleasant."

Among other signs of conservatism, the New York *Times* notes the appeal of the Canadian Minister of Labor "to President Gompers to cast his influence against the Canadian *Soviets* because their agitation in Canada prejudiced the international labor movement." *The Times* also recalls the recent address of President Lee, of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, in which he said of Bolshevism: "We stand for no such doctrine of destruction and ruin; we . . . stand as 100 per cent. Americans ready to defend our principles."

The Seattle strike and other incidents have created a general impression that the most radical of our labor-unions are those of the Pacific coast. But the New York *World* notes how at Atlantic City, one "Curly" Grow, of Los Angeles, seized an opportunity to assert vehemently: "There is no Bolshevikis among organized labor on the Pacific coast." The Spokane *Labor World*, official organ of the Washington State Federation of Labor, says that Seattle and Tacoma unionists are wearying of so-called "demonstrations of solidarity." As a straw showing the failure of radicals and internationalists to influence Coast union-labor, *The Labor World* points to the fact that the effort to put "the American Labor day, the first Monday in September, into the discard and substitute for it May 1, International Labor day, failed this year in the Pacific Northwest rather more decisively than in the past." Of course, remarks the Spokane editor, "there is nothing to prevent the internationalists, so called, from celebrating May 1 if they choose, and from carrying on that day flags of red, pink, or yellow, if the authorities will permit, but for the 3,000,000 or more of the rank and file of the American Federation of Labor the holiday established by American labor itself is and will no doubt remain perfectly satisfactory."

Among declarations that American labor is proof against Bolshevik propaganda we find these emphatic paragraphs from the organ of one of the strongest American labor organizations, *The United Mine Workers' Journal* (Indianapolis):

> "Bolshevism failed to take hold of the American people in the same way it took hold of the people of some other countries. It broke out in spots in this country, but it did not spread. Americans are not Bolsheviki. Americanism and Bolshevism are two entirely different systems and ideas. Americanism and Bolshevism have nothing in common. A good American citizen can not be a Bolshevik. A Bolshevik can not be a good American citizen, that's why Bolshevism failed to take firm root in this country. The American people believe in America. They believe in doing things the right way, not the wrong way.
>
> "Organized labor has stood like a stone wall against the dangerous doctrine and propaganda of Bolshevism, and for that



THE BOMB-ERANG.

—Evans in the Baltimore *American*.

stand American labor is to be congratulated. It was that stand that headed off the movement in this country."

And here is an equally direct statement to the same effect from *The Trades Unionist*, of Washington, D. C.:

> "Bolshevism will not invade America, because there are too many people who have seen it first. It won't come here unless the vast preponderance of the people want it—in that event, if the nation goes mad and bites itself, we shall have it. That will not happen.
>
> "Bolshevism is antisocial—it is anarchy.
>
> "It is a menace to the organized labor movement.
>
> "The workers of America do not want it—and they must prevent it.
>
> "The antidote for the poisonous propaganda must come from an enlightened labor movement. That is the task of the American labor press."

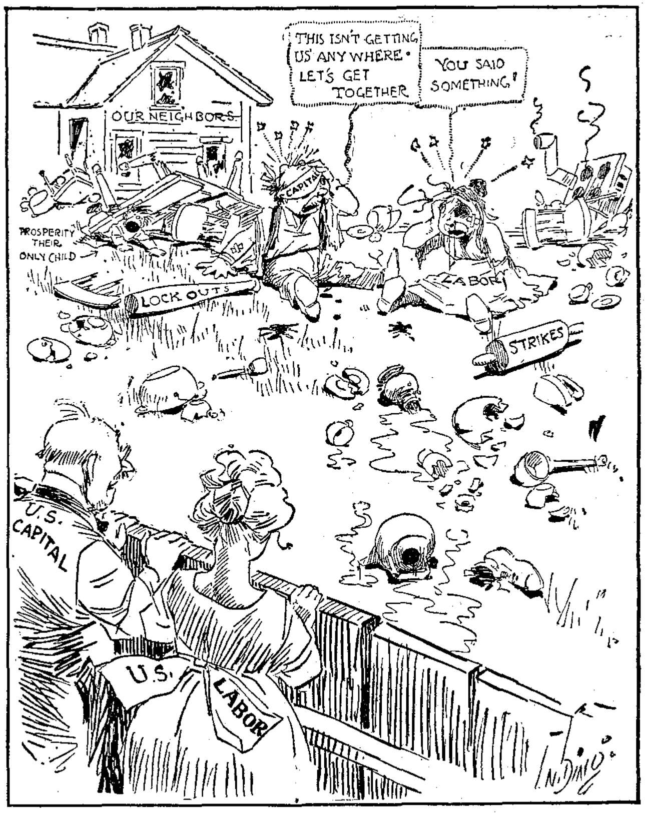
In an Ohio labor weekly, the Cleveland *Citizen*, Pearl Carlisle argues against the Mooney strike and "direct action," and concludes with these words:

> "We are sane and must keep so and show the world that we are honorable and upright; that our faces are set against any and all schemes to belittle and set at naught the institutions and the established laws of our country. Those institutions make mistakes—grave ones sometimes. All human agencies do.
>
> "Those laws may seem unjust, but we have our inalienable right to vote. Let us not seem to show ourselves unworthy. We have striven hard to show that we are in no way allied to the cause of socialism. Let us show that we can not be railroaded into a thing like this. It had its inception outside our bounds; let it remain there."

While organized labor is thus taking a stand against extreme radicalism, it seems to the Spokane *Press* that the employer has a very real duty to perform. He must "accept American conditions of labor and industry," he must be willing to give up the effort to maintain the "open shop," to-morrow if not to-day. What employers must decide on to-day, we are told, "is whether to-morrow will bring into being an I. W. W. order of things as a result of their unwise and untimely attitude in combating the reasonable demands of American workingmen." There is also a word for American business men in ex-President Taft's Philadelphia *Public Ledger* editorial on the Atlantic City convention. We are told that "it is not necessary to agree with Mr. Gompers or his colleagues in all the plans for economic and other reforms to which the American Federation of Labor is pledged in order to sympathize with their general opposition to the I. W. W. extremists who have crept into the Federation from certain parts of the country." Mr. Taft continues:

> "The business men of this country can not be told too often that the proper course for them to pursue, and a conserving, patriotic course, is in friendship for the labor-unions under leadership of the American Federation of Labor. Failure to recognize the power of conservative patriotic labor-unionism and to express sympathy with it and a willingness to classify its leaders as associates of I. W. W.-ism, extreme socialism, and Bolshevism, weaken the power of those leaders with their fellows and tend to throw the whole labor movement under the control of the lawless extremists. . . . . . .
>
> "One need not deny that there appear in the practical working of trades-unions defects which should be removed and tendencies which ought not to be encouraged; but in this upheaval of fundamental forces of society, and with attempts to destroy all our social progress by the substitution of explosive, destructive, and pessimistic theories, like Bolshevism and I. W. W.-ism, we should be anxious to strengthen the loyal elements in our labor groups and enable them to resist the wild extremists.
>
> "We should welcome alliance with conservative constructive organized labor. Were Gompers and Mitchell and Duncan to be beaten in this convention, followers of Lenine would rejoice. Possibly, too, Bourbon employers would rejoice. Such employers would be blind to their own interests and to the interests of society."

While such authorities as Mr. Gompers, Secretary Wilson, Mr. Schwab, and the writers we have quoted insist that Bolshevism is not coming in the United States, there are, on the other hand, many declarations from radical sources that it is surely on the way. Mr. Sherman Rogers's New York *World* articles, asserting the formidable character of the Bolshevik organizations here, were noted in a recent issue. Rita Childe Dorr has been making similar investigations. In one newspaper article she calls attention to the fact that July 4 had



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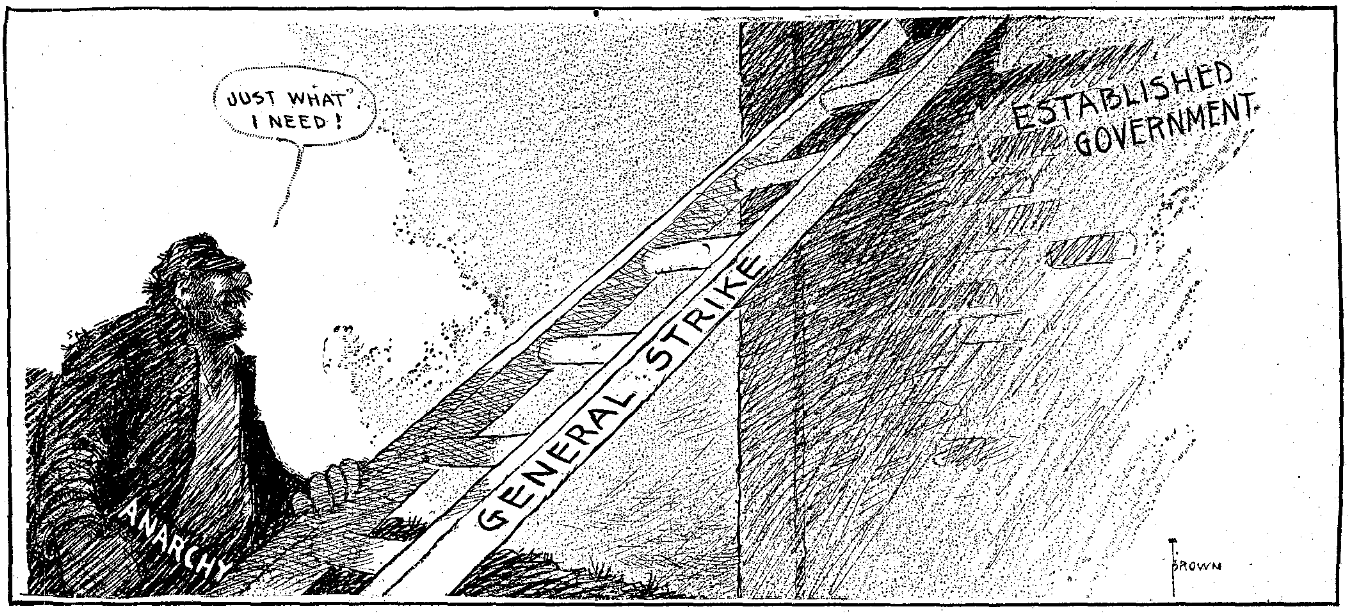
IT LOOKS SIMPLE ENOUGH WHEN WE SEE IT IN OUR NEIGHBORS.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.



CONVENIENT FOR HIM. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

been set as the date of the first great Bolshevik demonstration. A referendum among labor-unions for a "Mooney strike" on that day resulted in a vote of 40 to 1 in favor of the proposition. But the New York *Times* calls attention to the fact that no figures were given regarding the total vote cast, "and 75 per cent. of the unions ignored the proposal because it was not favored by the Federation of Labor." Mrs. Dorr does not believe that what occurred in Russia would happen in the United States, but she says she does know "that a conspiracy with the object to bring about such a condition is being hatched in the United States," and that "the trade-unions, the Socialist party, the public forums, the 'liberal' churches, the public schools are being used by the conspirators as vehicles for their propaganda." The Paterson *Press-Guardian* quotes R. F. Dunn, the Radical editor of Butte, Montana, as declaring that craft unionism is entirely out of date, and that it is even too late for industrial unionism of "the Bill Haywood kind." According to this authority, "mass action is the only thing." When Mr. Dunn was asked how the revolution would come, he replied, as the New Jersey paper quotes the interview:

> "Well, unemployment will increase, there'll be starvation, and some day the banks will fail, and the people will come pouring out into the streets, and the revolution will start."

Organized labor has set its face firmly against such a revolutionary policy, but its spokesmen remind us that it does intend to use all legitimate means to better its condition. As Mr. Charles Edward Russell notes in an article in the New York *American*, organized labor in every civilized country, including our own, is unanimous in demanding these things:

> "A shorter work-day. A larger share in the product and in the control of industry. Better education for the children of workers."

These demands are included in the legislative program set forth in the report made by the executive committee of the American Federation of Labor at Atlantic City. In his address at the opening of the convention, President Gompers made it very clear that organized labor does not intend to lose the advantages won during the war. He said in part:

> "Hereafter the relations between nations and the relations between men, whether they be employers, skilled mechanics, or ditch-diggers, will be looked at in a different light. The workers of the world are determined to have a voice in settling reconstruction problems that affect them. . . . Tyranny, whether it be in political or industrial life, shall be no more. The day for that has passed. . . . Let me tell you this: If any employer believes that industrial autocracy is going to prevail in America he is counting without his host."

REPUBLICAN EFFORT TO SPLIT THE TREATY

EVEN IN REPUBLICAN QUARTERS the first reaction to Senator Knox's resolution to divorce the League of Nations covenant from the Peace Treaty falls far short of unanimous and enthusiastic approbation. The Republican Senators who have organized this attack upon the League of Nations "will find that they have wholly misjudged the temper of the American people," declares the Republican Los Angeles *Times*, which proclaims its conviction that "if the covenant of the League of Nations were submitted to a national referendum it would carry by a three to one vote," and that "united Republican opposition would be tantamount to party suicide." "If Senators Lodge, Borah, and Knox and their handful of rabid anti-Wilson allies on the other side of the chamber imagine for a moment that they are laying sound foundations for an appeal to the country they are going to have an unpleasant awakening," says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind. Rep.), which deplores "the mischief" these Senators are doing and "the obstacles they are deliberately creating to the work of the Peace Conference." Even the New York *Tribune*, a leading Republican paper, which has been a frank and persistent critic of the League of Nations covenant and which believes that the covenant and the Peace Treaty should not have been combined in the first place, doubts the value of the Knox resolution, and suggests instead ratification of the Treaty "with reservations." Of the effort to separate the Treaty and the League at this stage of the proceedings *The Tribune* says:

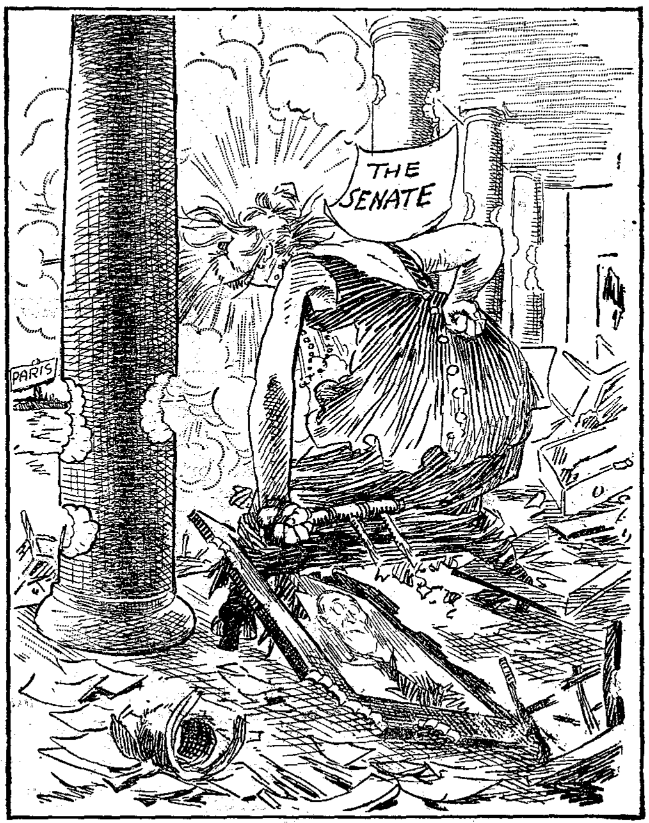
> "With the consent, if not the approval, of representatives of other nations the President's plan to negotiate the peace and the covenant together, and to use the peace part as a hammer to drive through the covenant part, has been accepted. In the presence of this fact, of this *fait accompli*, will it be profitable to discuss the wisdom of the union?
>
> "The marriage has occurred. The ceremony has been held; the milk is spilled; the water is over the dam."

To so influential a Republican as Mr. Oscar S. Straus, who was a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet and Ambassador to Turkey under President Taft's Administration, the attitude of Senator Knox appears as an attempt to "obstruct the world's desire for peace." Mr. Straus regards the League of Nations covenant as "the keystone of the arch of peace," and he denounces those who would tear down the arch in order to examine the keystone separately. In a newspaper interview he says:

"It would be a calamity if the United States, which has played such an important part in the war and in drafting the terms of peace, were to withdraw at this moment from the agreement which embodies the very principles for which we entered the war. It would be a calamity, but let us not forget that even without the signature of the United States the Treaty may become effective, for it requires only the signature of three great Powers."

Ex-President Taft, a champion of the League from the beginning, denies Senator Knox's implication that anything in the covenant clashes with the Constitution of the United States; and he expresses his conviction, based on a tour of fifteen States, that popular sentiment is for the League of Nations.

Independent and Democratic critics of the Knox resolution are naturally even more emphatic, many of them regarding it as merely another stanza in the Republican "Hymn of Hate" against President Wilson. "The Republican leaders, Senators Lodge and Knox, virtually serve notice upon Great Britain, France, and Italy that the work of the President of the United States as well as all the agreements entered into by the Allied Powers with him are unsatisfactory and, unless changed, will not be ratified," comments Mr. David Lawrence in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.); and he goes on to say:



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"HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN SCORNED"—AND WOODROW HASN'T EVEN SENT HER A PICTURE POST-CARD.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

> "The Republican leaders, it is admitted even by their opponents, are playing the shrewdest and most adroit game that has been played in many a year in Washington. The Knox resolution wasn't hastily drawn. It was intended to catch as many classes of opinion as possible.
>
> "First, it would corral all the out-and-out opponents of a League of Nations. Secondly, it would draw those who favor a League, but who certainly could have no objection to further consideration, because the Knox resolution recites that the people haven't had time enough to consider it.
>
> "Thirdly, the Knox resolution speaks of oppression of the weak and transgression of human liberties by the Peace Treaty itself, thus inviting to the side of the Republicans the many liberals and radicals in the United States and abroad who believe there are vital flaws in the document drawn at Versailles."

"Sabotage" is what *The Evening Post's* editorial observers see in the Knox resolution—"an attempt to dynamite the Treaty." "It is partizanship run mad," and "a flagrant misrepresentation of the will of the American people," declares the New York *Times* (Dem.), "for it tends to create abroad the totally false impression that they disapprove the Treaty and oppose the League of Nations." It is a "shameless proceeding" in the opinion of the New York *World* (Dem.), which adds:

> "As against this exploit of partizan Senators, the Peace Conference will be far more imprest by the action of the American Federation of Labor, in its convention at Atlantic City, in giving its indorsement to the Treaty of Peace and the covenant of the League as 'the triumph of freedom and justice and democracy,' and declaring that 'the covenant of the League of Nations, written into the Treaty of Peace, must meet with the unqualified approval and support of the American working people.'"

But the Knox resolution is not without its strong newspaper champions. Thus the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.) urges its adoption by the Senate, and argues that while the need for peace is urgent it is equally important that the problems of the covenant should be examined unhurriedly by the American people. As it is, says *The Tribune*, "either we are to be hurried into adoption of the League covenant in response to pressure for immediate peace, or we are to postpone peace in response to our need for mature consideration of the League covenant—a dilemma in which Mr. Wilson has no right to place the Senate and the nation." "A properly sensitive responsiveness to the will of the people would have deterred any one less autocratic and dictatorial from assuming the powers which the President has exercised as the self-appointed representative of our Government in the Peace Conference," remarks the Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.). The Boston *Transcript* (Ind. Rep.) supports the Knox resolution and says: "If the plan for a League of Nations can not be adopted on its own merits, it ought to be rejected." The San Francisco *Chronicle* (Ind.) agrees with Senator Knox that "we should conclude a rreaty of peace as soon as possible and thereafter proceed to consider a League of Nations in a manner sufficiently deliberate to allow full discussion by the American people." Mr. Hearst's New York *American* (Ind.) is convinced that the Knox resolution "will meet the hearty approval of every sensible American" because:

> "1. It provides a speedy and sensible method of ending the ridiculous and tragical situation in which the world finds itself after seven months of futile, quarrelsome, and deplorable diplomatic wrangling and delay at Paris.
>
> "2. It gives the world notice that this is still a republic, ruled by its citizens, through their representatives, and not by one man.
>
> "3. It shows a speedy and practical way to end this intolerable state of affairs, which is neither peace nor war, and to get our executive officials and our soldiers out of Europe and back home, where they belong.
>
> "4. It postpones the formation of a League of Nations until the people of the United States have had time to discuss that most important proposal in all its bearings and have had an opportunity to decide the question by popular vote—the only way in which any great question should be decided by a free democracy."

This resolution, as reported to the Senate by an 8 to 7 vote of the Foreign Relations Committee, is thus summarized by the New York *Evening Sun:*

> "1. That the United States went to war to correct the wrongs committed against this Government by Germany and that the sole idea of this Government in making peace is to satisfy the purposes for which the United States went to war.
>
> "2. That no treaty will be acceptable to the United States Senate which in effect amends the Constitution of the United States.
>
> "3. That the Treaty of Peace be separated from the League of Nations covenant and that a diplomatic commission be substituted for the League of Nations without prejudice until such time as thorough consideration can be given the League.
>
> "4. The three foregoing limitations are intended to facilitate the actual making of peace and will not affect the League of Nations, which is left to later discussion."

THE SENATE'S "BOOST" FOR IRELAND

"TWISTING THE LION'S TAIL" was a pastime so freely indulged in by every Fourth of July orator a few decades back that the British almost ceased to notice it, but the custom has fallen into such innocuous desuetude of late that when the United States Senate adopted a resolution asking the Peace Conference to give the Irish delegates a hearing the twist brought a roar from the great Unionist leader of Ulster. "Unparalleled effrontery" is Sir Edward Carson's phrase for "American support of England's enemies" in Ireland, where recently "a mission of Americans" demanded "the deposition of our King," and where the United States Senate's resolution, requesting that delegates representing the Irish Republic be given a hearing at the Peace Conference, "will create further difficulties in the government of that country and will give impetus to the campaign of murder and assassination already rife there." Not content with these fiery remarks, the Irish Unionist leader follows them up with remarks on the effect all this is likely to have on the prospects of the League of Nations:

> "The fact that the resolution was passed for political purposes, in order to weaken the position of President Wilson and as a maneuver in the game of political parties in America, is a demonstration of the uses to which the policy of the League of Nations may be diverted, and it makes one think seriously as to whether international difficulties may not be increased rather than diminished if, at the outset of this new international venture, an act of indecency of such a character is to pass without protest."

Nor is the aristocratic London *Morning Post* pleased by the Senate's action. "There is no other country in the world," it says, "where such a deliberate and authoritative affront to a friendly Power would be offered. Judged by all standards of international comity and decorum, it is indefensible."

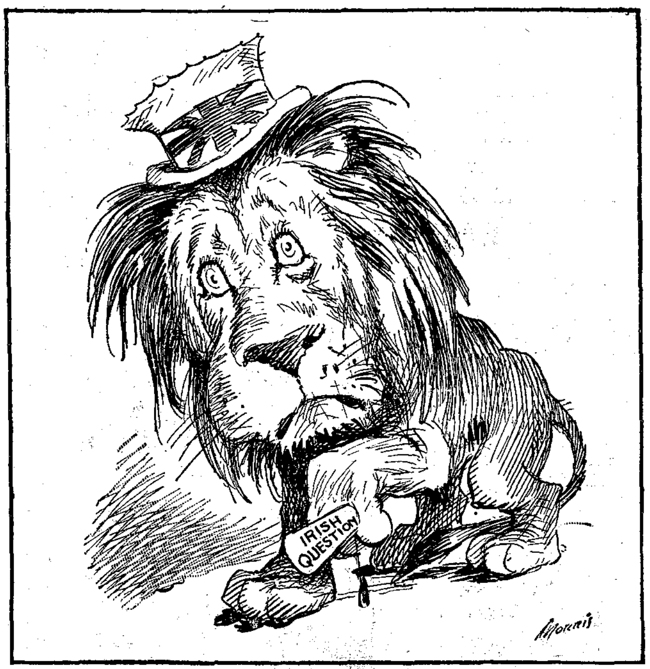
Some American newspapers also think the action was unwise. The New York *Journal of Commerce*, for example, observes that—

> "Ireland not being an independent nation, it is difficult to see why representatives of a comparatively insignificant organization of its people should appear at a conference of nations to present any kind of a case. Much less is it evident why our representatives over there should be required or asked to interfere in the matter.
>
> "As this resolution was fathered by Senator Borah and apparently not seriously considered by the committee before submitting it to the Senate for action or discussion, it looks as if it might be meant to help on the division of sentiment about the conduct of the conference at Versailles and the terms of the League. Among the reports in Washington dispatches is a suggestion of agreement among 'anti-League Senators' to 'pound away at Great Britain' in fighting against the League. That would be a petty business, exciting only contempt, one would think, for those indulging in it, rather than affecting any serious matter of international action. Still, there are a number of men in Congress and some newspaper correspondents in Washington who show themselves quite capable of it. That a Senate committee should do so, even with Borah at its head, is rather curious. The Irish in this country ought to be disgusted with it."

The Springfield *Republican* suggests that the Senate might logically pass another resolution, namely, "Resolved, that the Senate expresses its sympathy with the aspirations of the Filipino people for a government of its own choice," and the New York *World* pokes fun at Senator Borah, who proposed the resolution asking the American delegates in Paris to obtain a hearing for the delegates of the Irish Republic. "Altho *The World* has no quarrel with the text or the spirit of the Borah resolution," it says,

> "Senator Borah is against the League of Nations because it violates Washington's Farewell Address, the Monroe Doctrine, the traditional policy of isolation, and compels us to participate in European affairs. While he is asserting these noble principles he prepares a resolution asking the United States to intervene in an issue between the British Government and certain British subjects who want complete independence.... The Borah resolution, in short, is a complete answer to the Borah arguments against the League of Nations."

"That Ireland has real grievances and that England has muddled horribly in its dealings with them, it is impossible to deny," says *The Review*, a new weekly, "but it is not our affair, nor is it the affair of the Paris Conference." That it is clearly and emphatically our affair and that it is as clearly and emphatically the affair of the Paris Conference, the Boston *Transcript* maintains in its defense of Senator Lodge's declaration:



WHERE IS THIS FELLOW ANDROCLES?

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

> "I voted for the resolution because I believe every man is entitled to his day in court."

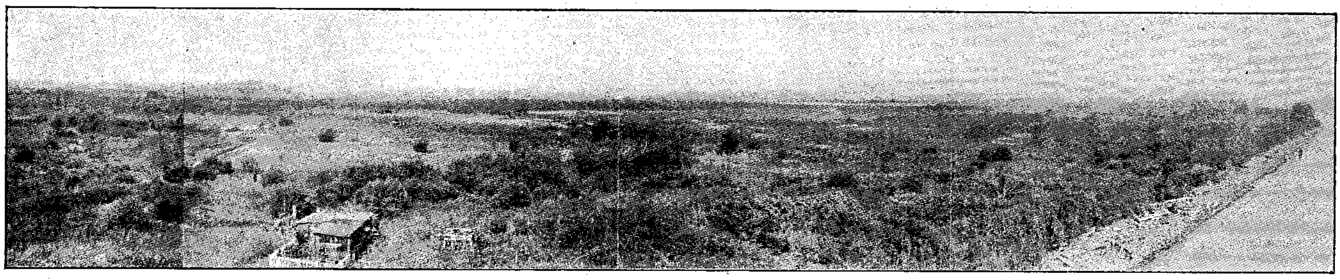
Asserts *The Transcript*, "Jugo-Slavia had her day in court—in fact, many of them; Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Ukraine, Armenia, *et al.* Why not Ireland?" Equally favorable to the resolution, the Socialist New York *Call* ridicules the opposition to it, and declares with some heat:

> "We think matters would be clarified if the Government would draw up a list of forbidden freedoms and a definite series of penalties for Americans caught sympathizing with them. Also, much embarrassment might be saved our diplomats in Paris. We make the following suggestions:
>
> "Friends of Irish freedom: Five years in jail.
>
> "Friends of Egyptian or Indian freedom: To be held in jail without charges at the King's pleasure.
>
> "Friends of Russian freedom: Deportation.
>
> "Friends of American freedom: To be flung into jail and called seditionists and traitors; to be cut off from the mails; may be mobbed or tarred and feathered with impunity, a Cabinet officer to extend congratulations to the mobs."

Less fervent, for the time being, than *The Transcript* and *The Call*, the New York *Evening Post* has still more or less tolerance for the resolution, and thinks that in its behalf—

> "The Republicans might have cited Lloyd George's own statement while the war was still on. The British Premier then acknowledged that the United States had a legitimate interest in a right solution of the Irish problem."

Perhaps this remark by the British Premier was what emboldened President Wilson to receive the Irish-American envoys, promise to do what he could unofficially to bring the Irish question to the attention of the other Peace Commissioners, and consider having Colonel House visit Ireland on a mission of inquiry, which, so the London *Chronicle* believes, "should be regarded as a favorable opportunity for investigating the true facts of the Irish problem."



A CORNER OF HOG ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 20, 1917.

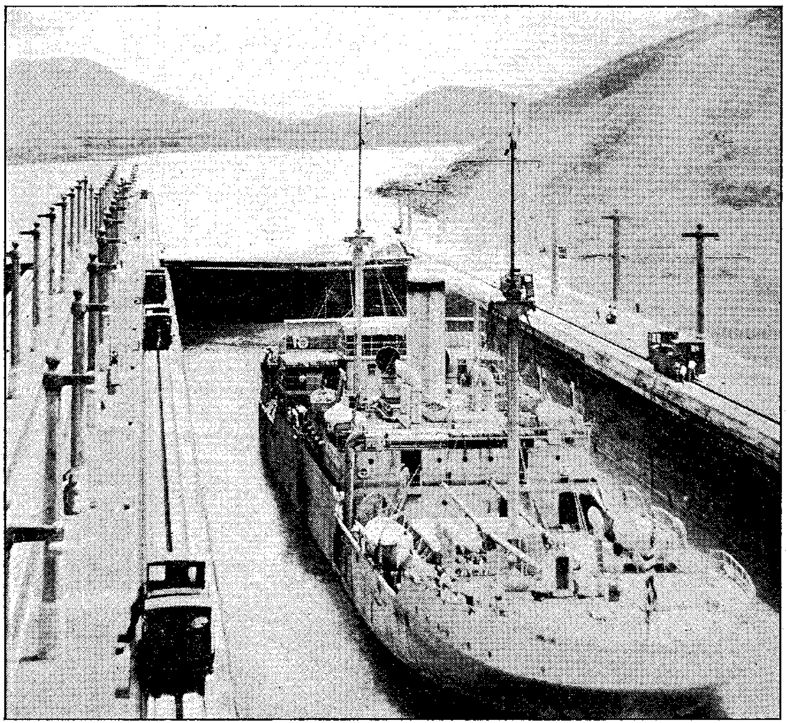
HOG ISLAND VINDICATED

THE HOG ISLAND SHIPYARD, planned and constructed during the war's darkest period to defeat the German menace by building ships faster than the *U*-boats could sink them, had not delivered one completed vessel when the armistice was signed, and the original estimate of $21,000,000 as the cost of the plant had been more than trebled by January 1, 1919. For a time, moreover, public confidence in this colossal enterprise was shaken, and charges of inefficiency, profiteering, and prodigal extravagance were hurled against its management. But now that the crisis which called it into being has passed, the greatest shipyard in the world seems to be getting its vindication, and bouquets are replacing brickbats in the news and editorial columns of the daily press. The Philadelphia *North American*, which for a long time maintained a doubting attitude toward this enterprise, now affirms that "the manner in which America uses the opportunity provided at Hog Island shipyard will be a test of her ability to hold her own in the trade of the world and will show to what extent she has the qualities of a great, progressive nation."

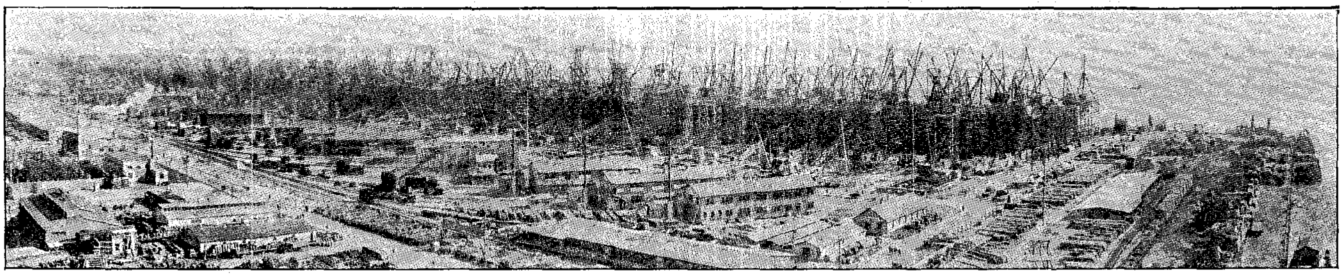
"The Hog Island shipyard is worth every dollar that it cost," declares Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida, who as chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee in the last Congress had charge of the investigation of this Delaware River plant. Senator Fletcher would like to see it retained and operated by the Government, with its value further enhanced by the development there of a great freight-shipping terminal. In fact, such a terminal, worth in that capacity alone more than the United States Government has invested in the entire Hog Island plant, is already in existence and available for immediate use, according to President Matthew C. Brush, of the American International Ship-building Corporation. In his testimony before Senator Fletcher's committee in January, Mr. Brush said:

> "I have no hesitancy in stating to you as a positive fact that there do not exist at any commercial port in the United States any better equipped storage yards and storage houses or piers for commercial purposes. At no other commercial piers in the United States does there exist to-day 50 per cent. of the modern appliances for the handling of cargo and the quick dispatch of vessels with economy and speed that are at this minute available and in actual operation at Hog Island.
>
> "I believe that Hog Island is the one war-venture where every single penny spent by the Government can be recovered."

But at the present moment, with the United States rapidly recovering her old place on the seven seas, it is as a ship-building proposition that Hog Island chiefly interests the American people. "Never again will the United States be guilty of the folly of trusting its foreign commerce to foreign bottoms," declares Secretary of the Navy Daniels, predicting the rebirth of the American merchant marine. What part in this rebirth is to be played by Hog Island with its "quantity production" of fabricated ships? "Quantity production is a specialty with us," remarks the Philadelphia *Record*, "and there never was a more significant example of it than in the greatest shipyard of the world, where the first keel was laid in less than five months from the beginning of the work on the yard, and the first launching in less than ten months, and where fifty large steamers can be built at once." On Memorial day five 7,800-ton cargo-ships were launched at Hog Island, putting the Delaware ahead of the Clyde and the Tyne as the foremost cradle of great ships. The regular output at present is at least one ship a week, and for these ships the Government finds a ready market at current prices. Nineteen of the twenty-nine ships from this yard turned over to the Government before the end of May had at that date covered approximately 100,000 miles on voyages from this country to ports in South America, England, France, Italy, Turkey, and Germany, and all, we are told, have proved the seaworthiness of the fabricated ship. Full-time operation of the Hog Island plant for the entire current year is pledged to returning soldiers and sailors by officials of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, in the effort to provide jobs for all returning enlisted men. Among the thousands of service-men employed there are many hundreds who have been wounded and are partially incapacitated. Reviewing briefly the story of this shipyard, *The Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore says:



THE *SAGUACHE*, A HOG ISLAND SHIP, IN THE PANAMA CANAL.



THE SAME CORNER SIXTEEN MONTHS LATER.

"From a disconsolate waste, largely covered with underbrush, and much of it an apparently impassable marsh, there has been created the greatest shipyard in the world, which is larger than the Cramps, the Fore River, the Maryland Steel, the Newport News, the New York Ship-building, and the Union Iron Works yards, all combined, were at the outbreak of the war. This almost incredible piece of construction work has been brought about within the brief space of fifteen months, for the first contract was signed on September 13, 1917.

"The magnitude of the work accomplished can be understood from the single statement that since the beginning of the clearing of the land and the redemption of a swamp an average of 26,000 men have been employed, with a weekly pay-roll of $600,000."

J. W. Isherwood, a British authority on ship-construction and one of the leading marine engineers of the world, predicts a world-wide boom in ship-building during the next three or four years, and foresees that "the United States may become the greatest factor in the world's ship-building." Writing in *The Journal of Commerce* of Liverpool, he says:

"Every one, of course, has heard of the Hog Island yards, and, therefore, I need not attempt any description. I assure you that it is a more wonderful accomplishment, a greater revolution in ship-building organization than is generally understood. It has come to stay and will serve as a model for the continued development of other yards.

"My own conclusion is that America will become our greatest and keenest competitor. It is perfectly true that the costs at the present time are very high, but this is not to be wondered at when it is remembered what a tremendous ship-building program was decided upon for war-purposes, and that this program in the course of a few months multiplied severalfold the ship-building facilities of the country. I assure you that the one and only object of the American people at that time was to build great numbers of ships in the quickest possible time, no matter what the cost, so as to win the war.

"To-day a different method is in progress. All the facilities which have been created are to be devoted to competitive ship-building on lines which will have a far-reaching effect upon the future shipping of the world. I saw everywhere evidence of pronounced competency, energy, and enterprise, coupled with commercial organization for developing orders. Already, as yards are relinquished from government control, I found production costs coming down very rapidly.

"My own impression is that in the course of a few years ship-building competition and the rapid interchange of products between different nations and the general speeding-up of industry will lead to the creation of mercantile marine fleets numerically beyond anything which has ever been contemplated.

"Ocean highways will be alive with thousands of freight- and passenger-carriers, where only hundreds exist to-day. It seems to me that the Americans are out to gain a great supremacy in this direction. It is not at all an improbable thing that she will produce such a plentiful supply of ships as to revolutionize sea-carrying, just as her Ford-car enterprise has achieved a similar result in another direction. America has, in my opinion, wisely and properly devoted herself to use the numerous ship-building potentialities which were established during the war for commercial purposes. Her greatest ally in this direction lies with manual workers. That is the key-note to the situation.

"The American shipyard workers make higher wages than the men in our yards do. But they will produce ships quicker and cheaper. The reason is that high wages are based upon a high level of production and efficiency, which is an immense economic factor, while our ship-builders—and there are no greater or abler men in the world—are stultified by labor insisting upon a minimum of output and a maximum of payment. . . . Those who predict that America will not win in the race for turning out in the next three years the tonnage that will be required because she is paying higher wages are, in my opinion, mistaken. Those higher wages are being paid on a basis of results, not only in ordinary manual labor, but in the handling of labor-saving devices, and in this respect higher wages will mean cheapness."

It seems that an experiment similar to that at Hog Island, but on a smaller scale, was tried by the British Government at Chepstow and Beachley. Here, according to the shipping correspondent of the London *Times*, twelve ways were constructed and six keels laid at a cost of $20,000,000, but at the end of thirty-three months not one vessel had been launched.

Returning to the Delaware, we read in the Philadelphia *North American:*

"Since the feverish, and sometimes confused, activities of the war have subsided, the atmosphere at Hog Island has changed. Carefully designed plans and efficient production are the aims. The force comprises 29,000 trained, competent workers, 80 per cent. of whom live in Philadelphia; the weekly pay-roll is $800,000. The yard is launching ships at the rate of two a week and delivering fully equipped craft at the rate of one a week. During an eight-hour working day a truck-load of Philadelphia-made products is delivered at the yard every four minutes on the average. It is stated that under the present management production costs have been reduced 50 per cent., so that, despite the fact that materials were bought at war-prices, there is a market at cost price for every vessel that can be turned out.

"Hog Island performed a great part in insuring victory in the war. It must be utilized now in the vitally important task of providing the United States with a merchant marine, an absolute essential to the welfare of the nation in the contest now opening for international trade. Whether the industry is to be owned and operated by the Government or by private interests, it is a national asset of tremendous value, and should not be permitted to suffer impairment. It should be maintained as a plant capable of producing cargo-fleets for peace use, and at the same time held ready for government service in any emergency of the nation's defense.

"If Great Britain or France or Germany or any other competing nation possest a Hog Island shipyard, with all its unequaled advantages of location and equipment, the enterprise would undoubtedly have a commanding place in that country's reconstruction program. More especially does it deserve that attention here, since the United States has lacked the vital possession of an adequate merchant marine."

And in the news columns of the same paper we find these hints as to the possible future of the plant:

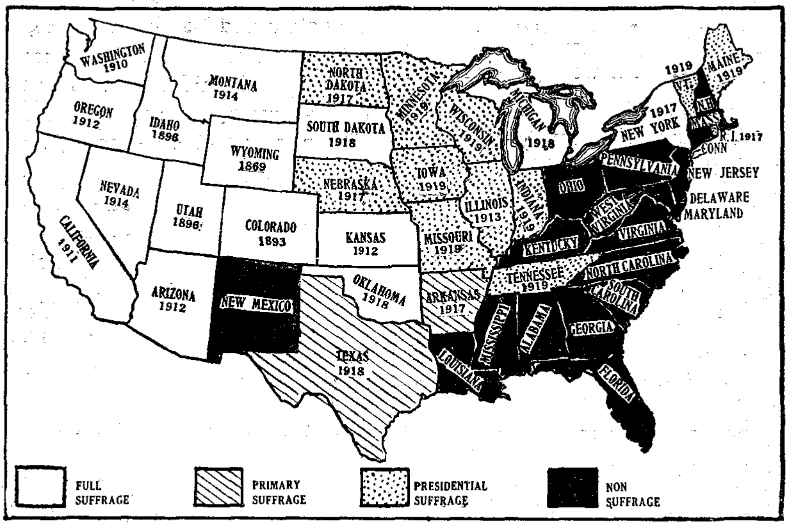
"Plans for the conversion of Hog Island into a yard for the building of 'custom' boats, or ships made to order, are under advisement by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, to replace the present scheme of 'fabrication.' At the present time plates are forged at steel-mills in the interior of the country and are merely assembled at the yard. Only standardized ships of 7,500 or 8,800 tons are now built at Hog Island. Under the new plan, designs made by outside engineers will have consideration. The suggested improvement, however, can not be put in operation until the ending of the contracts now held. This, it is estimated, will be well into 1920.

"Other schemes for the eventual utilization of the shipyard comprise a composite shipyard, repair station, and docking space. The plan in its entirety, as suggested by Howard Coonley, vice-president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, would make Philadelphia the biggest port in the United States."

THE SUFFRAGISTS' LAST CAMPAIGN

IT WILL BE "ENTIRELY USELESS to make any further fight against suffrage," declares the head of the national antisuffrage organization, now that Congress has adopted the woman-suffrage amendment to the Constitution, and a Massachusetts editor speaks for a large section of the press when he tells "the ladies" that they "may as well begin cheering, for it seems to be all over but that part of it." Yet as they turn their backs upon "a long and arduous struggle," the workers for the enfranchisement of women hear the message of President Carrie Chapman Catt, of the National American Woman Suffrage Association: "'Eyes front!' is the watchword now, as we begin another struggle, short as the other was long, the struggle for ratification." And besides, as Mrs. Catt has also pointed out, enfranchisement itself is not an end, but a beginning:

> "'The eternal feminine' beckons on to new duties and new responsibilities; and, first of all, to a stable organization which shall 'carry on' after the vote is won and correlate the activities of the emancipated women of the country."



From the New York "Tribune."

PRESENT STATUS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Some light was thrown on the immediate problem of ratification by the statements of editors in various State capitals quoted in our issue of two weeks since, which seemed to indicate, in general, that the suffrage States are likely to ratify, that the "solid South" will probably not, and that there is a group of non-suffrage States in other sections of the country whose action it is quite impossible to predict. Newspaper friends of suffrage like the Chicago *Tribune* and the Springfield *Republican* enlarge upon the absolute certainty of eventual ratification. This final stage, in the *Republican's* opinion, will present little difficulty in view of the fact that "there isn't a politician to-day in the country who, on the eve of a Presidential campaign, would raise obstacles to the amendment's ratification." In less than a week after Congress adopted the Susan B. Anthony amendment three State legislatures ratified it by almost unanimous votes. The suffragists want "a vote for every woman in 1920," and the Tacoma *Ledger* thinks that all the women in the country deserve the vote in the Presidential election of that year. One of the officials of the National Woman's party has written to the Governors of the twenty-eight States having full Presidential suffrage, urging them to call immediate special sessions of their legislatures to vote on ratification, and several Governors have already taken such action. But it seems to strong prosuffrage papers like the Newark *News* and *The Post-Dispatch* and *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis that it will be almost impossible to get thirty-six States to take action in time for the general election next year. It would involve calling some eighteen State legislatures in special session. "Can the amendment be ratified, if not in time to give the voteless women the privilege of 'casting a Presidential ballot' in 1920, yet finally and in good time?" asks the New York *Times*, perhaps the most conspicuous newspaper opponent of suffrage in the North. *The Times*, in view of unexpected suffrage victories in the past, hesitates to answer this question with a categorical negative, preferring to put it this way: "In spite of the ease with which legislatures are managed by the clever feminist bosses, in spite of the strong political motives at work, in spite of the fact that twenty-eight or twenty-nine States have granted Presidential suffrage, up-hill work lies before the suffragists." *The Times* takes the vote in Congress to prove that the legislatures of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Ohio are by no means certain to ratify. It believes that eleven Southern States are definitely opposed to the amendment, and that two more are doubtful at best. And we read in an antisuffrage Southern newspaper, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch:*

> "Thirteen States could defeat it, and of these there is no reason to believe that Virginia would not be one. The New England section is fairly solid against it, and if the South can be swung back to a stricter adherence to party tenets, it will be able to avert the enactment of this un-American legislation. . . . The time to stop it is now."

When we turn to consider what the women are going to do with the vote which is now almost in their grasp, we find the New York *Evening Post* inclined to think that women will be a restraining force in public life; "should a political contest ever be forced on the issue of a radical reconstitution of society affecting the family and property, it would be strange if the majority of women were not found arrayed against the innovators." *The Public* (New York) believes we have a "right to expect from woman's freed and enfreeing activities a new vitality of reform and a veritable springtide of human progress," because "we shall have the play of the heart in the comprehension of social problems," and because woman's entrance into political life "implies the expansion of domesticity to the conduct of national and world affairs."

Last March the National American Woman's Association met in St. Louis to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first grant of woman suffrage by a State. This meeting, as Jessie R. Haver points out in *The Searchlight* (Washington, D. C.), also marked an epoch in the political life of woman, signifying, in the organization of the League of Women Voters, that American women "have emerged from suppliants for the vote to users of the vote." As Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt describes it, the League, made up of State leagues where women have complete or Presidential suffrage, will be used "not to punish political parties, but to get inside to formulate their policies." Its chief objects will be, after completing the fight for suffrage, to work for the elevation of our standards of citizenship and for the protection of women in industry.

Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, president of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, may be willing to give up the fight, but there are indications that many of the "antis" will carry the battle to the State legislatures. *The Woman Patriot* (Washington), an antisuffrage weekly, displays on its front cover the words of Premier Clemenceau: "We shall continue the war to the last quarter of an hour, for the last quarter of an hour will be ours." And the Women Voters' Antisuffrage party denounces suffrage and all its works and purposes, and calls for the continuance of the fight against the Federal amendment on the ground that the woman-suffrage movement is affiliated with feminism, socialism, Bolshevism, internationalism, and radicalism generally.

MR. BURLESON RETURNS THE WIRES

MR. BURLESON'S HASTE in returning the wires to their owners on the eve of a strike calls forth editorial epigrams which, whatever else they may lack, are not deficient in ginger. "We trust that Mr. Burleson's days may be long in the land," observes the New York *Times* (Dem.), "but we are ready to write the epitaph of the Postmaster-General." The New York *World* (Dem.) heads its editorial "A Great Failure; A Great Lesson," and remarks acridly that "most people will approve his action," for "altho labor troubles loomed large in the path of Mr. Burleson, there can be little doubt that his hasty retreat was made necessary by evidence convincing even to himself of the failure of public operation." On the Republican side the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* observes that "the astute Mr. Burleson departs while the departing is good," and the New York *Tribune* finds that he "scuttles out of his experiment a more prudent, if not a wiser, man," while the New York *Globe* sarcastically belauds "Mr. Burleson's genius," and declares:

> "All our faith in Mr. Burleson's superhuman ability to make people angry is fully justified by his latest achievement. Even when he does what most of us think is the right thing, and restores the wire systems to their owners, he does it in exactly the wrong way. Not only does he lightly toss back to private hands one of the greatest and perhaps the most vital of the nation's public utilities, but he does so on the eve of a serious labor disturbance, giving an impression, which may or may not be justified, that he is trying to get somebody else to reap the whirlwind which he should have harvested himself. One pictures Mr. Burleson sitting at his desk on a hot June day trying to think up new plans for discouraging post-office employees and demoralizing their efforts. A subordinate—every one is a subordinate who deals with Mr. Burleson—comes in. 'The telegraph-lines are in a dickens of a mess,' says the subordinate. 'Oh, very well,' responds Texas's native son, 'let's give 'em back to their owners.' 'When?' asks the subordinate; and the P. M. G., looking at his watch, responds: 'It's now three o'clock; suppose we do it at four. That gives us an hour to arrange all the details. But let's not make it too easy for 'em; let's give back merely the operating authority and retain all other powers. That ought to create a perfectly delicious state of confusion and apprehension.'"

In the opinion of the New York *Herald's* Washington correspondent,

> "The order issued by Mr. Burleson is confusing and creates a further complication of the situation. He returns the operation of the companies to their private owners, but retains the financial management of the companies until such time as the period of government control ends. The companies are accordingly left with the responsibility of unscrambling the situation created by the period of government operation. They are left to cope with the strike situation, but have no control whatever over rates or financial management."

This explains why Percy Thomas, deputy international president of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union, feels at liberty to assert that the United States Government will be obliged to bear any loss resulting from the wire strike. In a New York *Tribune* report, we read:

> "Attacking Postmaster-General Burleson, who, he said, returned the operating control of the wires to their owners because he feared a strike and 'preferred to have it take place under the auspices of the companies, so that it wouldn't hurt the Democratic Administration,' Mr. Thomas pointed out that, under existing financial arrangements, the guaranties the Government is bound to give the companies would 'reimburse them for any loss they may sustain by virtue of the strike.'
>
> "'In other words, the Government pays the cost of crushing labor,' said Mr. Thomas."

Also in *The Tribune* appears the gist of what might be called a second-hand interview, in which Secretary Tumulty is quoted as intimating that "as soon as President Wilson returns Mr. Burleson will be asked to retire."

HANS DORTEN'S LITTLE RHENISH REPUBLIC

DOWN IN TEXAS the other morning Mr. Kurth, of Angelina County, lumberman and former State senator, learned that his nephew, Hans Dorten, had set up as President of a new Rhenish Republic, and Mr. Kurth may have exclaimed, "We may soon expect a visit from Hans!" The idea had already occurred to Hans, for when a correspondent of the Chicago *Evening News* dropt in on Dr. Dorten, recently, at 1 Hildestrasse, a dwelling-house that served as temporary capitol in Wiesbaden, the young President told him that if things went wrong, he might "visit his uncle in Texas." It would not be his first trip over. Eight years ago he made a fairly extensive tour of the United States.

This time, however, the dispatches indicate that some people in Europe would bitterly regret to see him leave. To the French, especially, his Rhenish Republic has been a joy and comfort. As shown in a map in these pages last week, it embraced the Palatinate, the Rhenish province, Old Nassau, and Rhenish Hesse, and was designed to reach from Holland to Baden and interpose a buffer state between France and Prussia—not between France and Germany, for, altho Dr. Dorten's Rhineland was designed as an "independent republic," it at the same time declared itself a part of the German Federation. However, the Rhinelanders are so different from the Prussians, racially, temperamentally, and by reason of their Catholic faith, that an "independent" Rhenish Republic would seem to the French a blessing even if within the German Federation. Meanwhile the Prussians are reported to be furious. Unlike the innumerable little fly-by-night republics that have sprung up ere this all over Germany, secession on the Rhine appears to them a thing not only serious but shocking, and the talk about remaining a part of the German Federation carries no weight whatever. They call Hans Dorten a traitor. They blame outsiders—the French sometimes, and sometimes the Holy See—for "instigating rebellion" along the Rhine. They have threatened to lynch Dorten and his cabinet. In any case, they are determined to squelch the new republic, and if Mr. Kurth, of Angelina County, Texas, sees fit to leave the latch-string out for Hans, no one who understands the situation will poke fun at him.

On June 7, just a week after the Rhenish Declaration of Independence, Edwin L. James cabled from Coblenz to the New York *Times*, "the Rhenish Republic seems to be as hard to find in British-occupied Germany as in the area held by the Americans," and he has since reported the virtual collapse of the entire movement. And yet there are reasons why even a comic-opera republic, no matter how short-lived, terrifies the Germans when it lays claim to the Rhenish provinces, and the forces behind it are worth considering here. As the Boston *Transcript* reminds us, the people of those provinces were "quite satisfied to be under the eagles of Napoleon and France," while the New York *Sun* calls them,

> "A rather curious mixture of races; they are about as much French, Franconian, Flemish, or Low Dutch as they are German. They have been generally insistent upon their demands in matters of local government. It was in the Rhine Valley region that the revolution of 1849 gained its greatest force and had its most consistent followers. It was also in this region, at Coblenz and Cologne, that the first bitter opposition was manifested against the conduct and the continuation of the war. The French writer, Maurice Barrès, in referring to Dr. Dorten, places him among the men early discontented with the Prussian rule, and says: 'He is one of those idealist Rhinelanders who have never been reconciled to the subjection of the left bank of the Rhine to brutal exploitation by Prussia.'"

Then, too, there are economic considerations of prime importance. Should the Rhinelanders win their independence, now or later on, what would become of Prussia? The Rhineland, according to *The Sun*, "Represents the richest and most prosperous section of west Germany, the section which in the last half-century underwent the greatest commercial and industrial development of any part of the former German Empire. The loss of the Rhine province in itself would be a severe blow to Prussia; it is rich in a wide range of mineral and agricultural productions, and it is the most densely populated of any of the Prussian provinces, with such important business centers as Cologne, Coblenz, Düsseldorf, and Aachen.

"The Rhine in the most important part of its course as a commercial waterway flows through the new republic. The Moselle Valley, with its highly productive vineyards, and the Sarre Valley, with its rich deposits of coal and its highly developed industries, lie entirely within the boundaries marked for the new Rhine state. Industrially the territory included within this state would be as nearly self-supporting as any other section of the former German Empire."

Without taking the new republic too seriously—as a political experiment, that is—the New York *Tribune* welcomes it as a scare calculated to bring the Germans to their senses:

"The creation of a Rhine Republic is a hint to Germany to sign the Peace Treaty without further haggling. Otherwise the empire established by Bismarck will crumble before the signatures of the German delegates can be affixt.

"The larger part of the new state is under Allied occupation. The Berlin Government therefore is powerless to suppress what it may consider as an act of rebellion. The Allies do not guarantee German sovereignty under the armistice. They can easily modify the Treaty so as to recognize the existence of a self-determined Rhenish state, if they see fit to do so.

"The republic has an area of 21,823 square miles and had in 1910 a population of 11,561,297.

"The loss of the Rhine region would nearly destroy Prussia as an industrial state. Essen, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Elberfeld, Coblenz, Mainz, and Frankfort-on-the-Main would disappear from the German map. Prussia, mutilated on the west as well as on the east, would sink back to the status of a second-rate European Power.

"Here is a peril more threatening than the 'economic servitude' imposed by the Peace Treaty. Will the peace delegation at Versailles try to buy off the Rhineland revolution by signing at once?"

These, obviously, are implications that give the Rhenish revolution, or attempted revolution, a pretty direct grip on the interest of American readers. Whatever may hasten the conclusion of peace is our affair as much as any one's. Besides, American soldiers control a part of the territory claimed by the new republic. According to an Associated Press dispatch from Coblenz, the American Third Army's summary of intelligence for June 3 was unusually readable and declared,

"The events of the last few days which have culminated in a definite attempt at Wiesbaden to proclaim a Rhineland Republic, independent of Prussia, but nevertheless part of the German federation, might be regarded as in the nature of comic opera were it not for the fact that they involve the deliberations at Versailles to a certain extent. To the impartial observer the importance of the movement consists chiefly in the opposition which has developed against it.

"One sees no concerted hilarious greeting of this proffered freedom from Prussian rule, but one does see and hear much to the contrary. It would seem that if, in the course of events, the Rhineland is to become independent of Berlin, it will require a set of German apostles better known than those who hitherto have been fathering the movement."

As for the present leaders, they are receiving no assistance or support from the Americans. When posters advertising the new republic were sent them by French officers, the American officers refused to let any such posters be displayed, and a special dispatch to the New York *Tribune* declares, "Any demonstration in connection with the new republic will be put down with a firm hand," while "if Dorten comes to Coblenz from Wiesbaden in an official capacity he will direct the new government from the Third Army jail."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

RANTZAU rants so.—*Columbia State.*

THE Reds are fading away to a pale pink.—*Los Angeles Times.*

THE dove of peace looks remarkably like a hen-hawk.—*New York Call.*

IT is not strange that the Huns want mercy. Their supply, if they had any, was exhausted early in the war.—*Toledo Blade.*

THERE won't be much competition in Germany for possession of the pen used to sign the Peace Treaty.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

MR. BURLESON'S service makes it absolutely certain what a dead letter died of.—*Detroit News.*

THE Spanish are said to be alarmed at the influx of foreign capital. Somehow we have heard of worse influxes than this.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

IF the Germans don't like the Allied peace terms, why not offer them those Herr Erzberger prepared for the beaten Allies?—*Philadelphia North American.*

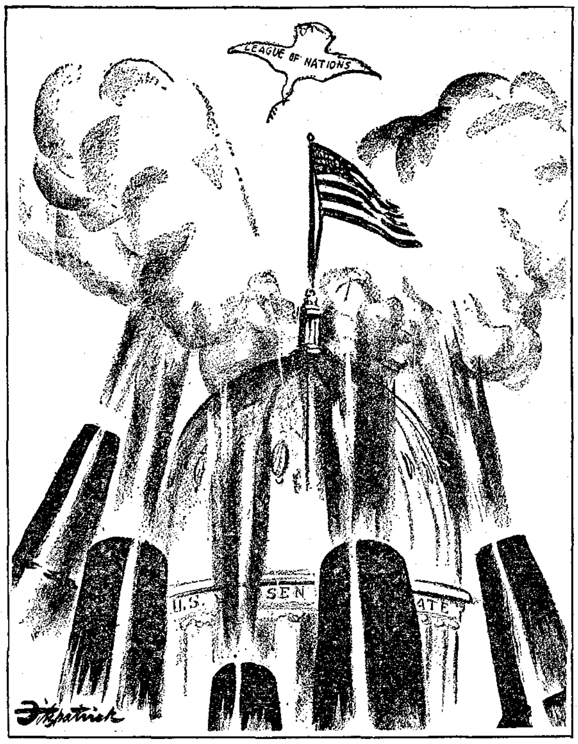
ANY cook can make dough into doughnuts, but it remained for the Salvation Army drive to convert doughnuts into dough.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

"WILSON Peace Medal" was a recent heading in an evening paper. For our part we should have spelled the last word differently.—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

A GOOD deal of talk is going the rounds just now as to what should be substituted for the saloon. Nobody has thought about suggesting the home.—*Los Angeles Times.*

THOSE New-Yorkers made so much over Tennessee's war-hero, Sergeant Alvin York, the first thing you know they'll be claiming that their town was named for him.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

JUST what was the matter with the last Congress has puzzled the nation, but the fact that a majority looked on toothpaste as a luxury ought to throw some light on the subject.—*New York Herald.*



THE MONSTER MENACING AMERICA.
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

THE American ideal is a square deal.—*Cleveland Press.*

DOES Mexico need a mandatary or a steam-roller?—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

WHAT we need in this country is one daylight-saving law for the towns and another for the country.—*Charleston* (*W. Va.*) *Mail.*

AUSTRIA has about enough left to feed that one-headed eagle.—*Wall Street Journal.*

IT is really too bad if Naturalist Garner has discovered an ape that can talk. There is too much of that now.—*Detroit News.*

THE Germans insist on Wilson's fourteen commandments. Anything to escape the ten commandments.—*Goodwin's Weekly* (*Salt Lake City*).

OUR derbies off to that Southern woman who sounds the true note of suffrage when she demands either "a vote or a voter."—*Buffalo Evening News.*

ONE'S favorite idea of the anarchist is jolted by the statement that a clue in the current bomb mystery is a laundry-mark in a linen collar.—*Newark News.*

MR. HOOVER now thinks there is food enough in sight to meet the needs of the world. The only question remaining, therefore, is how to get it.—*Kansas City Star.*

THE German mark is worth only 8½ cents in gold. Our dollar is worth 100 cents in gold, but only about 30 cents in bacon, eggs, chickens, and calico.—*Houston Post.*

IT is reliably reported that 51,000 Smiths participated in the world-war as soldiers in the A. E. F. This makes it clear that they put something over on the Schmidts.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

IT seems there are a lot of alien agitators in this country who are not at all pleased with it. And this country is not at all pleased with a lot of alien agitators. The solution seems fairly obvious.—*New York Evening Sun.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

GERMANY'S FOOD-CONDITIONS

APPROXIMATELY CORRECT KNOWLEDGE of food-conditions in Germany may perhaps be best attained by comparing the reports of British observers with those of investigators supposedly more or less sympathetic toward the German people. There is food enough in the country districts, according to some British observers, and food is to be had in the cities by those who have the money to pay for it. But the poor are actually suffering in many cities. The Germans blame the food-blockade for their impoverished condition, and contend that the Brussels agreement of March 16, by which the Allies agreed to provide them with 370,000 tons of provisions per month, does not afford adequate supplies. British observers, on the other hand, blame the German Government for faulty food administration, which permits the profiteers to corner it and hold it at high prices. Just about the time the blockade was moderated, the four principal miners' associations of Germany appealed to the Berlin Government to relieve the economic situation, not only by inducing the Allies to raise the blockade, but also by "enforcing stricter measures for the seizure of all foodstuffs at home, such as the confiscation of existing stocks and the radical suppression of illicit trading." On this point a correspondent of the London *Times* remarks:

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THE FRANKFURTER LINE.

One of the many Prussian officers now food-pedlers in Berlin.

"It is disgraceful that after nearly five years of war, measures of this kind should have to be urged in a country that professes to be on the brink of 'starvation.'

"General Plumer's troops, we are told, can not endure any longer the sight of women and children dying of 'starvation' in the streets of German towns. It is plain that they have not even the most elementary acquaintance with German slum life before the war, nor, for that matter, with the gross affluence in which the Junker and the profiteer are wallowing to this day. It is a pity that our men have seen neither Berlin at its orgies nor the lusty, well-fed teams who every Sunday in every German city play 'football' and 'hockey' for the diversion of thousands upon thousands of the 'starving proletariat.' Every German picture-paper is alive with photographs of round-faced actors and actresses and of all manner of parasites and loafers. At the Savoy Hotel, in Berlin, last week the Association of German Gentlemen Riders, under the distinguished patronage of the ex-Crown Prince's boon companions, resolved to enlarge the scope of its activities, and gravely decided in the affirmative the question of the hour—namely, whether gentleman riders should in future be allowed to ride in the same races as jockeys. At Kiel the still 'Imperial' Yacht Club is planning to have in June its annual week of dissipation. These are curious items in the program of a 'starving' country. . . . If, instead of striving for cheap popularity by 'socializing' enterprises like the Coal Syndicate, which is already regulated by the state, they had from the first devoted themselves to enforcing a strictly 'common economy' of foodstuffs, there would now have been neither prodigality in Berlin nor 'starvation' on the Rhine, nor, perhaps, for that matter, the horrors of civil war."

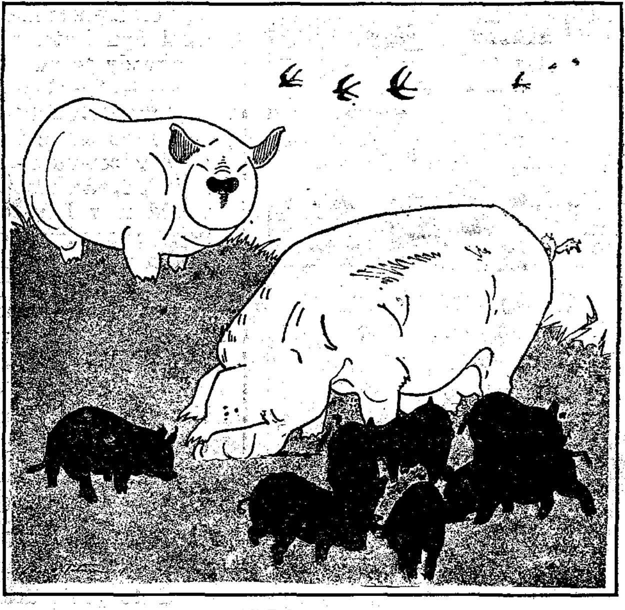
A correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* writes from the country surrounding Frankfort-on-the-Oder that from all appearances "the peasantry of these parts are not in any danger of real starvation." It is in the towns one realizes all is not well, especially in the larger towns; and he adds that "famine stalks openly in the slums of Berlin; the wolf is not very far from the door in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, especially, of course, from the poor man's door." A London *Daily Mail* correspondent who was in Germany from the end of November to the middle of March, and who spent three and a half months in Berlin, makes the following report:

"The food-distribution machinery at the disposal of the present Government has altogether failed. Since the armistice people have had the optimistic belief that the Allies would soon relieve their necessities by raising the blockade. In this belief the average person has eaten far above the quantities which conditions justified, with the inevitable result that supplies are coming to an end long before the gathering of the harvest.

"This process has been accentuated by the high bribes of food which the Noske military body has had to give its mercenaries to induce them to fight. Two weeks ago I visited the Reichstag, whose beautifully carpeted lobbies are now filthy with camping soldiers, the air sordid with the odors of their food. While talking with some of these troops they suddenly opened a safe and showed me, to my amazement, a whole basinful of real butter which was to serve for their repast. The ordinary individual, if he is lucky, gets two ounces a week. I pretended to think it was margarine, but they let me taste it. It was the real thing."

As to German opinion, the report of a German medical authority is that since the armistice more than 100,000 persons have died in consequence of the food-blockade. The Stockholm *Dagblad* tells us that this expert investigator maintains that the effects of malnutrition will continue to show in the nation, because the amount of food permitted to be imported by the Germans is insufficient. Two effects of malnutrition noted by him are a deterioration in the health of the people accompanied by a weakened mental condition which inclines them to political agitation, to a slackening of moral responsibility. The *Dagblad* and other Swedish journals mention five medical investigators who were sent into Germany by universities in neutral countries in order to make a personal examination of food-conditions, and quotes their report as follows:

"Mothers who vainly seek to procure the most necessary food for their children are met with on every side. The physical development of school children is being halted to a startling extent. Carrots and a few goats worn to a skeleton are all that are to be found in the markets. In the communal kitchens established for the poorer population, such food as there is to be found baffles description. Only thin vegetable soups are doled out. Scenes that take place every day at these places indicate clearly that a revolt of starvation may declare itself at any time. Tuberculosis is on an appalling increase and is especially rife among children. It generally takes a malignant course. . . . Milk is lacking for the tuberculous and cod-liver oil for the rickety. Medicine is falling to the condition of many decades past, and the complete lack of soap fills the surgeons with despair. . . . Up to the present the importation of foodstuffs has moved much too slowly. Each day of delay is a potential menace of injury not only to the whole of Europe, but to the whole world. To free the German people from hunger and want is a duty of humanity and a matter of the highest importance to every individual, for it means the maintenance of a threatened civilization."



ARROGANCE!

"My dear, I believe more poetry in future will be dedicated to us than to the swallows."

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

One of the members of this neutral commission is quoted in the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter* as saying in part:

"Old people are the greatest sufferers from hunger and want, but as the food-scarcity increases and continues to last, younger people are affected in increasing numbers. In the war about 1,600,000 were killed, and almost half this number, or rather 700,000, were victims of the food-shortage resulting from the blockade. Because of the declining birth-rate also the population has dwindled in an unprecedented degree. There are in Germany to-day four million fewer children than in normal times before the war."

OMINOUS DAYS IN ITALY

SHORTAGE OF COAL AND FOOD in Italy is causing grave concern to some Allied observers, especially as there is the usual postwar accompaniment of Bolshevik propaganda in large Italian centers. It is being urged on Allied authorities that the necessity of prompt relief is the only sure solution of the complex problem Italy faces. Chief among the needs is coal, and we hear from official Italian sources that through lack of fuel food may be piled up in the port terminals, and consequently fail to reach the population. The minimum coal requirements of Italy, according to the Italian Bureau of Information (New York), is 800,000 tons a month, and we learn further that—

"During March Italy received less than half this amount. The situation is due largely to the lack of available tonnage. During the war Italy lost 57 per cent. of her tonnage, a loss proportionately larger than was suffered by Great Britain. As for the food situation, it is growing steadily worse. Since April 1 the Italian Government has been obliged to reestablish war-bread, which had been abandoned only two months before. Meat is very scarce, altho meat-rationing has been continued."

As the coal-shortage grows worse and worse, more alarming uneasiness is felt in the industrial centers of the peninsula as to the future, not only of the industries, but of industrial society, according to *The Anglo-Italian Review* (London), which remarks:

"The lack of transport both by sea and land is the chief cause of this unfortunate state of affairs. Great Britain has, of course, long since been officially informed of the very serious condition to which industrial Italy is reduced, but we learn from a trustworthy source that she has been compelled to reply that there are no more ships available for the transport of coal. Italy has, therefore, been taking measures to obtain supplies by land. No doubt, if transport can be supplied coal could be obtained at once from the Sarre Basin, and arrangements might also be made to get coal from Westphalia."

Italy's coal crisis was acute all during the war, and it may seem incredible that it should have grown worse since the armistice. By way of explanation the Milan *Corriere della Sera* observes:

"To realize the situation, it is necessary to study prewar conditions. In 1913 imports of coal average 900,000 tons a month. Of the 10,800,000 tons per annum, 2,200,000 tons went to the state railways, 200,000 tons to the light railways and the steam tramways, 700,000 tons for the navy and mercantile marine, 1,200,000 to the gas companies, and the rest to private industries. During the war the private coal-consumption increased in some directions, such as engineering, and decreased in others. The Government throughout demanded that the Allies should recognize the needs of Italy, at first for 740,000 tons per month and later 690,000 tons. The Allies, however, only granted Italy 600,000 tons a month; but, in fact, this quantity was never received. In 1917 the average received was 440,000 tons a month, and in 1918 530,000 tons a month. The most critical month was in February, 1918, when only 328,000 tons were received. Before the war England supplied about 9,000,000 tons, Germany and Austria about 1,000,000 tons, France about 160,000 tons, and America about 90,000 tons. The American supply increased in 1914 to 300,000 tons, in 1915 to 1,742,000 tons, and then fell in 1916 to 1,056,000 tons, and in 1917 to 451,000 tons.

"After the signing of the armistice Italy's needs were recognized as being 800,000 tons for two months and 1,000,000 tons for the succeeding months, but, instead of improving, the situation became worse. In November 647,000 tons of coal were received, in December 472,000 tons, in January 439,000 tons, in February 502,000 tons, and for March the quantity was not more than 375,000 tons. The railways alone require 240,000 tons a month, so that it can be seen that there is no margin for the reconstruction of Italian industries."

It is remarked by some Allied observers that Italy is particularly entitled to receive good treatment from the Allies, because the Allies, according to General Ludendorff, owe their victory to Italy. Reference is here made to an interview with General Ludendorff in the Stockholm *Social Demokraten*, in which he said: "If Austria had been able to release even a small number of her divisions to help Germany on the Western Front, the war would have been won by the Central Empires before America could have had time to send reenforcements to the Allies." Of interest to American readers is a pointed rebuke to English coal-producers addrest through the London *Times* by Lord Brassey, in which he notes that American companies are entering the Italian field. Lord Brassey writes in part as follows:

"From information just received I believe that the situation is more serious than at almost any time during the war, and that if supplies of coal are not received very shortly many industries will have to close down. The smelting-works of which I am managing director were closed at the beginning of March for lack of fuel. Before the war we supplied Italy with ten to twelve million tons of coal per annum, or more than ninety per cent. of her total requirements. The Italian Government is now negotiating a contract for American coal—a fact which I commend to the notice of British coal-miners. Every effort should be made to resume our export of coal to Italy. Italy has deserved well of the Allies during this war."

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HIS NAME IS "ALMOST A HOUSEHOLD WORD" IN BRITAIN.

Admiral Sims is here seen receiving a service of plate on his departure from England for the United States.

BRITISH PRAISE FOR SIMS

WITHIN ONE WEEK of our declaration of war in April, 1917, Admiral Sims arrived in London and was soon recognized at the Admiralty and in the Royal Navy as "one of the foremost sailors of the day." Thus enthusiastically writes a contributor to the London *Times*, who tells us that the name of Admiral Sims has become "almost a household word with us." Parenthetically it is mentioned that at the signing of the armistice the forces operating under his command in European waters included nearly 400 ships of various types, more than 5,000 officers, and 74,000 men, or a considerably larger force than the entire United States Navy before the war. This writer proceeds to speak of the work of Admiral Sims as follows:

"Practically throughout his stay in England he sat at the daily council-table in Whitehall. From the first he determined that all along the line there must be complete cooperation with the Allied navies, and with the British Navy in particular. Unified command was to be his guiding motive; his forces were to be looked upon as reserves; where they should go and in what numbers should be determined only by the general strategical situation. Adherence to this policy involved the subordination of personal ambitions and national susceptibilities; Admiral Sims's diplomacy was typically American; he put on no airs; he meant what he said; he kept nothing up his sleeve. He addrest himself to people both in the United States and Great Britain with especial fearlessness, and insisted that the world at large should be in no doubt that it was primarily British sea-power that won the war.

"Shielded by the Grand Fleet, the United States war-ships escorted through the war-zone 62 per cent. of the American Expeditionary Forces, or about 1,250,000 troops, without loss. Of the 2,000,000 American troops transported to France, 45 per cent. were carried in American transports. Of all the cargo-vessels sent to France, England, and Italy, while the United States was in the war, 27 per cent. were convoyed through the war-zone by United States naval vessels."

The American forces laid about 80 per cent. of a North Sea mine barrage extending from the Orkneys to Norway, we are told, and the mines were handled entirely by American men and laid from a squadron of United States merchant ships which had been converted into mine-layers. In one operation a field of more than 5,000 mines was laid in less than four hours—"a feat said to be without parallel in mining." We read further:

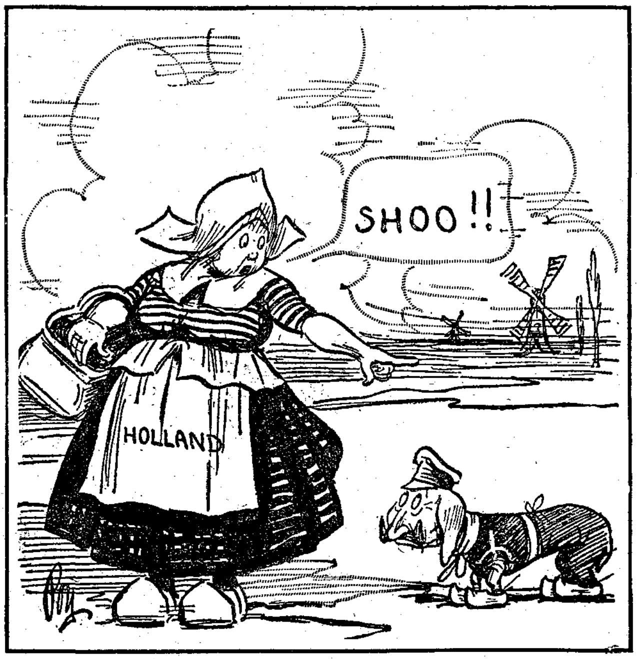
"American Naval Headquarters in London created an organized Naval Aviation Force, Foreign Service, consisting of approximately 20,000 men and 5,000 officers. This personnel was distributed along the coast-line of Europe from the North Sea to the Adriatic, and created sixteen seaplane stations, four dirigible stations, three kite-balloon stations, two large assembly and repair bases, and a powerful bombing group in northern France. The United States Navy also lent many airmen and air mechanics to the Allies while they were waiting for their own airplanes.

"As 'comrades of the mist,' a squadron of American dreadnought battle-ships—units of unrivaled excellence—operated during the last year of the war as an integral part of Admiral Beatty's armada, and a division of submarines based on Ireland operated off the Channel against enemy submarines. A force of specially built submarine-chasers helped the Allies at the entrance of the Adriatic against the *U*-boats; another force was similarly employed in the English Channel and the Irish Sea. American destroyers and other antisubmarine craft were always at work in British and French waters."

Admiral Sims is universally popular with his subordinates, according to this informant, who tells us that—

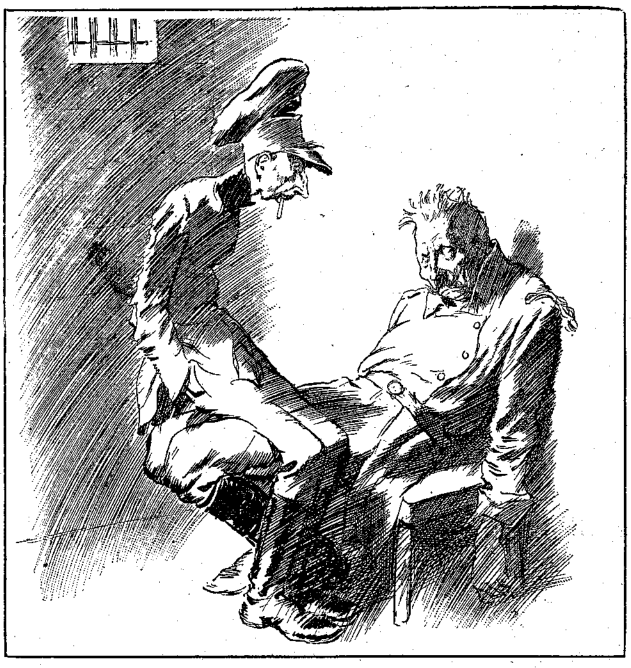
"Those who have served under him have found him to be a real leader of men, a believer in decentralization, trusting his juniors implicitly, declining to sap his own executive energies by interference with details, and everywhere encouraging individual initiative and exercise of ingenuity on the part of subordinates, from whom in turn he has received a peculiarly high degree of loyalty and affection. He goes home to be President of the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island, and to resume the rank of rear-admiral, his admiralship having been conferred only for the duration of his special war-service in European waters; but if, as his friends hope, he is soon to be raised to the rank of Admiral of the American Navy—a rank which does not at present exist—it will be a fitting recognition of his war-work."

Admiral Sims's "comrades of the mist" in England will be glad to know that in the very first days of the new Congress at Washington a resolution was introduced by Representative David J. O'Connell, of New York, to confer the rank of Admiral on Sims, as was done in the case of Admiral Dewey. Confident prediction is made that there will be no opposition to this measure in either house of Congress.



SHE'S SORRY NOW SHE PATTED IT.

Holland is finding it is easier said than done to get rid of the ex-Kaiser. —*Evening News* (London).



THE CROWN RABBIT—"What did you do in the Great War, papa?" —*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

A DOG'S LIFE.

DUTCH VIEW OF GIVING UP THE KAISER

THAT HOLLAND IS GETTING READY to yield gracefully in the matter of the Kaiser is suspected in some quarters because of an article in the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, which is said to be probably governmentally inspired. It is hinted that the Dutch Government may find itself in a frame of mind to make the changes in its constitutional law necessary to meet the Entente's demand for the ex-Kaiser, but such assent would be made conditional on provisions as to the make-up of the court and the character of the trial. It is admitted that future circumstances may revise and expand existent opinions as to what is known as the sacred right of asylum, but "we had not got that far yet," says this Rotterdam daily, which adds:

"For the moment all we can do is to stick to our positive rights. It can not be questioned that our Government will be unable to surrender the ex-Kaiser without conflicting with our law, and, what is more, perhaps, with our constitutional law. So if it should appear necessary or desirable to surrender the ex-Kaiser, such action could not be taken except with the cooperation of our legislative authority. If there were in existence a League of Nations to prescribe more exactly the laws of humanity and to show the method of procedure for such cases as that of the ex-Kaiser, and if such a League of Nations had set up tribunals that would be satisfied with reasonable demands, then there would be a thread of guidance as to the manner in which our legislation might be reformed."

But as there is no such league, this journal goes on to say, the Dutch at present have only one thing to keep in mind, which is that within a short time a request for the extradition of the ex-Kaiser will be made, and the cooperation which their lawgivers should contribute would have the character of a law drawn to meet a special occasion. We read then:

"While we will not deny the danger of such special-occasion laws, neither shall we defend the standpoint that refuge should never be taken in their enactment. If it is true that the ex-Kaiser, either in full consciousness of what he was doing or on account of a lack of a sense of responsibility, caused the catastrophe to Europe, then it would be to the interest of the country that we did not shield him from being made responsible. If, under the control of a well-organized League of Nations, it might be our duty to surrender the Kaiser, it is also true that under certain circumstances, even as things are, there might be occasion for us to give him up."

But in any event Holland should lay down conditions before giving him up, argues *The Courant*, and it points out that, whether the basis for the Entente's request shall be the maintenance of the rights of civilization or something else—

"We should have to secure assurance that these rights shall not only be brought into effect against the accused, but also for him. Impartiality of the judges is the first and inevitable demand toward this end. It is no more than a principle of humanity that the accusers should not also be the judges of the accused. Obviously Holland, having in mind the interests of the laws of humanity, could not agree to a procedure under which the court of justice was composed of the accusers. Moreover, the accused must have the right to summon all witnesses he thinks could help his defense, whether of German, British, French, Russian, or any other nationality. Guaranty that this right be allowed him is an indispensable preliminary condition to the settlement of the matter."

Any uneasiness that may have been felt on this point, remarks the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, should be removed now that the provisions for the trial and punishment of the ex-Kaiser have become known. The tone of these clauses in the Peace Treaty is very satisfactory, for it is plain from them that the tribunal which will try William II. will be "a tribunal of justice, and not a mere instrument of vengeance." This is a matter of great importance, according to this London daily, which notes a statement of the Bishop of Winchester that the call for the punishment of the arch-criminal of the war was unworthy and partook of the nature of blood-lust, and criticizes it as follows:

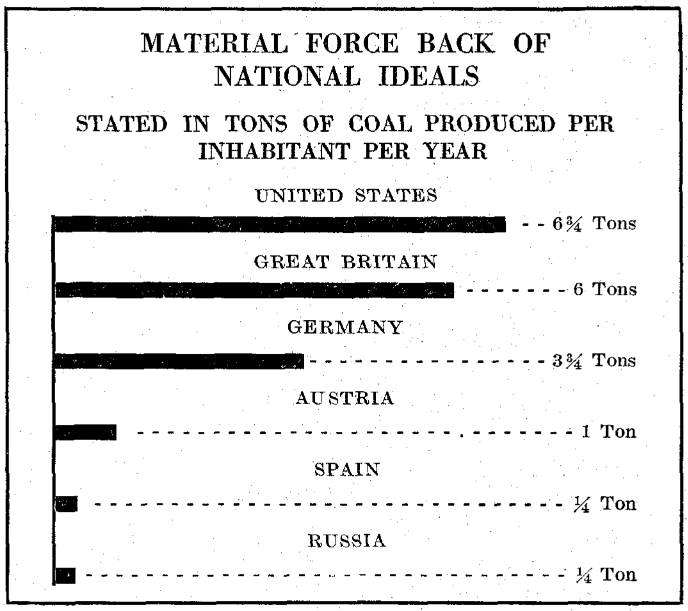
"Such a statement displays a grave misapprehension both of the aim and of the duty of the Allies in this regard. They are not in the least concerned to inflict upon the ex-Kaiser a merely personal punishment. But they are bound to have it established that international morality can not be violated with impunity, and that international obligations can not be broken without adequate steps being taken to vindicate them. The remorseless abhorrence of all free men, and the inevitable verdict of history upon his offenses, might well suffice for the personal punishment of William Hohenzollern if only his personal punishment was required. But what is required is much more than that, and it can not be obtained unless he is brought publicly to the bar of international justice."

The Paris *Matin* notes that the court will consist of six judges named by the great Allied Powers, and says that among possible judges have been mentioned Lord Reading for England, ex-President Taft or Charles Evans Hughes for the United States, and Léon Bourgeois for France.

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

COAL AND MORALS

CAN WE LIVE UP TO OUR COAL? There is a spiritual challenge in overwhelming physical power, and the nation that owns the coal has the power. Germany nearly put her foot on the world's neck, and she did it with her coal. We have five times as much as she. Are we going to live up to it? This rather original way of looking at a prosaic article of fuel is that of Paul W. Brown, writing in *America at Work* (St. Louis, May 15), of which he is the editor. Mr. Brown lays down the thesis that the fact that the United States possesses and produces more coal than any other nation in the world makes our business and social morals of more importance than those of any other nation. Why, he asks, is the modern man so much more powerful than the man of the thirteenth century? Because he has ranged behind him the "powers of Nature"—only a large and oratorical way of designating the power of coal. The man of the thirteenth century used horses, oxen, wind, and water. Mr. Brown proceeds:



MATERIAL FORCE BACK OF NATIONAL IDEALS

STATED IN TONS OF COAL PRODUCED PER INHABITANT PER YEAR

"The strength of modern nations may be pretty accurately ranked by their production of coal. The people of the United States last year produced slightly more than six and three-quarter tons of coal for every inhabitant; the people of Germany in their 'peak' year produced slightly less than three and three-quarter tons per inhabitant. Spain's production per inhabitant in 1913 was about five hundred pounds, or one-fifteenth that of Germany in proportion to population and one-twenty-seventh that of the United States. . . . Back of every man in the United States, reenforcing his physical strength for his year's work, there is the energy in six and three-quarter tons of coal. Back of every German there is slightly more than one-half that energy, while back of every Spaniard there is one twenty-seventh part of that energy.

"Coal furnishes the energy which makes the ideas of men count. To realize a vision, material force must be put behind it. Take, for example, the cotton-manufacturing trade of England. England produces no cotton, and the nearest point in England is 3,500 miles away from the nearest cotton-field of the United States. But in the coal-fields of England there is stored a tremendous amount of energy. This energy is so directed by English inventive genius that it hoists iron ore out of the ground, smelts it into pig iron, makes the pig iron into steel, fashions the steel into ships, turns the lathes and other appliances in machine-shops that build cotton-mill machinery, supplies power for the carding-machines and looms in the cotton-mills themselves, moves cotton-goods by rail to the ships' side, loads them into the ships' hold, sends them to the United States, and there exchanges them for the raw fiber of cotton produced in fields 3,500 miles away, and bears it triumphantly back to England. The English vision of a great textile industry depending on raw material 3,500 miles away has been realized because, back of the very moderate bodily power of the English people, there is the stored energy of Lancashire coal. The production of coal per capita in England is almost as great as the production of coal per capita in the United States, a fact which explains England's power in the modern world.

"Now let us suppose that at the time when Eli Whitney, a guest on a Southern plantation, invented the cotton-gin, and so made cheap cotton-fiber possible, England had had a highly developed hand-loom woolen industry, but no coal. Nothing like the English cotton-industry to-day would have been possible. That industry has been brought into being not simply by the industrial and commercial vision of England, but by the commercial and industrial vision of England made real by the power of coal."

And the same thing is true of a bad vision as of a good one. Germany put her energies back of an ignoble conception. The militaristic conceptions of Austria are and long have been the same as those of Germany, but back of the evil ideas of Germany was the driving-power of three and three-quarter tons of coal for every inhabitant, while back of the same ideas in Austria-Hungary there was the energy of less than one ton of coal per year per inhabitant. Mr. Brown goes on:

"The wrong thoughts of men in this world are not of equal power and significance. Thought is an intangible thing, but it uses material instruments for its realization and its propagation. Intellectual force, therefore, for its spread and its triumph depends on material force; and material force is at the present stage of civilization only another name for the command of the coal.

"That nation, therefore, will have power to impose its ideas on other nations, whether those ideas be good or bad, in proportion to its command of the energy produced by coal.

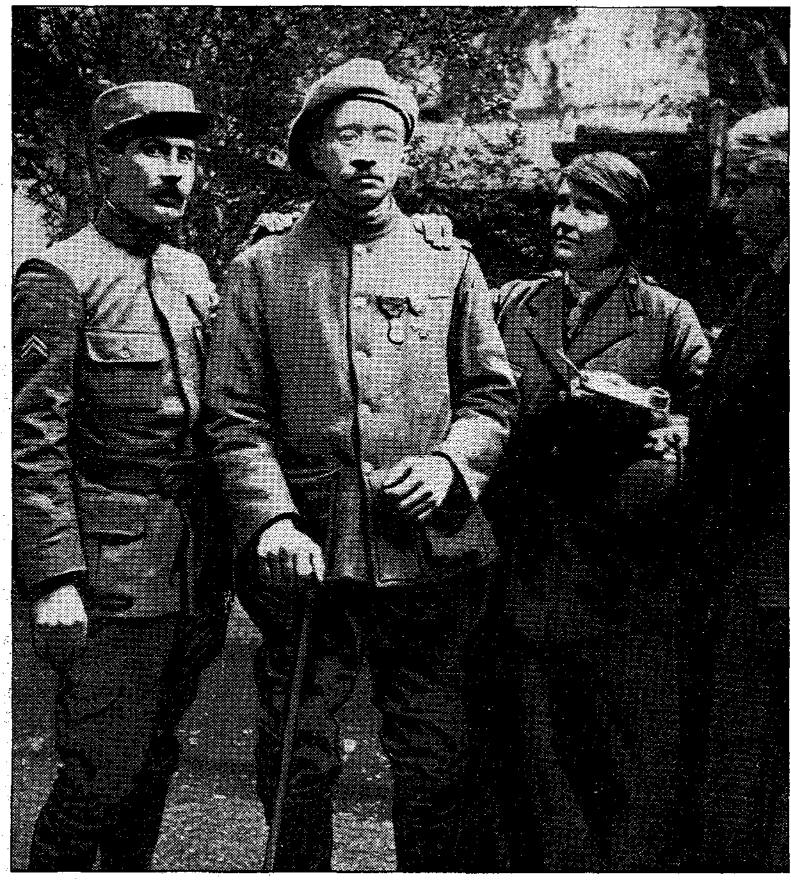
"This statement will at once arouse dissent. There are those who tell us that ideas are inherently good or inherently bad. If inherently good, they triumph. If inherently bad, they fail. . . . It is true that in the long run good triumphs and evil defeats itself, but history proves that moral cycles are so great in their diameter that many human beings may be born and die before an abuse defeats itself and a just idea triumphs. During the forty-three years between the end of the Franco-Prussian War and the beginning of the World War in 1914, Prussian militarism as an idea mustered every day a greater and greater potential effective strength. It did this, not because it was right. As a matter of fact, it was wrong. It did this because those moved by this idea were able, in increasing measure, to lay hold of the power of coal.

"We now come to our own country. In the production of coal, as in the production of iron, cotton, copper, petroleum, wheat, corn, and meat, we are the spoiled darling of the nations, the most favored heir of the riches of the earth. Not only do we at present produce a greater weight of coal per capita than any other nation under heaven, but beneath our soil there is stored a full half of all the coal at present known to exist in the world. What does this mean? It means that we, of all the peoples of the world, past or present, will not live or die to ourselves alone, for no other nation has such tremendous resources of material power, both present and potential, to range back of its commercial and social ideas for good or evil. . . . . .

"It is the energy stored in American coal, 685,000,000 tons of which were mined in the year 1918, which made it possible for us to put an army of more than 2,000,000 men on the shores of Europe. . . . The United States has used the power of coal for the cause of democracy and freedom. Germany used it in the interests of autocracy and despotism.

"The moral responsibility of the young American is vastly greater than that of the young man in any other part of the world because the hands and limbs of the American are backed by a physical energy so much greater than that which was ever before at the disposal of any one people. Instead of this age being 'materialistic,' it is an age of ideas and morals in a new and fearful sense. In the ages of the past men used the power of their own bodies for evil or for good. But the modern American multiplies the power of his body a hundred times over through his command of the material energy stored up in coal, and thus makes himself a superman, to overshadow the earth for good or for evil.

"We can not be ignored. We have too much coal. We must be loved or hated, trusted or suspected, by all the world. Which shall it be? We have more heat units back of our moral ideas than ever a nation had before. The whole world must become our ally or our enemy.



Courtesy of "Popular Mechanics," Chicago.

"HE FEELS THAT HE CAN MIX WITH PEOPLE ONCE MORE,"

For this blind *poilu* wears a mask and artificial eyes made by Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd, whose hand rests on his shoulder.

"Germany is a country of poor soil, few products, and no natural defenses. Coal made her all but the mistress of the world. We have five times Germany's coal-resources, plus the world's greatest food surplus. And by reason of this the shadow of the United States falls over every land of the globe. A natural resource has made us as a giant among ordinary men.

"The part is thrust on us; are we ready for it? Are we ready to live up to our coal? To meet the spiritual challenge of our own overwhelming physical power?"

BOARDERS IN THE HEN-HOUSE—The suburban home-maker who keeps chickens should be interested in the following tale from *The Forecast* (New York, May):

"Last fall a farmer in West Virginia followed some advice given him by his State Agricultural College, and culled out thirty-nine from his flock of eighty-one hens, sent them to market, and received a good sum for them. To his surprize the remaining forty-two birds produced as many eggs as the original flock. It was like eating his cake and saving it, too, for his feed-bill, a serious matter indeed in these times, was nearly halved. Many folk who live in town and who can keep chickens without annoyance to their neighbors or violation of local ordinances may do so profitably if they do not feed 'boarders,' especially if table-scraps are plentiful. One man found a dozen pullets kept him in eggs at a cost of fourteen cents a dozen. This figured the cost of feed purchased, but not the value of table-scraps."

LIVING SCULPTURES

A SCULPTOR WHOSE MASTERPIECES are to move about among men and women and play their part in the world's work ought to be vastly more satisfied with them than if they were to be perched perennially on a pedestal in a public square. That is the way Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd ought to feel. She who was once a modeler of inanimate faces in Boston now models living ones in France. Or at least, if the faces themselves are not exactly alive, the mutilated soldiers who wear them are, and Mrs. Ladd's work is what will enable them to live a normal and happy life. Mrs. Ladd's wonderful plastic achievement is thus described in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, May) by Grace Goulder, a Y. W. C. A. worker in France. She writes:

"Leaves of ivy dance over the high, old stone walls of the courtyard in front of her house and you have to climb five flights of winding wooden stairs to get to her studio. And when you get there you are sure to find a half-dozen French soldiers sitting around chatting or drinking tea. One or two of them will have bandages over their faces, or horrible face mutilations. But the others will seem perfectly sound and whole.

"When Mrs. Ladd—Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd she is—comes forward to greet you, she will probably be carrying what looks for all the world like a human nose, or part of a man's cheek, or maybe it will be an ear. And she handles it quite unconcernedly as she goes on talking with you. For in the time she has been in Paris she has made parts of faces for seventy-one mutilated soldiers.

"She tells you to look at the man in the corner—the one passing cakes to his companions. You observe a rather handsome, black-haired boy, with a decoration pinned on his blue soldier's blouse. And Mrs. Ladd tells you that his nose and mustache, as well as part of his cheek, are artificial.

"'Oh, they are just as proud as they can be of their new faces. All these men would show you their masks in a minute and be glad to,' she will tell you. 'This one standing near the modeling-board has no chin at all. He was wounded early in the war, and he was very much discouraged about life. But now he is going to be married and the future looks bright. Of course, he can not talk well or eat solid food or smoke; but he feels that he can mix with people once more.

"'So far I have had only five American boys. I can not make masks until the wound is entirely well, and that takes some time. Also, I never get the cases until the surgeons are sure they can do nothing for them. And so, the Americans have not started to come to me in any great numbers.

"'But every one of those who come has been so sensitive and dispirited. The French are different about it. They have become used to horrible wounds in the four years of this war—used to their own and those of their friends. But these American soldiers saw nothing ahead. They wouldn't believe my masks would make them as good as new. You don't know what a satisfaction it is to fit them out and see their pleasure and surprize. They seemed to take hold all over again as they looked at their changed faces.'

"Mrs. Ladd was a sculptor in Boston before she took up this work for the Red Cross. She first models the maimed face. Then she makes a cast of the face as it was before the wound. Most frequently she does this from a photograph. When the soldier has none, she studies what is left of his face and models the missing features to suit the rest. The mask itself is made of thin copper. This is afterward tinted with the most delicate of water-coloring, a process requiring most exact and careful work, because the mask must match perfectly the skin of the face.

These artificial face parts are usually held in place by means of a string matching the color of the hair and worn over the back of the head.

"Some of the men have had frightful eye-mutilations. Mrs. Ladd has fashioned new eyes for them. Her mustaches and whiskers are guaranteed to last. They can be pulled and twirled, a fact appreciated by the Frenchman. Indeed, there is no part of the human face Mrs. Ladd has not supplied."

CAVES LINED WITH LEAD ORE

IN THE LEAD DISTRICT OF OKLAHOMA Nature has been kind to the seeker after metal. She has in numerous cases disposed her treasures in caves, many of which are literally lined with untold riches. The last lead-cave opened up in this region, at Tar River, Okla., consists of a series of connecting caverns containing perhaps 100,000 tons of lead ore in crystals. And out of this section, besides its lead, comes now enough zinc to supply 50 per cent. of the needs of the United States. R. H. Sumner, writing in *Du Pont's Magazine* (Wilmington, Del., June), describes these caves of lead and suggests that they be brought to the attention of those "doubting Thomases" who occasionally predict that the supply of this or that metal will shortly give out. They need, Mr. Sumner thinks, to "see America first," in its fullest meaning, including not only what is above but what is underneath the earth's crust, and to realize that a large part of the latter doubtless contains riches still undreamed of. We read:

"Ottawa County, Oklahoma, is largely the property of the Quapaw Indians. Here these aborigines enjoyed the freedom of the prairie unmolested until three years ago, when the Great War began to call on the mining men of America to draw upon the resources of our country to supply an unprecedented demand for nearly all metals.

"This home of the Quapaws was known to have some mineral. To what extent or where ore bodies existed the flat, barren prairie would not reveal, but the high prices offered for lead and zinc caused hundreds of drills to be set to work. To-day there are two hundred mills reducing the ore to marketable concentrates and some five hundred shafts piercing the ore bodies and taking men, drills, air, and explosives into these bodies and pulling pay-dirt out of the mines into the mills.

"The average weekly mineral production of this section is now 1,500 tons of lead and 9,000 tons of zinc concentrate, or 450,000 tons of zinc per year, which is enough zinc to supply 50 per cent. of the requirements of the United States.

"Ore-bodies and rich caves have been opened up far greater than any expectation, and the ore is deposited in such a way that, when geologists or mineralogists come to look for the minerals, they can safely leave their glasses at home.

"The most recent phenomenal cave to be opened up is on the lease of the Laclede Lead and Zinc Company, located at Tar River, Oklahoma. In the past year and a half of operations, this company has encountered several lead-caves of greater or lesser extent, and, in October, 1917, they mined out what was then supposed to be the greatest of lead-caves.

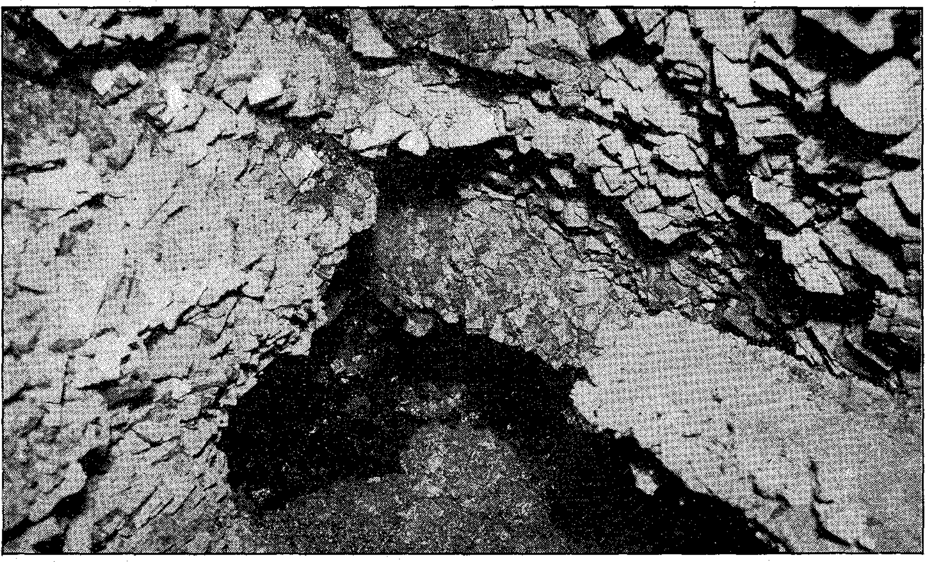
"The new cave, however, is richer and of greater dimensions than previous ones. It is composed of two series of rooms, the largest room about the size of an ordinary living-room. One series of rooms extends back about 60 or 70 feet, the other series about 125 feet. The rooms for these distances are all connected, but sometimes the connecting cavity is so small as to cause a man of forty-inch girth to wait and take the other fellow's word for what is beyond."

Throughout almost the entire distance of the two series the walls, top, and floor, we are told, are intermatted and interbedded with mineral crystals. Galena, which is the cubical crystal of lead sulfid, predominates, the crystals ranging from one-half inch to seven inches on a side. There are places where there is absolutely nothing visible but the smooth, glittering, iridescent faces of the large lead crystals. Mr. Sumner goes on:

"In some places sphalerite, the sulfid of zinc, is present along with galena, and, in other places, lead or zinc crystals almost lose their identity under a bright brassy coating of marcasite, a sulfid of iron. These sharp-edged, wedge-shaped crystals of marcasite manifest themselves in snags in the clothing and scratches on the ungloved hand.

"It is a difficult matter to more than guess at the quantity of lead in sight in these caves, for the thickness of the ore varies from a mere incrustation up to solid masses of two feet in thickness. At other places the crystallization is so dense as to preclude any accurate measuring or estimating. Engineers who have visited these caves estimate, or rather have guessed, on their lead content in varying figures, ranging up to 100,000 tons.

"Development work in the Kansas-Missouri-Oklahoma mining-district still continues. Its possibilities are far from exhausted, and the discovery of new veins and caves is a frequent occurrence."


Courtesy of "Du Pont's Magazine," Wilmington, Del.

AN OKLAHOMA TREASURE-CAVE,

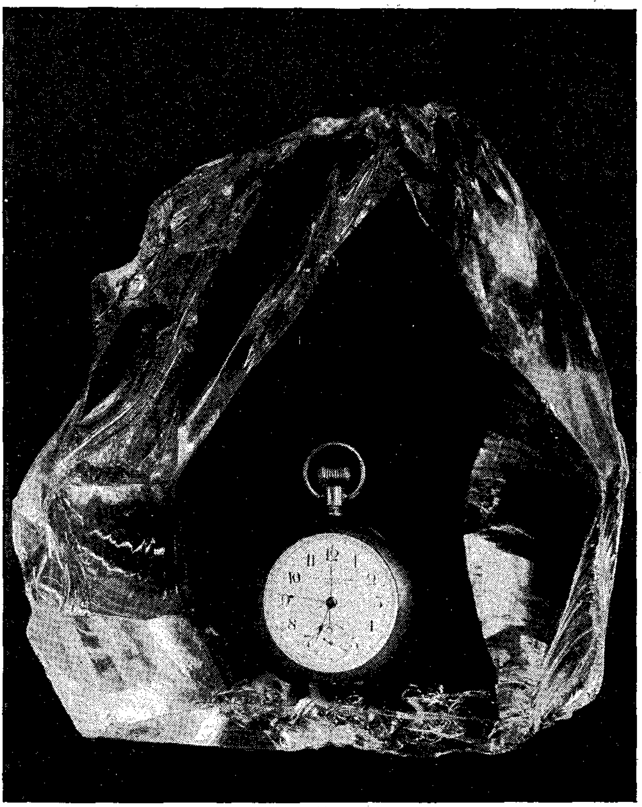
Whose walls and floor and roof are incrusted with lead ore.

FREE TRUCKS FROM UNCLE SAM—More than $45,000,000 worth of motor-trucks, we learn from *The Weekly News-Letter* of the Department of Agriculture (Washington, May 21), are about to be distributed by the Secretary of Agriculture through the Bureau of Public Roads to the State highway departments. We read:

"These trucks have been declared surplus by the War Department and are being distributed to the States under the provisions of Section 7 of the Post-office Appropriation Bill. They must be used by the States on roads constructed in whole or in part by Federal aid, for which $200,000,000 in addition to the former appropriation was given to the States under the same bill. All that the States must do to acquire the use of these 20,000 trucks, which range in capacity from two to five tons, is to pay the loading and freight charges. Of the 20,000 motor-vehicles to be acquired practically free by the States, 11,000 are new and 9,000 are used, but all are declared to be in serviceable condition. The motors will be apportioned to States only upon request of the State highway departments on the basis of the requests received from the respective States, and in accordance with the apportionment provided in the Federal aid law approved in 1916. The requirements of the law are such that the Bureau of Public Roads can not distribute any trucks to counties or individuals."

AMERICAN OPTICAL GLASS

NOT AN OUNCE OF OPTICAL GLASS was made in the United States before the war; ere its close we were turning out twenty tons a month. For a satisfactory lens, whether for telescope, field-glass, periscope, or camera, ordinary glass will not suffice; neither will a single kind of glass, no matter how high its grade. A lens of one kind of glass has faults that can not be avoided except by making a composite of various glasses cemented together, some to correct for shape, others for color, and so on. A good microscope objective will frequently have as many as ten separate small lenses, of different glasses and curvatures. And the latest and most necessary variety, the so-called Jena glass, was once made only in Germany. Now we make that, like all the others. Mr. Heber D. Curtis writes in substance in *The Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific* (San Francisco):



From "The Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific."

YOU SEE THIS WATCH THROUGH FOUR INCHES OF GLASS.

The clearness of this thirteen-pound piece of medium flint optical glass made in Pittsburg is proof that "we are making in America as good optical glass as that of any foreign firm."

"The astronomer, whether professional or amateur, is apt to have a rather vague idea of the extent to which optical glass is used outside of the lenses and prisms of his own instruments. The point which many do not adequately appreciate is the fact that the telescope lens, while the most difficult to obtain in the larger sizes, is one of the least of the modern applications of optical glass. Every binocular, every camera, every microscope, or any other instrument of precision through which light must pass, requires its quota of a substance which differs from ordinary glass almost as much as does the diamond from graphite; both of the latter are carbon, and the optical and the ordinary sorts are both glass, but there the resemblance ends.

"When we pass from the needs of peace to the requirements of a nation waging modern scientific war, optical glass changes from a mere essential of the observatory or the laboratory to an element nearly as indispensable as the high explosive. Binoculars, and excellent ones, are needed in vast numbers in all branches of the military service. It would not be advisable, even with peace at last assured, to state the enormous number of high-grade binoculars which were being made every week at the time of the signing of the armistice. These, in turn, formed but a small part of the total consumption of optical glass for war-purposes. The number and the complexity of the optical devices in use on a modern dreadnought would surprize a physicist. The Army requires an equally bewildering array. Gun-sights, bore-sighting devices, tank-sights, range-finders, periscopes, bombing-sights, airplane cameras, and many other types of optical instruments requiring lenses and prisms of high optical quality are needed for war, not by scores, but by thousands and tens of thousands.

"Prior to August, 1914, practically all our optical glass came from a few German, English, and French makers. The war at once cut off the German supply, and practically all the English and French product was requisitioned by these nations.

"Our Government found itself suddenly faced by the necessity of creating its own optical-glass industry. Several manufacturers started work on the problem. The Bureau of Standards at once began research work in this field, setting up its experimental furnace and auxiliary apparatus in its Pittsburg plant in the winter of 1914.

"This pioneer work proved of great value. We must first understand, however, something more of the manufacture of optical glass in order that we may realize certain of the difficulties of the problem.

"Optical glass is not easy to make. The ingredients, carefully selected as regards purity, properly ground and mixed, are melted in large pots holding from five hundred to a thousand pounds or more.

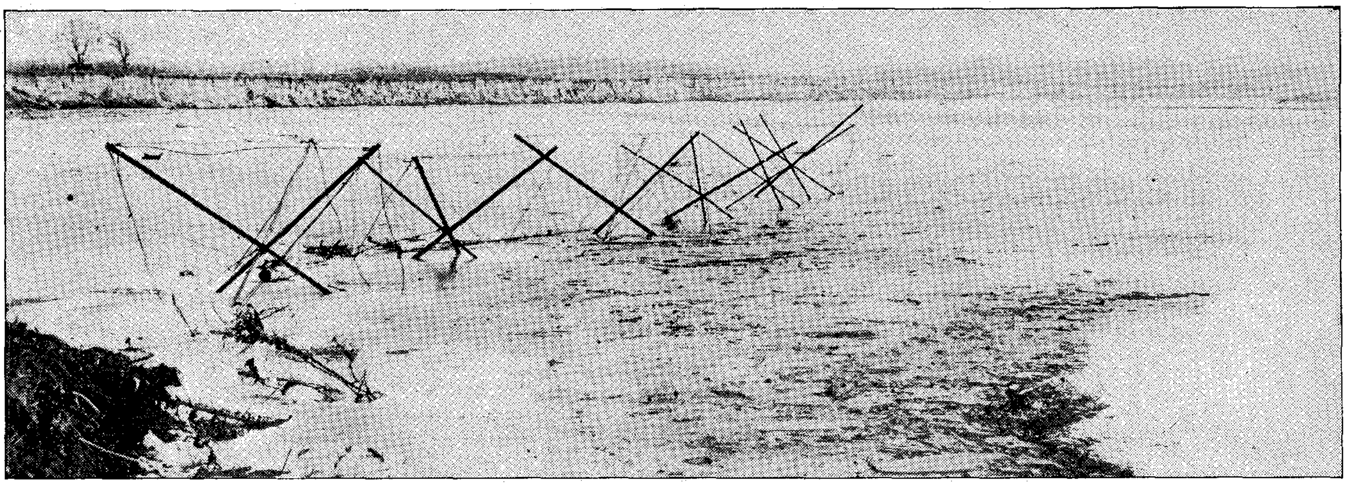
"The furnace temperature must be very carefully controlled; if too low, the bubbles will not rise and disappear; if too high, portions of the pot will dissolve. The melted glass must be thoroughly stirred to make it as homogeneous as possible. To be suitable for high-grade lenses and prisms, the glass must be of high homogeneity and transparency; it must be almost completely free from small bubbles and contain no 'stones'; it must have very few or no 'striæ,' and it must be free from internal strains. These exceedingly rigorous requirements bring it about that, on the average, only about twenty per cent. of a very successful melt is of sufficiently high quality to render it usable.

"At the time of the declaration of war between the United States and Germany considerable progress had been made. There was need, at once, for very much larger quantities of optical glass. Conferences were held, and it was realized that energetic measures must be taken at once for a great expansion of the small optical-glass industry. In this work many agencies cooperated. The Bureau of Standards at once enlarged its Pittsburg plant, and placed at the disposal of all interested the results of its preliminary experimental work in this field. The glass-manufacturers provided enlarged facilities.

"It is a pleasure to state that the emergency was successfully met, and that optical glass of excellent quality was soon being made in quantities sufficient to meet the multifarious needs of our Army and Navy. The total production was probably in the neighborhood of twenty tons per month.

"Previous to the outbreak of the European War, later to become a world-war, the optical-glass industry was entirely European. We have sketched, necessarily in briefest outline, the work which has been done to bring this into the category of American industries. There is still a wide field for further experimentation, and the Bureau of Standards will certainly continue this phase of its activities.

"What of the future of this industry in the United States? Here commercial and financial considerations will undoubtedly prove of paramount importance. At least two of the firms at present manufacturing optical glass propose to continue in the field; several others, which have engaged in the work to assist in meeting war-needs, will cease manufacture soon. There is little profit in this product, and some patriotism will have to be combined with the profit or loss of the balance-sheet. It is not, and never will be, a very large industry, important as it is for the scientific independence of the country. We are making in America as good optical glass as that of any foreign firm. Can those firms which will continue in the production of American optical glass meet the postwar competition of foreign cheaper production? This is a matter for the earnest consideration of those who desire to see this country self-contained and independent in this essential and important industry. It appears certain that this country should never again be permitted to become entirely dependent upon foreign optical glass; we can and will make our own."



Courtesy of "The Railway Review," Chicago.

CURBING THE KAW—SIX-UNIT STEEL JETTY, IN PLACE SIXTY DAYS, WITH BAR FORMING IN THE FOREGROUND.

FANTOM LIMBS

WHEN A MAN at one end of a telephone-line hears a voice he assumes that it comes from the other end, regardless of the fact that the house at that end may have been burned to the ground and a connection made at some half-way point. Similarly, when a nerve brings a report to the brain, the brain takes it as news from the nerve terminal, regardless of the fact that the original terminal may be gone and the real origin of the message may be at some other point. So when an arm or a leg has been amputated, any disturbance or irritation of a nerve that once ended in finger or toe feels as if it came from that non-existent member. All these facts are familiar to those who come in contact with them, and have given rise to many tales and superstitions. Says an editorial writer in *The Scientific American* (New York, May 17):

"There are certain scientific topics which seem to be endowed with perpetual youth, in the sense that whenever they are broached, in popular if not in scientific circles, they are invested with an air of novelty.

"This remark is suggested by an article in a recent number of a well-known Italian journal. The author describes the case of a man whose entire left leg has been amputated, but who nevertheless complains of an itching under the sole of the left foot, besides other definitely localized sensations in the missing member.

"We find this article noteworthy, tho not for the reason that, presumably, prompted its publication. The hideous toll of war has lately involved the mutilation of human beings on an unprecedented scale.

"Now, it is a fact, perhaps unfamiliar to the average reader, that the illusion of 'fantom limbs'—to borrow a felicitous expression from Dr. Weir Mitchell—far from being rare or exceptional, is almost universal among persons who have undergone an amputation. Among ninety cases, including a great variety of amputations, Mitchell found only four in which there had never been an illusion of this kind. Therefore it is a matter of some interest, not that a single example of the phenomenon has recently been reported in a single publication, but that the popular magazines and the newspapers are not, at this juncture, full of similar stories.

"Can it be that one of the perennial 'novelties' of science has at last ceased to be novel? Just how familiar is the subject of 'fantom limbs' to the public at large? Just how familiar is it to medical men who have not made a special study of nervous phenomena?

"One of the best discussions of this topic is that given by Weir Mitchell in his book, 'Injuries of Nerves,' published in 1872. The literature, however, goes back to the sixteenth century, when the phenomenon was well described by Ambroise Paré. In recent times Dr. Charcot has given some prominence to the subject. . . . . .

"The fact that a great deal has been written on this subject does not, by any means, imply that it is widely familiar. Nearly every one of the scientific topics that are continually cropping up as 'novelties' in the press can boast of a voluminous literature.

"We confess to being consumed with curiosity to know why the Great War has not brought forth a flood of stories concerning pains and other sensations in missing limbs."

CURBING A RIVER WITH A STEEL SKELETON

DIKES MADE OF PILING OR CRIBBED LOGS, brush, and stones have been widely used to divert a river current that is cutting out the banks. It has lately been found, we are told in *The Railway Review* (Chicago, May 17), that in a stream that carries a large amount of alluvial matter a skeleton dike of steel will reduce the velocity sufficiently to deposit sand or silt, soon forming a bar that will deflect the current. Such skeleton construction has been in use, with good results, on the Kansas, or Kaw, River for some time. We read further:

"The jetty consists of one or more units, preferably at least four. Each unit consists of three structural steel angles, sixteen feet long, properly fastened together in the center in the form of a jack, such as children use in playing 'jacks.' The extreme ends of these three angles are fastened one to another with half-inch wire or cable. . . . . .

"The four or more units are fastened one to another by wire or cable attached to the center of each unit, and this cable is fastened some distance from the bank. The material is shipped to the point of use, where each unit is assembled on the bank, the several units are properly tied one to another, with one end anchored to shore, and the whole jetty is then rolled into place in the stream.

"Of course, brush catches in the prongs of the affair, but the jetty is not dependent upon this brush for results; in fact, the builders claim better results where no brush interferes. Should brush lodge and overturn the jetty, it is in the same position as before, and unharmed.

"The advantages of this jetty seem to be its comparatively cheap installation cost as compared with other means of bank protection, and also the short time required to place it. Then, too, this jetty pushes the river away from the point of cutting, only gradually, instead of turning the current sharply away only to have it do even greater damage at some point farther down stream. . . . . .

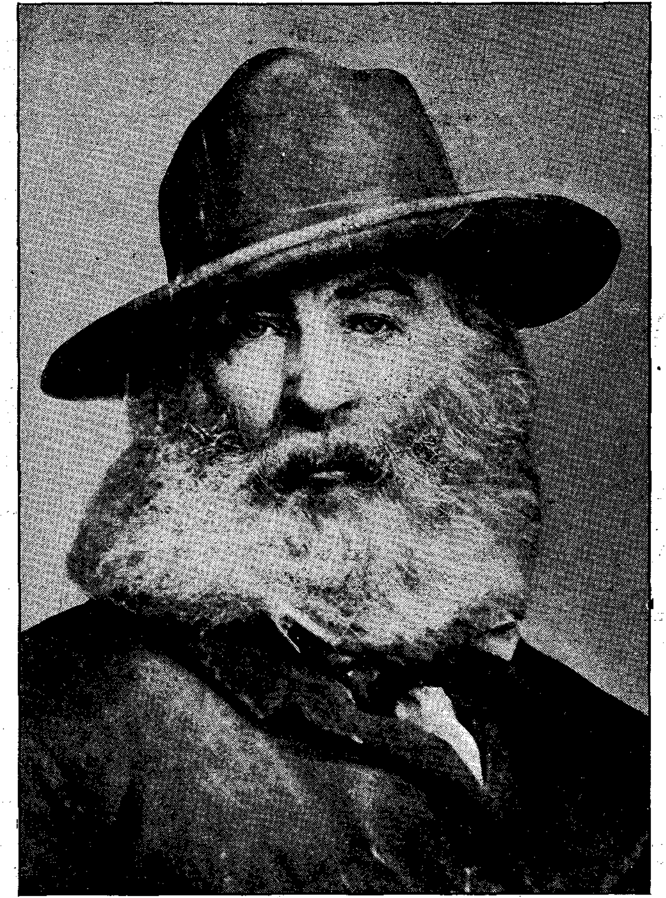
"Where protection is needed for some distance along a stream it is necessary to place the jetties 250 to 300 feet apart. Even at the recent high prices of steel these jetties have been installed for less than the cost of a light pile-jetty filled with poles and brush cut on the bank."

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

LETTERS - AND - ART

WALT FOR OUR DAY

SOME KINDLY PROVIDENCE may have ordained matters a hundred years ago so that the centenary of the good Gray Poet of democracy would fall just at the time when the world is supposedly being made safe for that product. At any rate, several of the more ardent Whitmanites seemed to think this his supreme hour when they tried the other night to sneak his bust into the Hall of Fame at New York University. Others even make him the occasion for the let-off of their pro-German sentiments and nearly break up the meeting of the "Fellowship" which lays an annual tribute at his shrine. Perhaps Whitman would pray as vehemently now, "Deliver us from our friends," as he might in life have asked, had he not disdained such cowardice, "Spare us the whips of our enemies." The long articles that have been appearing on and around May 31 — Whitman's birthday—are quite unanimous as to his greatness, not a few setting him down as the greatest of America's poets. If we are still looking to Europe for our literary judgments, we have Mr. Arnold Bennett's tribute, printed in the "Walt Whitman Centenary Number" of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle:*



Courtesy of the Brooklyn "Eagle."

WHITMAN AS A BROOKLYN EDITOR.

This crayon drawing, treasured in the office of *The Eagle*, represents Walt in 1846, when he was editor of the paper, and competed with Bryant, of *The Evening Post*, across the river.

> "I can only say that in my opinion America has produced no greater writer than Walt Whitman and that he is one of the greatest teachers that ever lived."

This testimony is not disputed by John Burroughs, who, from the war-days of 1863 to Whitman's death in 1892, preserved an unbroken friendship for him. In the New York *Evening Post* he says:

> "There is one thing I plume myself on, and that is that I saw the greatness of the poet from the first—that no disguises of the common man could conceal from me the divinity that was back of all and which challenged me to the contest. Familiar intercourse with him did not blur the impression. That head, that presence, those daily words of love and wisdom, convinced as nature convinces. I pitied those who saw him and yet saw him not."

Emerson greeted Whitman "at the beginning of a great career"; but afterward was not so sure of him. Lincoln, as the Philadelphia *North American* recalls, saw Whitman passing the White House, and, "following him with his eyes, turned to those near by and said, 'Well, he looks like a man.'" Edith Wyatt, writing in the Chicago *Tribune*, expresses the view of those who see him as the man for this day:

> "The poetry of Walt Whitman has to-day, a hundred years after his birth, a novel and peculiar interest. The last few years and months have focused our attention on our acts as a nation among the nations of the world, and as citizens of the globe. This identity of ours as citizens of the globe and as a nation among the nations of the world is the subject, tacitly or explicitly, of nearly all of Whitman's poems.
>
> "He had a certain exceedingly rare faculty as an author, which especially fitted him for treating his tremendous theme. He could delineate masses; and has drawn a vast panoramic portrait of our ways, as Tacitus draws a portrait of his multitudes in his annals, and as Defoe draws such a portrait in 'Moll Flanders' and the 'Journal of the Plague.'
>
> "He had as a poet a certain other strength which not only particularly empowered him to present his chosen subject well, but places his poetry among the immortal, creative books of mankind. He could express the spirit and purpose of a people. His poetry sings that spirit and purpose, as the 'Pilgrim's Progress' sings, as the 'Iliad' and the Old Testament.
>
> "The teller of a catholic and various national story, the singer of an instinctive national spirit, Whitman spent nearly forty years in composing the completed book of 'Leaves of Grass.' He lived with 'Leaves of Grass.' He was 'Leaves of Grass.' As Renan says of Turgenef—'An infinite succession of reveries amassed themselves in his heart.' All creation became to his consciousness material for his enduring masterpiece. Endlessly emended, yet exceedingly uneven in quality, his great book is in a singular sense the work of a man's lifetime. Perhaps from this circumstance his volume of poetry not only represents a wide range of American deed and dream by its art, but by its nature curiously typifies American faults and virtues."

Of course the battle is not won even yet. The New York *Sun* imagines Walt "in some corner of the cosmos, which attracted him so much," celebrating his hundredth birthday "in a poem on democracy with bits about the 'fifth-month flowers' blooming peacefully for the first time in five years," while "here on earth the discussion of what he wrote—call it poetry, prophecy, or philosophy as you will—goes on almost as furiously as it did half a century ago, when he was not quite so gray, and in many minds not nearly so good, as he came to be later." No one will accuse *The Sun* of being slavishly Whitmanian:

> "If there be communication between this planet and that cosmos whose vast space Whitman struggled to measure in octillions, his spirit may wonder, but not angrily, why there still should be discussion of his work. When the birthdays of Shakespeare and Shelley come around men discuss their

personalities and take what they wrote for granted, just as no modern speaking of Magellan argues that the world is round. Still it is popularly supposed that the good dead are happy, and therefore it must be assumed that Whitman is, as he was in life, pretty well satisfied with himself and what he did.

"One of Walt's critics, one who wore the tight literary harness which Whitman refused, said that he would not disinherit a son upon the question of appreciating Whitman; and Stevenson added that he could even shake hands with one who could see no more in Whitman's volumes than 'a farrago of incompetent essays in a wrong direction.' This was not the novelist's complete view of the poet, for he saw strength in the rugged and careless poetry, 'a surprizing compound of plain grandeur, sentimental affectation, and downright nonsense.' The Whitmanites will not agree to the proportions of this estimate, for they have a strange habit of insisting that anything obviously foolish in Walt's works must be arbitrarily thrown out. Still, in a way, Stevenson's measure is still accepted by a majority of persons who read poetry for its stimulation of the imagination as a fair view.

"The attitude of the Whitmanites toward the parts of his poems that were objected to half a century ago is curious. They have a habit of defending them on the ground that they contained great truths and of declaring in the next breath that all of Whitman should not be condemned because of the repulsive character of a few score of lines. It is as true now as it was in that mocked Victorian period that some of Whitman's lines are unwelcome, not merely in a drawing-room but in a gin-mill. They may be great truths, for we find much the same subjects treated in detailed cases of patients undergoing investigation by Freudian experts; but the Freud doctors have not yet arranged their manuscript in the form of free verse and offered it to the public as poetry. . . . . . .

"There are such diverse views of Whitman, and his admirers seem to be divided into so many groups, that an enterprising publisher might now find profit in cutting up his works, as a refinery cracks crude-oil, and making ready for each lot of purchasers just what they wish. There could be a volume for the poems in praise of America; another for the poems of brotherhood and unbounded democracy—a League of Nations edition; a third for the back-to-nature folk; a fourth for folk who 'just dote on sheer beauty.' Meanwhile the man in the street will confess that he knows only one bit of Whitman: 'O Captain! My Captain!' Well, he knows the one that is most likely to live forever.

"To any person who may feel resentful toward Whitman because of the mess of free verse that has been poured out in the last few years, we beg leave to say that we do not believe that Walt was to blame for it. It had happened before his time and it was bound to happen again. It is one of the penalties that come with cheap printing. Most of the stuff is written by fellows who are too lazy to rime. Some of it seems to be turned out by those who believe that incoherence is a synonym for poetry. Nobody will celebrate their hundredth birthdays."

Edgar Lee Masters, in the number of *The Eagle* devoted to Whitman, takes a forward- as well as backward-looking view:

"My verdict upon Whitman is this—that he has more nearly justified the ways of God to man than any writer that we have produced, and perhaps more so than any poet who has lived. In the 'Prayer of Columbus' he rose to cosmic consciences out of the abundant vitality of his own powerful soul. He found life good, and sang of its goodness; and he found death not evil, and proved it as nearly as man may prove a thing. He seems to me the Hesiod of our Homer to be, who will take the Civil War, for example, and make an epic all inclusive of our life, our America, our new world, with its tragedy, its humor, its audacity, its courage, its inventive power, its energy, its hopefulness, and its faith."

From the collection of M. M. Breslow.

WHITMAN OF THE "LEAVES."

The shirt-sleeve poet whose democratic challenge sounded in his "barbaric yawp."

SARGENT'S "GASSED"

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR at the British Royal Academy is by almost common consent Mr. Sargent's large war-canvas, "Gassed." It holds the place of honor and demands and receives the largest share of critical attention. But one must go there, apparently, to find out just what it is like, for the English illustrated weeklies, doubtless because of stringent copyright, do not reproduce it. Our only resource is to build up an image from the descriptions furnished, and the one written for *The New Statesman* by Mr. Laurence Binyon gives a vivid impression, together with some interesting criticism:

"Mr. Sargent has produced a work which, tho (critically speaking) a failure, is of extreme interest and has in it the makings of a great painting. In conception it is admirable. It is called simply 'Gassed.' It records, I should imagine, a scene actually witnessed and a scene quite unforgetable. It is an evening after battle. The full moon rises on the horizon, over the plain; but the glow of the setting sun (behind the spectator) pervades the atmosphere.

"In the foreground lie men in khaki, crowded close, stupefied and exhausted; and along a lane between these and another row of similarly prostrate figures comes a procession of men blinded by the gas, bandaged, and holding each with a hand on the shoulder of the man in front. This frieze of life-size figures dominates the canvas. From the near distance, at right angles to them, comes another group of bandaged men, with the round moon behind them. The destination of both groups is a tent, the ropes only of which are seen cutting diagonally into the design, and the shadow of which falls cold on more than half of the nearer group, the last figures moving still in the warm sunset light.

"In the distance, not noticed at first, but having an integral part in the picture, is a group of men playing football. Clusters of white airplanes are in the sky. There is nothing forced in the picture; it is all not only sincere, but felt. And yet the work does not move and impress us pictorially as we feel it ought. Let us allow at once the enormous difficulties of representation, mastered with such accomplished ease. These difficulties are enhanced by the choice of the hour when sunset and moonlight oppose and mingle with each other. It is a magical hour, giving a touch of strangeness and unearthly beauty to familiar things; no need to point the contrast with this end of a day of modern warfare.

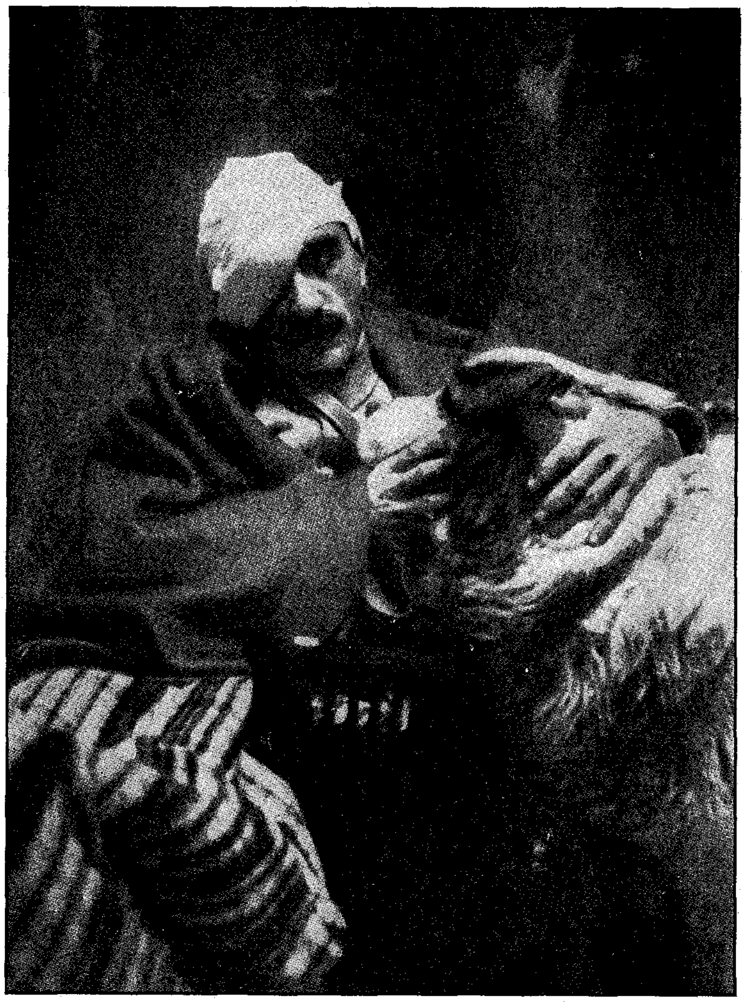
"Mr. Sargent, surely, has felt this theme deeply and finely; but his training, his long-developed skill in rendering the facts of sight with the most vivid accuracy, seems to have inhibited his powers of expression. Have you not sometimes seen an actor whose force and truth in modern realistic drama have delighted you essay a Shakespearian part and become disconcertingly flat and ineffective? Something of the same impression disconcerts us here.

"The artist accepts the facts of sight, but does not transform them. With less scrupulous realism we should feel the reality far more, because we should be drawn into a world which had a superior reality of its own. Mr. Sargent's picture makes one wish that the fresco method were still practised, for fresco does not lend itself to surface-rendering, it removes from mere fact.

"But a change of method only follows on a change of mood. Realism, pursued as an aim in itself, is bankrupt from the start; and in this fine failure we see how the habit of realism can hamper a great gift."

THE BLINDED PAINTER

ONE OF THE BITTEREST IRONIES of war is the case of soldiers who are granted life, but at the price of the withdrawal of their natural means of living. Many, like the French painter, Lemordant, have emerged from the conflict with blinded eyes, but his was a case where eyes were the essential to life, and well he might utter the bitter cry of *Shylock*, "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live." Such a cry, tho, had never been heard from him; instead, from under this weight of misfortune he has emerged to hand on by lectures, notably at Yale, due to the recognition that institution has given his services to his profession and to his country, the torch of art. The facts of life that were transmuted into visions of bright color before the blight of war fell on him are indicated in an article in *The Touchstone* (June) by Mary Fanton Roberts. This passage deals with his vision of a pure democracy, and we can easily see how necessary it was for him, when that ideal was assailed, to waive the immunity his age might secure him and demand at the outset the most hazardous service:



LEMORDANT AS THE WAR HAS LEFT HIM.

One of France's brilliant painters, who fought no less brilliantly, and later languished in a German prison: Honored by Yale University, he will further the cause of art here by lectures instead of by his lost brush.

"Perhaps all unconsciously, this heroic French artist-soldier has found the truth about democracy, and he tells it to us with lightning strokes and splendid color. In all of his pictures he is a painter of the simple people: of the workmen, the peasants, the sailors, the fishermen, and women. And he paints them working joyously with strength and exhilaration and interest. He paints them running in the meadows and dancing on the shore and laughing into each other's faces. He paints them as great workmen, great lovers. They seem, these men and women, in their bright-colored clothes and their vivid faces, as much a part of the essential beauty of life as white clouds racing over the blue sky on a windy day, as the amethyst water through which the women splash bringing in the nets; they are as genuine as the yellow shore where the brilliant fishing-boats lie, as the poppies in the field, and the tulips in the home-gardens."

Lemordant was thirty-seven when the war broke out, and his age entitled him to remain in the Home Defense Corps, but as early as August 7 he sought and obtained a post at the front. The account of him by Mr. Charles Le Goffic, for which Mrs. Roberts's words furnish an introduction, gives us one of the amazing stories of the heroism furnished by the war. He fought at Charleroi and received a wound in the right shoulder, winning his commission as second lieutenant, with the Staff Officer's comment: "You were born to be a soldier." His further experience during the battle of the Marne may be given in Mr. Le Goffic's words:

"It was during the night of the sixth, on the outskirts of the forest of Guebarre. Toward eleven o'clock Lemordant thought he saw some suspicious movements on his right; he crawled out, revolver in hand, followed by four men of his section. He was not mistaken; at that spot, between two companies, our line showed a slight opening, a 'break' which the Germans were trying to enter. Lemordant sent one of his men to alarm the nearest company, and was making a half-circle toward his own company when a huge *Boche* ruffian appeared in the darkness and fired at him pointblank. The bullet shaved his cheek; other bullets whistled about. The little troop had been winded, and there was only one way to get out of it, that was to reply by a general fire that would give the impression of an attack in force. The enemy would perhaps be imprest by it, and in any event this volley would put companies out on the alert. In fact, on both sides the firing became general, even the artillery took part in it; a seventy-seven burst near Lemordant, wounded him in his right side and threw him into the air with his full equipment. The wound was not serious, but Lemordant fell in such a way as to dislocate his hip-bones and to tear his muscles. Fainting, he was carried away to a field-hospital, where he remained until the ninth. The enemy was now in full retreat. On the eighth we had crossed Le Petit Morin, on the ninth we lay at Montmirail and at Champaubert, on the battle-fields of the Napoleonic epic, and the birth of victory came to the armies of the Republic in the same cradle where the Imperial star had shed its last rays.

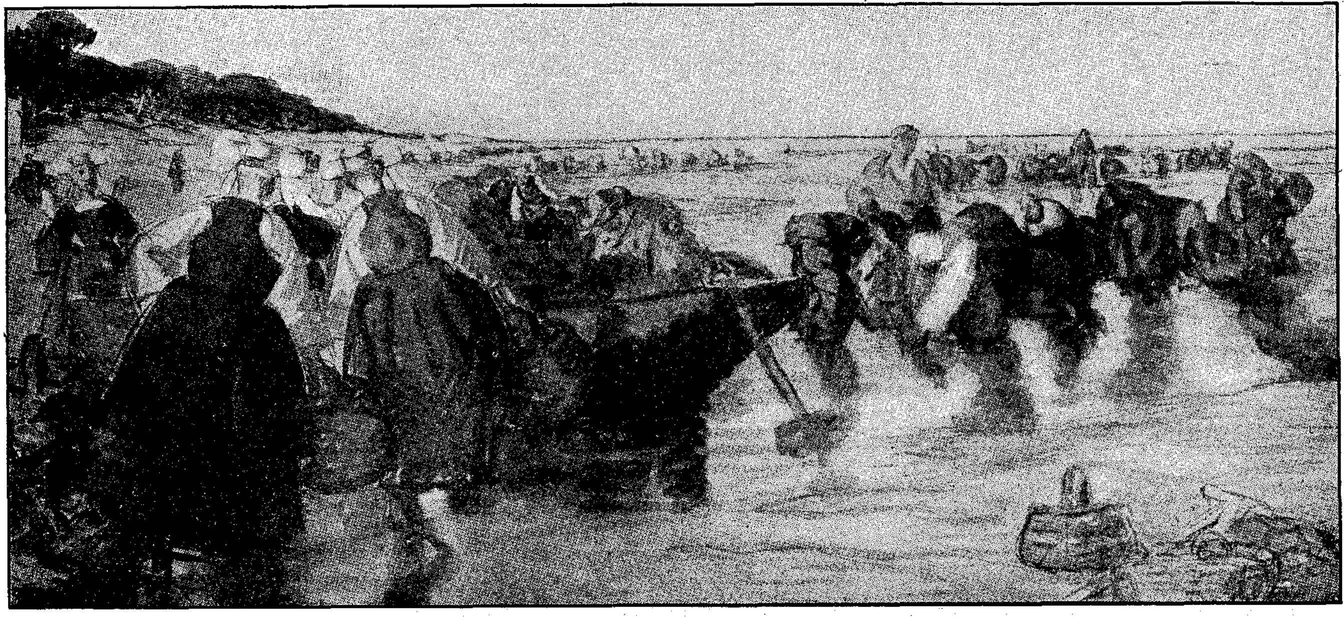
"Lemordant refused to be sent to a base hospital. He was not yet strong. He could scarcely walk, the two wooden splints which they had placed over his pelvis came out of position at each sudden movement; but the splendid conscience of a leader of men had awakened in this idealist, this dreamer who but yesterday was so highly prejudiced against the military profession. He knew that in war-time an officer only holds his men by his own example and moral authority.

"'An officer,' he said to me, 'literally must give all his existence, all his life-blood to his country; he must not spare a drop; less than any other is he allowed to invoke the relief of the "slightly wounded," which permits him to go to some luxurious hospital in the Côte d'Azur and there appeal to the tender hearts of the Sisters of Charity. Wounded, sick, limping, he must be able to say to his soldiers who are complaining, "But do I not march, too?" Then they will follow him.'

"On the morning of October 4, 1914, the 41st attacked near Monchy-le-Preux. . . . All went well at first. From time to time, whenever the ground was uneven, they rushed forward; a few unlucky ones are dropt out on the way. With the rest, Lemordant, altho himself wounded in the hand, reached the enemy trench and carried it.

"A second bullet at this moment grazes his right temple; a third, a little while after, wounds him on the top of the skull. It is now broad day, but it is northern weather, gray, cheerless, dark, uncertain. In the four great stages of his military life this painter-soldier knew different climates; he has run the tone-scale from the burning blue of Charleroi to the bottomless night

(*Continued on page 93*)



"BRETON WOMEN DIGGING IN THE OYSTER-BEDS."

From a painting by Lemordant, who tells the truth about democracy "with lightning-strokes and splendid color."

SPEAKING AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

"THAT GIRL IS SURE SOME PIPPIN!" is one of those mysterious "American" phrases calculated "to harass the thoroughly British mind." Yet a writer in the London *Daily Mail* finds it "not without some charm of its own." The harassment is not a calculated infliction, but the slang is something that the British public has demanded without revision or translation along with the films that they accompany. Speaking of American slang in general, the *Daily Mail* writer, looking upon it as "a peculiar national product," thinks "English slang is a weak and somewhat vulgar thing compared with it." The American product, he maintains, is "a work of imagination, usually picturesque, and always to the point." For Britishers to ignore it appears now to be out of the question:

"These 'slang' phrases have come over in the 'subtitles' of films in great abundance, and, strange to say, have gained a measure of popularity with the average British cinemagoer, of whom the language expert has a scanty knowledge. Quite recently a typically American film had its interspersed phrases turned into excellent English with dire results in the comments of critical audiences. Cinema-theater proprietors informed the firm issuing the film of this fact, with the result that the American 'subtitles' in their next film were retained with much success.

"The atmosphere of some films is so nationally American that the 'translation' into pure English of the phrases contained in them renders them futile and is quite 'out of the picture.' On the screen it is impossible to make an obvious American speak cockney; the whole production of the film would have to be changed.

"The joy of our own language is its flexibility. It adapts words and incorporates them from every possible source. If the British public find a word expressive they use it, and, altho the purists cry aloud in their rage, they eventually are forced to legalize it in the newest dictionary. English never was rigid, and there are some who think it is receiving added vitality from American slang through the medium of the films.

"Of course, overdoses of 'slang'—and there have been many of them—are bad for the nerves, but an overdose of pure English, which is apt to become stilted, is not especially pleasant. As men of a tolerant nation, let the purists tolerate this latest development; for it is already gaining ground in the speech of a large number of their countrymen."

It may be a surprize to many Americans that the subtitles on the screens are written in "slang." It had seemed merely "plain English." A hint may be given how wide apart we are in the use of the English tongue by an effort made by J. M. C. Hampson in *To-Day* (London) to explain words and expressions common with us to English readers:

"Across the Atlantic all boots are known as shoes, except high boots reaching to the thigh; low shoes are known as oxfords, and bowler hats are known as derbys. Many words and expressions survive from the early Victorian period. Among these are 'parlor' for drawing-room, and 'Prince Albert,' the universal term for the frock coat. The word 'company' is always used to mean visitors. Harness-reins are known as 'lines.' There is no such expression as 'mate' in the States; it is always 'partner.' The 'guv'nor' becomes the 'boss,' or in offices the 'chief,' or, if he is well liked, 'the old man.' The head of a family is plain 'father' or 'dad,' sometimes, by the irreverent, 'the old man.' All women, no matter what their age, are 'the girls.' It is curious to hear a sedate American burst into song like a schoolgirl and say, 'Well, I must skip along now,' when he must be going on his way. All shops are 'stores,' even in the smallest hamlet, but all women go shopping. There are shops, of course, in the big cities, but they are of the 'classy'—that is, 'tony' or exclusive—kind. 'High-toned' means fastidious; 'highbrow' means a person of professorial turn of mind, lofty intellect—'nit' (Anglice: I should say not) 'a would-be who won't come down to earth.' Seriously, 'highbrow' does mean intellectual.

"It is hard to talk of pronunciation, because in England people are all at sixes and sevens themselves. Really in America it is not as bad as over here. The adoption of American slang-words or expressions in England does not usually mean the adoption also of quite the American meaning. Thus the word 'some' is in very common American use—perhaps the commonest expression is, 'that will help some,' meaning that will help not at all, or a good deal, according as sarcasm or the reverse is intended.

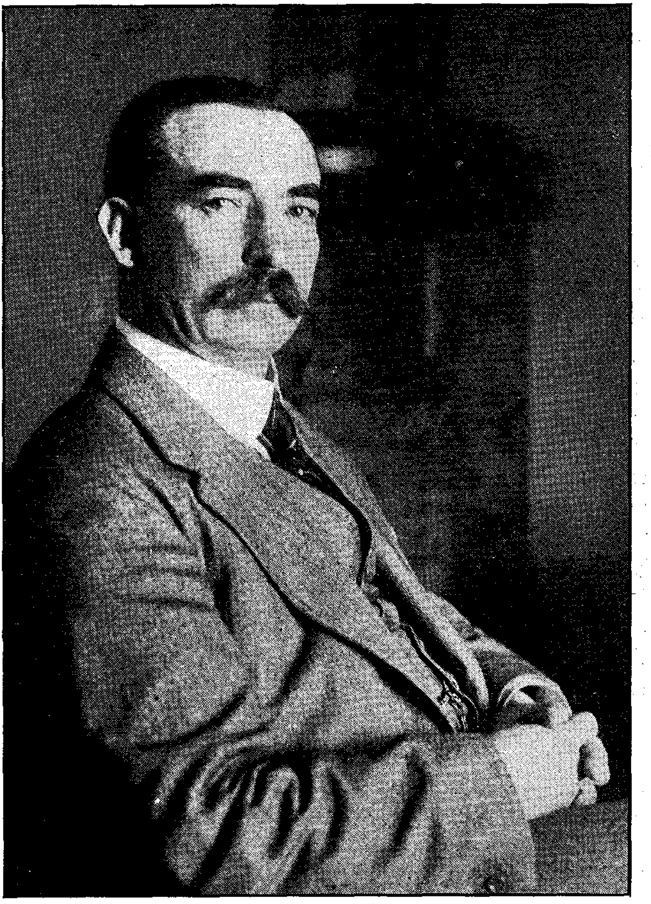
"Generally speaking, Americans do not clip up their words, but pronounce their syllables out, as, for example, in 'ordinary,' which is nothing like the English 'ordinry.' No Southerner pronounces his 'r's,' and 'barrel' is always 'barl.' The use of the double negative, as in England, is extraordinarily prevalent among the half-educated, but most Americans pronounce their h's. Just you tell an Englishman or an American over the phone, and unexpectedly, that a friend is out of town, and quick as lightning comes the answer, 'Oh, izzee'; you draw an American's attention to this and he laughs, and says, 'So I also am among the prophets.'

"Ah, the English speech is indeed the connecting-link, and whether it is from the mountains of West Virginia or the moorlands of Yorkshire and with curious dialect pronunciation and enunciation or not, it is still the link. But it is a 'fierce proposition at that' (Anglice: a difficult matter, too), and particularly to get it right, for everybody seems to differ in some word or another, and there is no Court of Final Appeal, not even at Harvard or Oxford, nor yet in 'our very best sets' in Boston or London."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

JAMES MOORE HICKSON, CHRISTIAN HEALER

BOTH CHRISTIAN ORTHODOXY and Christian Science receive a challenge from an English layman who comes to New York on a mission of healing. Orthodoxy is wrong when it accepts illness as a disciplinary measure employed by God, according to James Moore Hickson, of London, whose present ministrations have the sanction of the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, of Trinity Church; and Christian Science is equally wrong, in this teacher's view, in assuming that illness and evil do not exist. After overcoming these two "heresies," Mr. Hickson contents himself with what will be regarded as a very simple program. Stated by the New York *Evening Post*, "He is working in conjunction with the Christian Church in an attempt to revivify the principles upon which it is founded, and to bring about a religious awakening throughout the world—by restoring faith in prayer and in the power of God to heal and comfort." There have been "healers" before, and their outward sign-manual has often been hair longer than the conventional cut; but Mr. Hickson bears no marks of personal eccentricity; he seems, indeed, to be more like a conventional man of business than anything pertaining to the church. The New York *Evening World* describes one of his services in Trinity Chapel, in Twenty-fifth Street, off Broadway: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TO REVIVE THE DAYS OF APOSTOLIC HEALING.

Hickson, the healer, hopes to restore faith in the power of God.

"It was not a gathering of those who go to Trinity Chapel regularly to worship. There were among them men and women who had never been inside an Episcopal church before, and were uneasy because of unfamiliarity. There were young women there unmistakably marked with the flare of the chorus; just as certainly there were men who had said, 'What's yours, sir?' before putting bottles on the bar.

"Also there were persons present very used to the lights of the chancel-windows, the quiet gloom of the high gray walls, who had never seen such persons as these others in any of the chapels of Trinity before and were surprized and thoughtful therefor.

"There were women there who seldom stay in New York as late as June and men who ordinarily spend their time between their Wall Street offices, their clubs, and sanitariums. And finally, there were quiet, simple, troubled-looking New-Yorkers seeking a new way to put into their lives something which they knew they needed but which they had not courage to manufacture in their hearts.

"One by one, selected by the women ushers, who took down names, a slight physical history, and notes based on intuitive observation, the men and women who sought 'treatment' were beckoned from their pews and escorted to the choir-seats on the right of the chancel, where they sat facing the drooping silken folds of the United States flag which stands in the half shadow of the pulpit.

"One by one Mr. Hickson motioned them to the altar-rail, where they knelt; the women took off their hats and dropt them on the choir-benches before kneeling. Sometimes several, anticipating his gesture, knelt side by side.

"Singly he bent over them, asked questions which were not audible to any save the suppliant for relief, and then placed his hand on the back of the sufferer's head and raised his eyes to the cross on the altar, while his lips moved.

"Thirty seconds, a full two minutes, three minutes, the laying on of hands continued. Hickson's hands dropt to his side. If he were a man the seeker for help almost always arose brushing his eyes with his coat-sleeve; if a woman, dabbing gently at them with a handkerchief.

"One by one they came back down the center aisle. Most of them picked up their wraps and hand-bags and walked out, rather more springily than they had come. Some, tho, went as they had approached, feeling their way from pew to pew uncertainly. All of them had a look on their faces as if they were braver to meet the troubles which had followed them to the door of the chapel."

The service, as this observer notes it, concentrated itself in a single individual for whom the interest of the assembled company was invoked by the healer:

"There was one young man, weak and trembling, who was helped to a seat in the middle of the church by two men and a woman. He was young, but drawn, and his features were gray-white. The men fanned him with their straw-hats, and the woman with a palm-leaf.

"One of the women ushers went up to and spoke to Mr. Hickson as he finished with a woman who brought him a very weak little baby who had come into the world two months too soon, only a month ago, and who was hardly strong enough for the fight. Mr. Hickson followed the young mother, who was kissing the baby and then turning away her head so her tears would not fall on its face, until he reached the pew in which his assistant pointed out the very sick man.

"For the first time he addrest the gathering.

"His voice had the intonation of a clergyman, or, because of his British habit of speech, it seemed to have.

"'To those who are not here for aid,' he said, 'I must explain that it is important for what we are trying to do that all those who are here unite earnestly in the effort to strengthen the faith of those who are suffering. There are, doubtless, those here who have come from curiosity, to see what is going on. It is important that they help us to help the sick and suffering help themselves by earnestly entering into the spirit in which these gatherings are held.'

"With the same intonation he spoke one or two prayers which did not follow word for word any that are in the prayer-book, but were close paraphrases, such as might be made by one who was saturated with the phraseology of the 'Book of Common Prayer.'

"He laid his hands on the sick man's head. There was silence for a minute. Mr. Hickson turned and walked back to the chancel, a sturdy figure of a middle-aged business man in a steel-blue tweed suit. The sick man pulled himself up by the front of the pew, aided by his friends, and was helped out of the church.

"A young father and a frightened mother between them carried a little boy in a middy suit up to the chancel-steps.

"It was long after twelve o'clock, when the meetings are supposed to end, before the laying on of hands and the prayers with all of those who needed faith in Christ's will to heal were over."

The crutches at Lourdes, or, nearer home, at Sainte Anne de Beaupré, in Canada, are the physical evidences of miraculous cures. To some the evidence is not convincing, nor perhaps will they credit this cure told by the New York *Tribune*. It concerns one who, so far, is known only as "Captain George," son of a sea-captain, with three brothers in the Navy, but himself a cripple from the day of his birth:

"He found his way into Trinity Chapel, where James Moore Hickson was laying hands upon the sick and disabled. He made his way laboriously up the aisle with a crutch under one arm and a walking-stick in the other hand. From birth his right heel had never rested on the ground. His feet intertwined as he walked and his knees bumped each other. Each year found him a little worse. He went from one doctor to another and was told that his case was hopeless.

"He could not go forward a step without his crutch and stick, and even with their support he often fell. For nine weeks this spring he lay with his legs in a plaster cast and built castles in the air. Always he fancied himself rolling around on the deck of a vessel as its skipper. It cost him nothing to dream, and it helped to shorten the days.

"Yesterday the first glimmer of hope visited him that perhaps his favorite dream might come true after all. He went under the healer's hands and experienced no sensations of any kind. But as he turned away there was a tingling in his leg, and for the first time in his life, according to his own asseveration, he was able to stretch it out and to touch the ground with his heel. He handed his crutch and stick to a woman standing near by and slowly but surely limped down the aisle. His face was a picture. As he confessed to a *Tribune* reporter when he reached the street, and still made headway without assistance of any kind:

"'I felt as if I wanted to dance for joy when my two feet touched the ground. Now I shall be able to work, and perhaps some day I'll be master of a vessel. It's my dearest ambition.'"

After nineteen years' work in England Mr. Hickson has turned his eyes toward the Far East and stops here to work on the way. His career is thus sketched in *The Evening Post:*

"He believes that he was called to take part in a movement which will reach far beyond the limits of his own personal touch, bringing to the world a new religious era, and it is this aspect of the work which, he says, interests him most deeply.

"Mr. Hickson appears to be a man of action, and in no sense a dreamer; well built, broad shouldered, and energetic. Every morning between the hours of ten o'clock and noon he administers to many patients in the chapel, and throughout the day and evening he makes a continuous round of visits, his patients to-day numbering in all more than one hundred.

"When asked in what way he became conscious of his healing power, Mr. Hickson replied that it was during his life in Australia, the land of his birth, where as a boy he was successful in helping a friend suffering from neuralgia. He believes there are many Christians who possess the healing power. The greater part of his work has been done in England, and as a result of his efforts numerous 'Christian Healing Missions' have been established in that country.

"On his arrival in America Mr. Hickson spent a month in Boston, explaining his aspirations for a restored power in the Christian Church, and in addition to making many cures there he organized a mission similar to those in England. It is through these missions and the various 'Prayer Circle Unions' which he forms that he hopes to extend the usefulness of his work.

"It was during the stay of Mr. Hickson in Boston that Dr. Manning became interested in his undertaking, and after an investigation offered to cooperate with him in New York."

A CHILD OF NATURE AND OF GRACE

YORK OF TENNESSEE takes his place as a leader of men along with others who had no higher origin than the most primitive of social conditions. His religious faith superadded is what gives him a unique position to-day. The same region that bred Lincoln nourished him also, and York, like Lincoln, seems never likely to disavow what his primitive conditions implanted. From the conscientious objector to the merciless slayer of Germans, declares a home paper, the "same religious spirit" is avowed, "that devotion to duty toward God and man which gives the world its highest type of manhood."

The Presbyterian Advance (Nashville) speaks of him as "a son of nature," and in his native State the type is well known—"the tall, lean mountaineer, soft-spoken, slow-moving on ordinary occasions, but sure of himself, skilled in woodcraft, unerring with the rifle, and with a subtle kind of instinct which goes far to overcome the lack of the education of the schools." The Southern mountains breed many such—"manly to the core, powerful of will as of muscle, and absolutely faithful to friend or kin or clan, and to every conviction of duty." This particular mountaineer, York, is also claimed as "a child of grace." In the leading editorial of this religious organ in York's home State we read:

"Wild as the country around him for many years, addicted to drink and to gambling, the time came when under the ministry of a native preacher, a man who would probably be far from acceptable in the pulpit of an ordinary town church, York yielded to a divine influence and became a member of the church—a church, by the way, which seems to know little and care less about the great theological doctrines of Christendom, but which calls upon its members to adhere with strict devotion to certain principles and rules which are everywhere considered as fundamentally Christian. Mr. Fields has secured for us the simple creed of this body of Christians—the Church of Christ in Christian Union—and here are its fundamental principles:

"1. The oneness of the Church of Christ.
"2. Christ the only head.
"3. The Bible our only rule of faith and practise.
"4. Good fruits the only condition of fellowship.
"5. Christian union without controversy.
"6. Each local church governs itself.
"7. Partizan preaching discountenanced.

"As Mr. Moody used to say, Alvin York was a Christian convert who, when he came out from the world, came 'clean out.' Without reserve his sturdy, simple-minded manhood was devoted to the practise of the principles which he had embraced. To him had come a heavenly vision of the right course of life and, like Paul, he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. He had pledged himself to be true to the articles of faith which he had accepted as his own, and his conversion was so genuine, so thorough, his purpose was so strengthened by the grace of God, that it is the universal testimony that he showed himself to be true to his convictions at all times. His pastor says: 'I can show you the very spot he got religion, and from that day to this he has followed it to the word. Before he killed those Germans I know he had reasoned in his heart that it was right to kill them. If he hadn't, he would not have fired a shot,' and the testimony all shows that during that remarkable little battle York never once indulged in a 'cuss-word' or gave any evidence that he had been moved from his set purpose to do his whole duty faithfully and calmly.

"When he entered the Army he was in a state of mental and spiritual perplexity. He felt sure that his duty to his country made it wrong for him to attempt to secure exemption, even tho he was the main support of his mother and the young children. Therefore, tho friends urged him to try to be released, he would not do so, but accepted the draft. Nevertheless, he had been taught that it was wrong for Christians to fight and kill one another, and it was weeks before he became satisfied that fighting is sometimes a duty. It took earnest effort and much Bible quotation on the part of a friendly officer to remove his doubts on this subject, but, once convinced, York devoted himself to the business of soldiering with that same definite and dominant purpose which characterized his life in the mountains.

"More of the story can not be told in a brief article, but here is the point that we who are Christians need to keep in mind. It was not because he was highly educated, not because he had an understanding of world conditions, not because of any of the influences of what we are pleased to call higher civilization and culture—for his life had been lived under the most primitive conditions—but because of a deep religious spirit, a fine, whole-hearted devotion to duty as he conceived it, that this man came forth out of the obscurity of his mountain home and leapt into the limelight as a remarkable leader of men. It is that same religious spirit, that devotion to duty toward God and man, which gives the world its highest type of manhood."

York came through his fire baptism without a scratch. When asked to explain it he said: "We know there were miracles, don't we? Well, this was one. It's the only way I can figure it."

ROME AND ATHENS ON CHURCH UNITY

IN PLACE OF A REUNION of the Christian Churches, Pope Benedict prefers "the unity of the Church," and this, in his opinion, "can only occur by all returning to the Catholic Church." The reunion that has been dreamed by the Episcopal General Convention, and favored by dignitaries of the Greek Church, will lack the adhesion of the Church of Rome. Recent dispatches give details of the visit of Bishops Charles P. Anderson, of Chicago; Boyd Vincent, of Southern Ohio; and Reginald Heber Weller, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, with several other clergymen of the Episcopal Church to the Vatican, where they were informed by Cardinal Gasparri of the Pope's attitude before they were admitted to his presence. The pontiff is reported to have told the visiting clergymen that it was not possible for the Catholic Church to take part in the proposed World Conference on the Faith and Order of the Church, but as the "successor of St. Peter" he declared that "the Vicar of Christ has no greater desire than that there should be but one fold and one shepherd." The dispatch published in the daily press gave this further account of the visit:

> "The Pope added that the teaching and practise of the Catholic Church 'regarding unity of the visible Church are well known to every one, and therefore it would not be possible for the Catholic Church to participate in the proposed conference.'
>
> "The Pope explained that he in nowise wished to disapprove of the participation in the conference of those who are not united to the chair of St. Peter, but, on the contrary, he earnestly desires and prays that 'those who take part in the conference may, by the grace of God, see the light and reunite with the visible head of the Church, by whom they will be received with open arms.'"

After the visit to the Vatican the deputation issued this note:

> "The deputation regrets that the Roman Catholic Church will not be represented in the world conference, as substantially all the rest of Christendom has promised to cooperate. The preparations for the conference will proceed and the deputation will continue its work, until invitations are presented to those communions which have not yet been reached."

Disappointment is naturally felt at this refusal because it was hoped "all Christian communions throughout the world which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Savior" would unite in arranging for and conducting the conference. No comment of the Catholic press has yet come to our notice, but *The Churchman* (Episcopal, New York) expresses its feeling in this way:

> "The Roman Church is such a communion. It has been asked to take part in the conference. It has refused to do so. But it desires that those who may take part in the conference may see the light and return to the open arms of the mother Church. For these kind wishes, many thanks!
>
> "Undoubtedly, in the years that are to come we shall journey to Rome again, and even again, and we shall be told, as often as we journey thither, what we long ago knew, that there is only one way by which Rome can approach the question of unity—the submission of alien communions. It is well for Christendom that Rome is obdurate and is not wise enough to make concessions. Were she more flexible, more statesmanlike, some fine day she might by a winsome show of yielding entice Anglicanism back into her motherly arms. That would be a tragic event for Christendom.
>
> "No peace with Rome until Rome is no longer Rome! *The Churchman* has no tears or regrets over the Vatican's polite 'No.' It is, indeed, hard for us to write upon this matter except with our tongue in our cheek."

Beyond the statement made by the Pope, "no one in this generation," observes *The Christian Century* (Boston), "will be able to go." It recalls that "tho the Roman Catholic Church has less than half of the Christians in the world in her fellowship, she claims to be the Church and all outside her fold to be schismatics and of doubtful salvation." To this "liberal" Christian paper the outlook appears in this light:

> "The refusal of the Pope to participate in the world conference will be a hard blow to those High-Church leaders who for nearly a century have been trying to lead the Episcopal Church back into the Roman fellowship. They now must see that there is no way back except the road that Cardinal Newman took, that of submission instead of compromise. The effect of Rome's refusal is bound to quicken greatly another tendency in the Episcopal Church, *that in the direction of union with* Protestants. In England it has been decided that confirmation will no longer be required for communion, in case the Methodists form a union with the Episcopalians. Against such an attitude such ecclesiastics as the Bishop of Oxford (who recently resigned) fought bitterly. With Rome impossible, and with strong reforming and democratizing tendencies appearing in the Greek communion, it appears that the Church of the future, when it appears will be evangelical and democratic and free. Such a Church will at last bring about a reformation within the Church of Rome or else accomplish its diminution to the place of a struggling sect."

When the ecclesiastical deputation presented its message at the Metropolitan Palace in Athens its reception, according to a special dispatch to *The National Herald* reprinted in *The Living Church* (Milwaukee), was thus acted on:

> "The Metropolitan Meletios declared that the Greek Orthodox Church had no objection to receiving the proposal of the friendly Church of the Episcopalians. If, he said, this proposal had been submitted to us four years ago, we would have replied that we were occupied in the accomplishment of another national duty, namely, that of the sacrifice of the shepherds for their flocks. But, after the emancipation of its unredeemed children, the Orthodox Church will continue its ancient task, following the lines drawn by the seven Ecumenical Councils and without departing from the least of them. On this basis we accept the invitation to participate in the conference."

As to the possibility of a union of all the Churches, the opinion of the acting Patriarch of the Ecumenical Patriarchate, Dorotheos, is hopeful:

> "Not only do I consider such a union possible, but I also think that it is befitting for the Orthodox Church to labor in behalf of this union, by calling a Pan-Ecumenical Synod which, by mutual understanding, will accomplish the word of the Gospel, 'one flock under one shepherd.' After the League of Nations is established we must labor for the accomplishment of the League of the Churches, which will be an indispensable supplement of the former. I am especially grateful for the attitude of the Anglican Episcopal Church, as well as of the American Churches, of whose sympathy we have so many palpable proofs."

Another issue of *The National Herald* presents the purposes of the proposed conference as stated in the letter inviting the participation of the Patriarchate:

> "The Archbishop of Chicago had sent beforehand a written invitation to the Patriarchate, containing the statement that the decisions of the conference will not be binding and explaining that the conference will be occupied only with the examination of different questions contributing to the achievement of the union of the different churches. The letter urged strongly that the separated churches will not be able to encounter efficiently the organized forces of antichristianity. In order that the desired result may be accomplished, says the American invitation, the cooperation of the Orthodox Mother Church is essential, which gave for Christianity thousands of martyrs for so many ages."

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EDUCATION-IN-AMERICANISM

Lessons in Patriotism prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST and
especially designed for High School use

EDITORIAL NOTE—*These "Lessons in Patriotism" are based on statements by authorities of the races here discust. The series has a twofold object: First, to give the latest information and opinion on foreign races being assimilated into American thought and institutions; secondly, to advise Americans on their responsibilities toward this new increment of American citizenship.*

LETTS IN THE UNITED STATES

WHERE THEY COME FROM—The Letts come from Lettonia, which is the Latinized form of Latvia, a former province of the Russian Empire whose people and history were noticed in a previous issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. Readers of that article will recall that Lettonia lies west of Russia between Esthonia and Lithuania. The Letts, like the Lithuanians, are survivors of a distinct branch of the Indo-European family. The reason that they have remained an obscure, if not totally unknown, people to the outside world is because they labored under the oppression of the Baltic Barons, whom the Letts call "German invaders." There are many close resemblances between the Letts and the Lithuanians, such as the fact, for instance, that 50 per cent. of the Lithuanian vocabulary is Lettish and 50 per cent. of the Lettish is Lithuanian. The chief difference between them is one of religion, for while the Lithuanians are mostly Roman Catholics, the Letts are mostly Protestants. Despite oppression in their homeland, the Letts managed to thrive there through their native vitality and independence of soul. Gradually, however, the more adventurous members of the nation sought new and freer fields of action. While the beginning of the **emigration** of the Lettish people to this country can not be exactly dated, there is positive evidence that it has been in progress for more than thirty years past. Among the chief impulses for the exodus of the Letts from their homeland are: First, their economic domination and exploitation by rich German landed proprietors; secondly, the political restrictions and religious persecution of Czarist Russia.

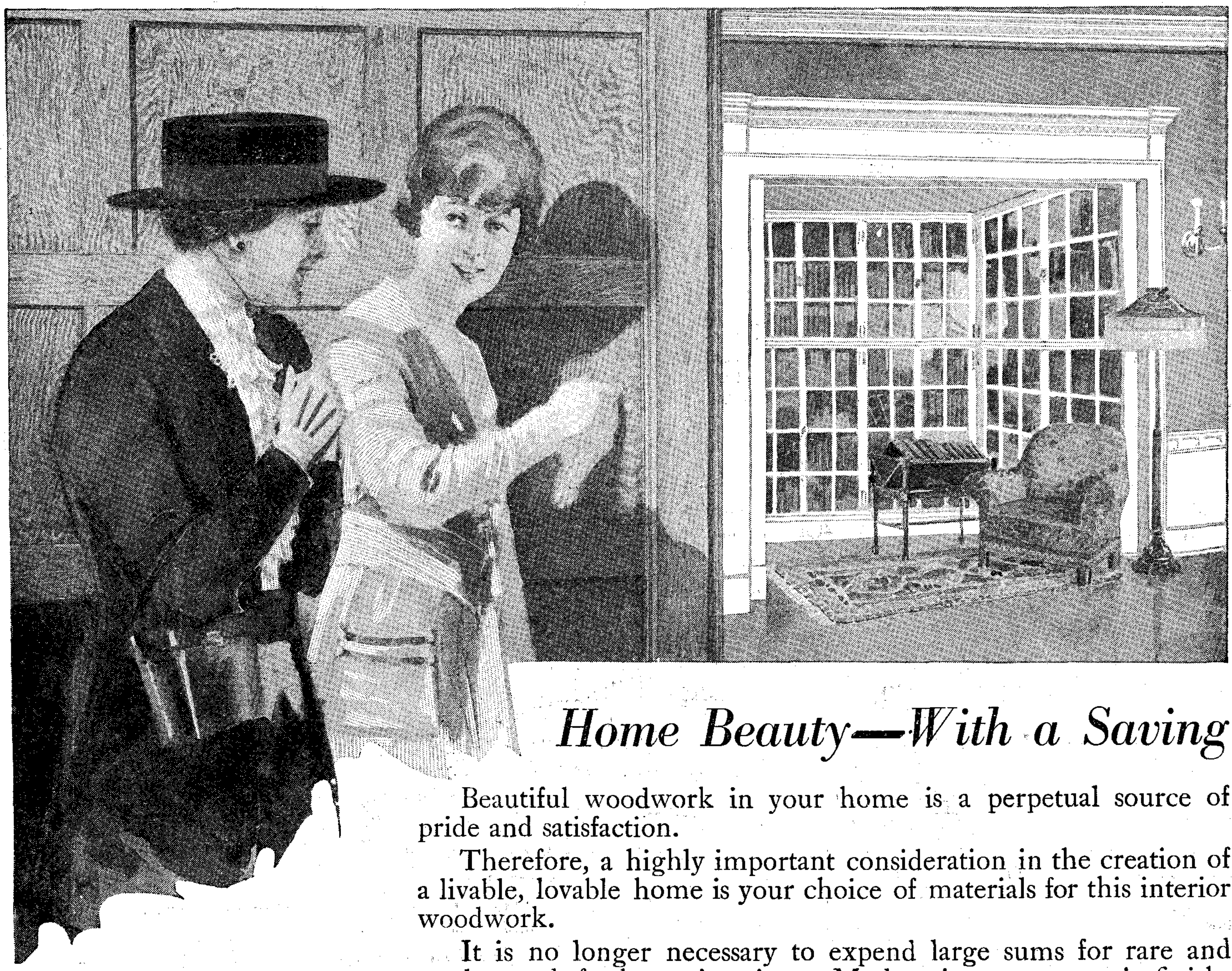
VARIOUS TRENDS OF LETT EMIGRATION—An initial movement in the Lettish exodus was the steady outflow of emigrants into the neighboring provinces of Russia and into some provinces in the interior. But the **first great emigration** of Letts began about fifteen or sixteen years ago under the auspices of the Government of Brazil, which, in most cases, gave free transportation and free land to the Lettish immigrants. Immigration to the United States and Canada on a larger scale dates from 1904, during the Russo-Japanese War and the Russian revolution which shortly followed and collapsed under the major strength of imperialistic Russia. In the United States the Letts do not congregate in colonies. In Brazil, on the contrary, they do incline to dwell by themselves because of local conditions. Here they find everything is to be gained by **merging** with native Americans, so that the roughly estimated population of 40,000 Letts is scattered throughout the country. Their first aim, except among the radical element, is to secure admission to American citizenship. Their children all are educated in our public schools, and the second generation of Letts are **thorough Americans** in the majority. About two-thirds of the Letts are settled in States on the Atlantic coast and the rest are to be found in the Middle West and on the Pacific slope.

OCCUPATIONS OF THE LETTS—Twenty-five per cent. of the Letts who have come to this country were formerly engaged in agricultural pursuits. But because they did not have the capital to continue as farmers here they had to seek their living in industrial lines in our large cities. In these centers they are chiefly employed as **skilled workers** in the wood and iron trades. A fair proportion of Letts is to be found among professional men and tradesmen. Lately there has been noticed an increase in the number of Letts who establish themselves as farmers. One of the first colonies of **Lettish farmers** was founded in Virginia about fifteen years ago. But this colony suffered a setback, because of removals, about six years ago. The largest and one of the most prosperous colonies of Lettish farmers is in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

SOCIAL ALINEMENT—Among the Letts the Baptists and the Lutherans constitute the religious group and have their work systematically organized in the larger cities. The majority of the Lettish people here, it is estimated by a Lettish clergyman, are not to be classified too sharply on the score of religion or of politics. In a general phrase they may be described as of the liberal tendency. Conspicuous among **Lettish organizations** is the Society of Free Letts, which is one of the oldest and which has branches in some of the largest American cities. Another organization, which does good social work, is the Philadelphia Aid and Beneficial Fund of Christian Letts. Politically considered, we are told, there is a **radical element** among the Letts which includes about one-fifth of the Lettish population here. They are classed as "internationalists." The Lettish National League of America, organized in January, 1919, cherishes liberal political ideas, we are informed, and works in harmony with the Lettish Provisional Government, "which stands for the full freedom and self-determination of Latvia." The league has a woman's auxiliary, which provides clothing for the destitute people of Latvia. Incidentally, it is to be noted that the Allies have allotted a relief fund of $10,000 per month to feed Lettish children in Latvia. In April, 1919, there was incorporated in the State of New York the American Lettish Commercial League, which is designed to establish and continue **commercial relations** with the United States.

OTHER LETTISH INFLUENCES—The American Lettish Baptist Literary Association was founded in September, 1917, and has its headquarters in New York City. The chief object of this organization is to promote and protect Christian teaching and American ideals among the Lettish people in America. The members of the association are mostly citizens and truly devoted to the welfare of America. The **ideals of the association** are exprest in its semimonthly periodical, *Drauga Balss* (The Friend's Voice), which has a very wide circulation in the United States, Canada, and Brazil. At the present time there are only two legally admitted Lettish newspapers in the United States, *Drauga Balss* and *Amerikas Wehstnesis* (American Herald).

The American Red Cross Lettish Auxiliary was organized in New York City last year. The work was initiated by a Sunday-school teacher of a small group of young girls until it grew into a strong body and reached a membership of 140. The Lettish Auxiliary has contributed a fair share of relief-work in this country. Except for the radical group, the Lettish people in this country have shown a real **spirit of patriotism** and loyalty in the days of the country's trial. They have taken a live part in the successive Liberty Loans by forming local Lettish Divisions to aid the drive in the proper time, and have freely volunteered their services in the war. There are Lettish names on the honor-roll of those who suffered and died for the ideals and freedom of the United States.



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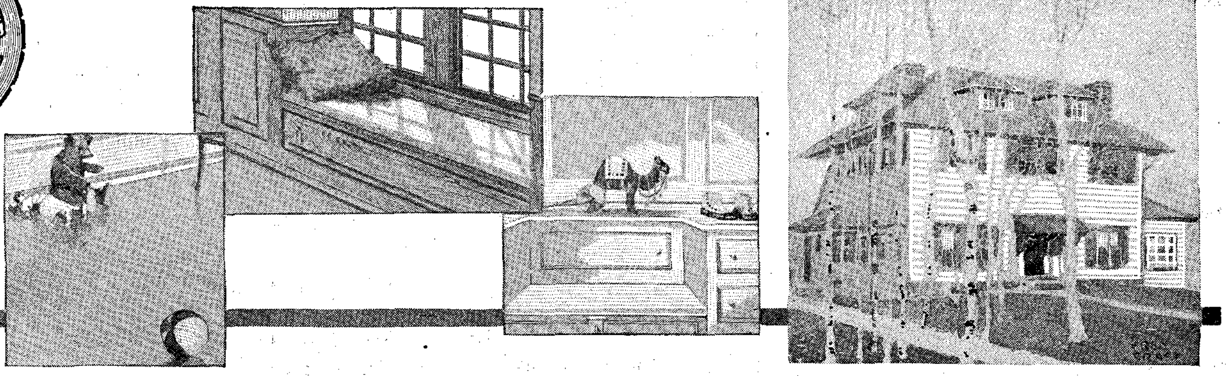


CURRENT - POETRY

OF all Germany's crimes of murder committed under the specious plea of military necessity, none has awakened such detestation for the Germans as the shooting of Edith Cavell, the British nurse. She remains, perhaps, the most magnificent figure of martyrdom in the war, and the high military honors paid to her when her remains were taken home to England indicate how dearly the English people cherish her memory. In the following simple but heartfelt lines a poet who signs only his initials gives us in the London *Westminster Gazette* a vivid impression of the pageant:

EDITH CAVELL

BY J. M. D.

What dead Queen takes the homage of the Straits
And enters England by the English gates
And with a Royal escort? Who is she
That passes through the land so splendidly?
An Eleanor, above whose halted bier
A Cross is set to tell a queen lay here?
A Mary, borne from Fotheringay to rest
Where earth is kinder than a sister's breast?
Nay! 'tis no queen for whom two summer skies
O'er silent streets of myriad moistened eyes
In two great capitals a love proclaim,
Scornful of death and innocent of fame;
No queen—only a simple English nurse
Slaughtered between a challenge and a curse,
Who learned her duty where she learned to pray,
And died as truly as she lives to-day!
All that she had—and that was life—she gave,
All that she valued—other lives—to save:
All that we praise, and all we fain would be,
Is summed in her and her simplicity.

Memories of life in the West are reproduced glowingly by Stacia Crowley in *Scribner's Magazine*. The easy, natural lilt of these stanzas is especially attractive.

"SWEET ARGOS"

BY STACIA CROWLEY

A wind from the West!
How it blows into the heart of me.
A wind from the West!
Why the West is a part of me,
There, I was born.
There, where the prairies are broad,
When the wild things were growing;
There, when the wild birds were singing
And wild herds were lowing.
Now it is fields of corn.

But the wind is not tamed,
And oh, the wild tunes that it whistles to me;
Tunes that it piped on the prairies
That billow and roll like the sea;
Tunes that it caught from the hearts of things there,
Tumultuous and free.
The rhythm of beating hoofs
Drumming the earth in their race;
The half-tamed stallion's neigh,
And the rain in your face.
Oh, the wind gathers all of it,
All, as it goes rushing by;
Even the whir of the wild hawk's wings
As he swoops like a bomb from the sky;
Even the meadow-lark's call,
And a sweeter one never was heard.
'Tis the voice of the prairie sunset,
But you can't put it into a word.

And the white nights of winter,
When the air is so cold and so clear
That it glints like the blade of a sword.
I know I can hear the voice of that silence.
And I hear, too, the rush and swirl of the storm,
When the blizzard has marshaled its hosts,
Sweeping resistlessly forward
Its columns of sheeted ghosts,
Who, lasht into bitter fury
By the speed of their fierce advance,
Leap and whirl and mingle
In a frantic Dervish dance.

It harps, too, the primal prairies,
Where the strong dark rivers run;
Where all things live, as all things should,
In the broad clear light of the sun;
Where a friend is indeed a friend,
And a foe is indeed a foe,
And you feel you can almost love him
Because he hates you so.
Sometimes it is full of voices,
Sometimes it is full of tears,
The stab of a wrong or the sob of a song
Passed with the passing years.

Sometimes 'tis a child who listens
In the wonderful long ago,
Filled with such blissful terror
As only a child can know.
Cuddled safe in the home nest
And thrilling to every cry,
While the wind and the wolves together
Howl the prairie-born's lullaby.

And then—but I hear the prelude
Of a song known only to me.
Even the wind may not sing it
For its chords are mystery.
Back, my feet, to your furrow,
Bend to your task, my will.
No, I must not remember.
Oh, wind from the West, be still.

Tho the "call of the wild" is a familiar subject in verse, still, as it comes every year, so the poets hear it and sing of it again and again. A late specimen of this kind of poem is this "Trek Song," in the Ottawa *Citizen*.

TREK SONG

BY ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

When the snow has left the hollows
And the birds are flying North,
When the winds are warm with April and the rain,
Oh, it's then the footsteps falter and the weary eyesight follows
The ways that to the wilderness lead forth.

Then the heart longs for the river
With its chanting choral song
And the chain of inland waters without end,
Oh, it's then the pulses quicken and the nerves are all aquiver
To take the trail and trek among the strong.

And the fellowship of faring
Is the lure that wills you on
With the call to which you never answer no,
So it's then you'll take the highroad and the free road, never caring,
And life will lead you out to meet the dawn.

When the wilderness is calling
To the broad, untrodden floor,
And the heart responds with fervor to the wind,
Oh, it's then you'll sing the trek song, to the lilt of water falling,
And *Wanderlust* will open wide the door.

In much verse from Australian hands there is evident a keen desire for adventure as against the monotony of a routine existence. In the Sydney *Bulletin* we find a poem of this character. Contempt for the city is exprest in—

WANDER SONG

BY NIYA BECKE

Mad, restive city, you hold naught for me;
Your glamour and your might; your music and your light
Mere tinsel prove to nomads of the sea.

I'm sick to death of all your sounds and sights;
You call to me in vain; I loathe with might and main
Your sin, your social laws, your fool delights.

There is a wider life that holds me fast;
It calls and ever calls; it's full of lures and thralls,
And oh! it always draws me back at last.

It speaks through halliards drumming on the mast;
Beckons from alien lands and lone Pacific strands,
And hails me down the northern storm-wind's blast.

Aboard, my men! Aboard! and swing away. . . .
I long to leave behind, with all their kith and kind,
Vain cities that would bind me to their sway.

One seems to look back the whole stretch of a life's course in reading "Retrospection," which simply and truly presents a picture of human destiny. It appears in "Songs and Poems," by John Jay Chapman (Scribner's).

RETROSPECTION

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

When we all lived together
In the farm among the hills,
And the early summer weather
Had flushed the little rills;

And Jack and Tom were playing
Beside the open door,
And little Jane was maying
On the slanting meadow floor;

And mother clipt the trellis,
And father read his book
By the little attic window—
So close above the brook;

How little did we reckon
Of ghosts that flit and pass,
Of fates that nod and beckon
In the shadows on the grass;

Of beauty soon deflowered,
Engulfed, and borne away—
And youth that sinks devoured
In the chasm of a day!

Courageous and undaunted,
As in a golden haze,
We lived a life enchanted,
Nor stopt to count the days.

We that were in the story
Saw not the magic light,
The pathos, and the glory
That shines on me to-night.

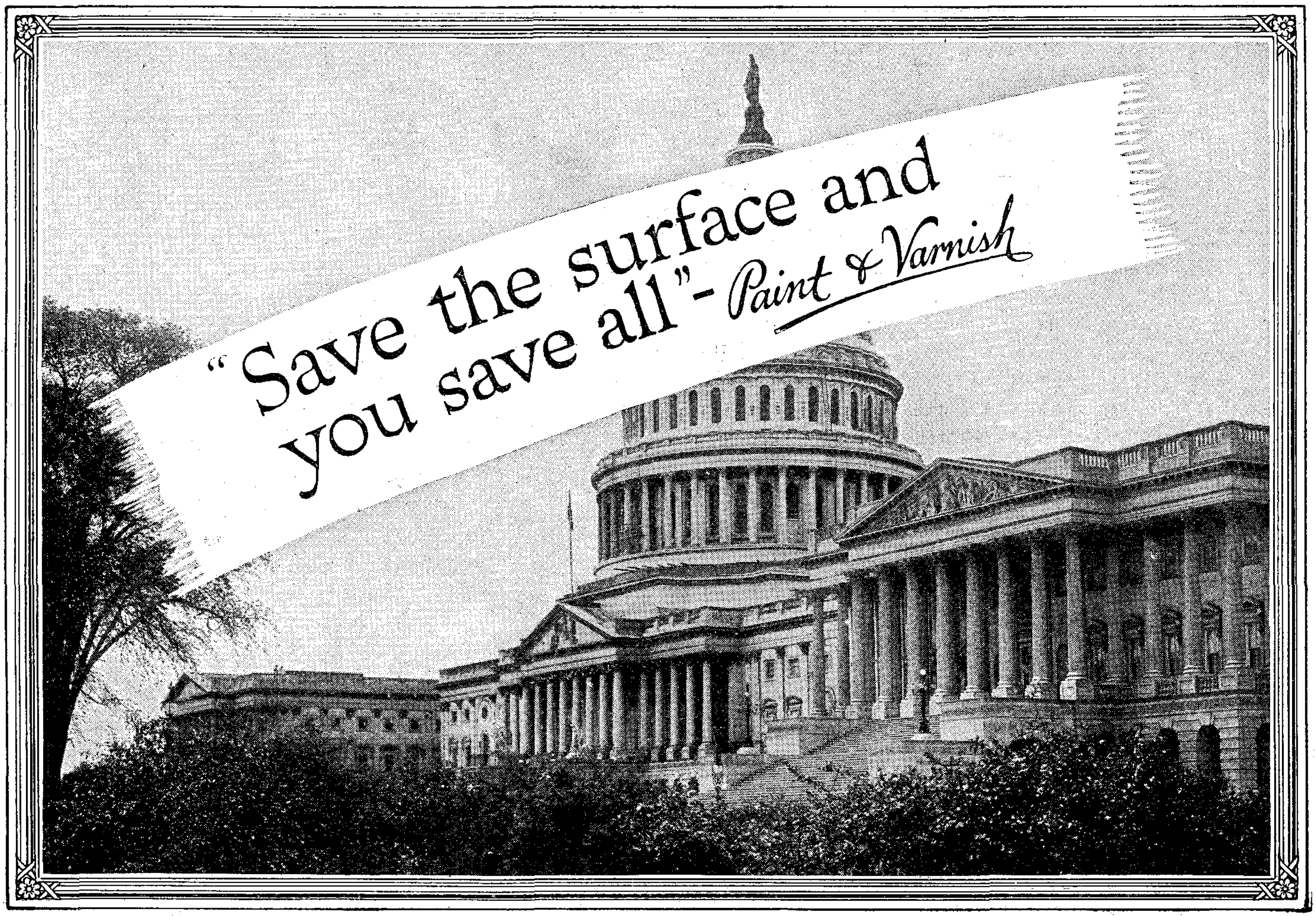
In "A Prayer" the same author strikes a sincere and manly note of religious feeling. His choice of meter in these verses is particularly happy, as it accentuates the appealing tone of invocation.

A PRAYER

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

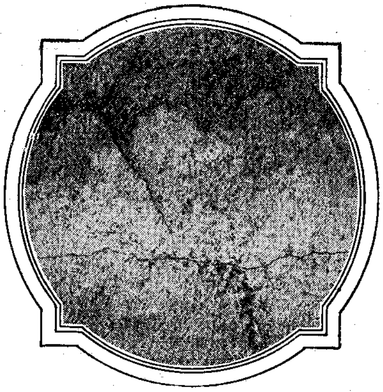
O God, when the heart is warmest,
And the head is clearest,
Give me to act:
To turn the purposes thou formest
Into fact.
O God, when what is dearest
Seems most dear,
And the path before lies straight,
With neither Chance nor Fate
In my career—
Then let me act. The wicket gate
In sight, let me not wait, not wait,

We do not always fight.
There comes a dull
And anxious watching. After night
Follows dim dawn before the day is full.
But there's a time to speak, as to be dumb.
O God, when mine shall come,
And I put forth
My strength for blame or praise,
Blow Thou the fire in my heart's hearth
Into a blaze—
(Who kindled it but thou?)
And let me feel upon that first of days
As I feel now.

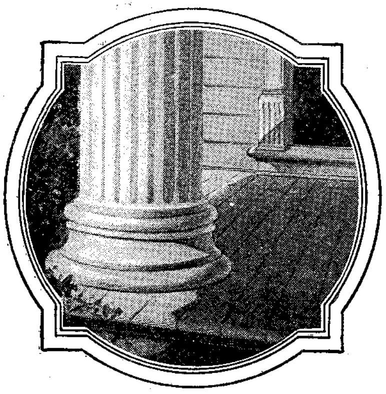


© 1919 by "Save the Surface Campaign"

Exhibit "A"—
the Government's Demonstration



Concrete is an enduring material. But even here a protective coating helps. It seals fine surface cracks and greatly helps to prevent their extension. Best of all, coat the surface before the cracks develop.



Some wood decay is not noticeable until the damage is extensive. Column bases and similar places on your house really harbor trouble unless watched and kept protected. The cost of protection is insignificant.

THE Government takes good care to protect the surface of the Capitol Dome at Washington. At regular intervals it gives forty painters three months' work providing a weather-proof coat to the surface of the iron of which the dome is made. Over 5,000 gallons of paint are used for one coat.

This is an outstanding example of *surface protection* against rust. It is interesting, but less *intimately* interesting than the idea of protecting the property of the average householder, to whom the expense of repairs and replacement is even more serious than to the Government. With public and private property of every kind, surface protection is fast coming to be uppermost in men's minds.

Wood rots and warps and splits *unless its surface is protected*, just as metal rusts or corrodes for the same reason. Most surfaces wear out either to the point of uselessness or extreme unsightliness, if not given surface protection. Inside the house and outside the house the need is the same. If anything is used at all *its surface must be used.*

Cost of surface protection is insurance to the property. Insurance in the usual sense is collected only if property is destroyed. Insurance in this sense is collected daily in the prevention of loss which the protective coating affords.

¶

We have prepared a book which you will find as interesting as it is valuable. It will tell you some startling new things about surface protection as a means to prevent loss. Thoroughly illustrated. Send for a copy. Address Save the Surface Campaign, Room 632, The Bourse, Philadelphia.

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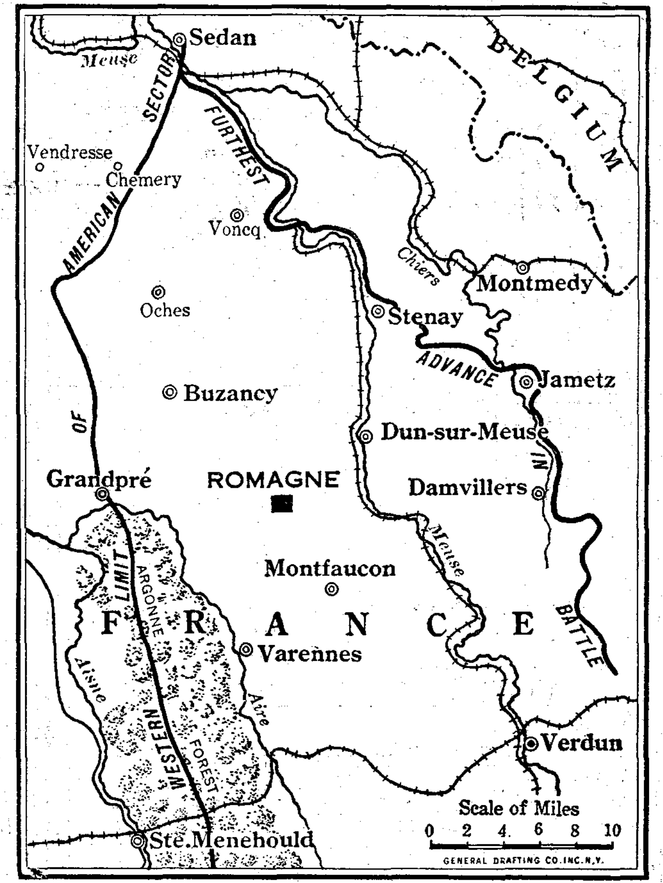
PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

THE GREAT AMERICAN CEMETERY IN THE ARGONNE

THEY ARE NOW reverentially gathering up the bodies of the 26,000 American boys who were killed on the Argonne-Meuse battle-field, and burying them in a great cemetery at Romagne, a little town in the heart of the region where the fighting took place. Here and there all over the big battle-field are stakes, each marking the grave of an American soldier who was buried where he fell. No soldier whose grave on the battle-field is marked in any way will miss being placed in the Romagne cemetery. A careful record is kept of each interment, so that in case the bodies are eventually taken back to the United States each may be sent to a final resting-place at home. William G. Shepherd, a correspondent who has recently been at Romagne, which place in the near future will be visited by hundreds of thousands of Americans, gives a vivid description in the New York *Evening Post* of what is now taking place in the French village. We quote from Mr. Shepherd's article:



WHERE OUR DEAD OF THE ARGONNE LIE BURIED.

At Romagne, on the field where they won the final victory.

Special passes are required for visiting the great cemetery, which is now in course of construction. This is no place for curiosity-seekers or sensation-hunters, and tho the few hundreds of military visitors and civilian workers are carefully sifted out before they are given passes in Paris to visit the American battle-fields, they are, nevertheless, given another sifting before they are allowed a special pass to the Romagne territory. Their battle-field passes, so difficult to obtain in Paris, do not permit entrance to the cemetery district, or even to the town of Romagne itself.

On the outskirts of the town—indeed, on a rolling meadow to the north of it—we saw a camp of dark-brown tents. As we came nearer we saw, among these tents, hundreds of our sturdy negro troops. It was the lunch-hour, and they had come in to the camp from their task at grave-digging.

As we rolled into the camp, having been stopt a second time by a military policeman, who wanted to be sure that we had permission to enter the enclosure, we caught our first glimpse of the great cemetery, to which will be tied the heart-strings that reach out from the 26,000 American homes in which the word Romagne will hereafter be sacred.

On our right, on a hillside, we saw what appeared to be a huge engineering work. I confess that I was disappointed to see that in place of the single graves which I had had in mind I saw before me great excavations, much larger than the cellars of average American homes. The reddish, sandy earth which had been thrown out from these great graves was piled six feet high beside each of the holes.

These giant graves were perhaps eight feet deep, and at least forty feet long. The hillside before us was covered with them. I estimated that there were at least twenty of them, open, and as many more, marked by the great oblong of fresh earth, had been closed.

In the camp itself one had the sense of being in the midst of a great engineering enterprise. There were tools all about, and many of the hundred or more automobile-trucks that are used at the camp were standing about while the negro soldiers and drivers took their midday meal. Brown-faced and well-weathered white men, whose eyes had the crowfoot wrinkles common to sailors and men who spend their lives under the glare of the open sky, passed between the various brown-painted wooden office-buildings or conversed in twos and threes regarding the engineering problems that arise from time to time. These men are engineers in the American Army, and their assistants are 3,600 negroes gathered into the Army from many different corners of the United States.

In the tented camp where these colored boys live I found little gardens which they themselves had laid out, soldier fashion, bordered by whitewashed stones. I was told that when they were first given the task of sexton for the American Army, after the battle of the Argonne, they saw much of the gruesome side of it rather than its worthiness, and that in their tents at night they often went without sleep, singing or droning out those weird tunes that are known in the South as "the blues."

In one of the office-buildings a large force of clerks is keeping the records of the dead; no banking firm could be more careful of its accounts than are these clerks (who are white soldiers) and their superiors of their registration of graves.

In the road between the camp and the cemetery I saw great piles of very strong and well-built caskets. These neat and solid boxes have been scientifically constructed so that they will endure indefinitely.

The work of interment, however, is far from being the most arduous part of the task. When it is remembered that the area over which the bodies are scattered is over thirty miles long and sixteen miles wide, and that every yard of these 480 square miles must be gone over, some idea may be gained of the time and labor involved. Mr. Shepherd's account continues:

As we moved about the battle-field later we saw, in fields, in groves, on hillsides, and even in the yards of what had been the houses of French villages, groups of negro soldiers at their worthy but infinitely slow task of calling the roll of our American dead and gathering them together at the hillside rendezvous of Romagne.

One of the burning pictures of all this war to me was a view of these negro sexton-soldiers working on a hilltop one rainy evening at dusk. They were outlined against the gloomy sky. Their huge motor-truck stood near by, ready to carry their burden to Romagne. I thought of the home back in the United States where this one dough-boy's empty chair held its sacred place; of how the "home fires," of which our dough-boys had so often sung, had been kept burning for him; I thought of how the heart-love in that home would flash across the Atlantic to this bleak French hilltop faster than any wireless message—if the home folk only knew.

It was good to know that he was being taken from his solitary bed, in the midst of the battle-field desolation, back to the crowd of his buddies at Romagne. This, that I saw on the sky-line, was his second mobilization. Not this time will he sing and romp and play and joke and fight; after this second mobilization at Romagne he will just lie still and rest with all the other thousands of his fellow soldiers, his job well done, until it is time for us he saved to take him back home.

Here to the cemetery at Romagne, on Memorial day, came General Pershing and Marshal Foch and General Degoutte,

Of First Importance–the Kitchen

WHERE the food is prepared; where cleanliness and perfect sanitation are urgently demanded; where the health of the family is either conserved or endangered, according to the equipment used and the degree of caution exercised—surely no part of the home can mean more to you and yours than the kitchen.

You deserve not only an attractive, sanitary kitchen, but one that is easy to work in—the "Efficiency" type developed by this Company and for which the name "Standard" has long stood.

"Standard" KITCHEN SINKS

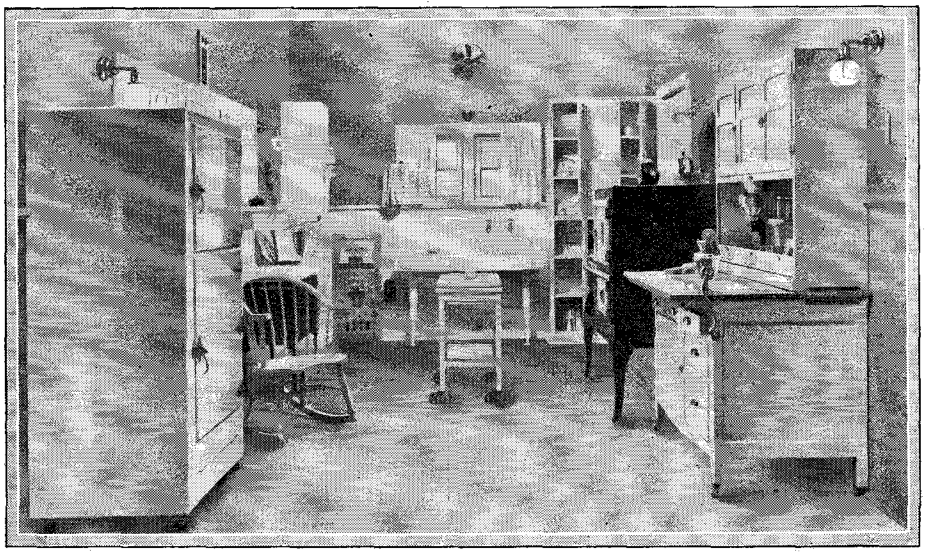
—whether of the elaborate double drainboard style or some simpler pattern, serve the ends of kitchen efficiency. These sinks, being one piece, beautifully enameled, *must* be sanitary; "Standard" fittings help toward this end, too.

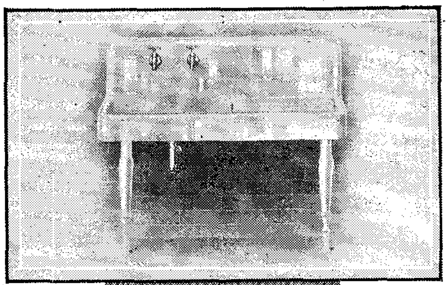
"Standard" Sinks are labor-savers; easier to work at, because they are adjustable in height—from 30 to 36 inches—and thereby prevent the weariness due to working over a sink that is too low.

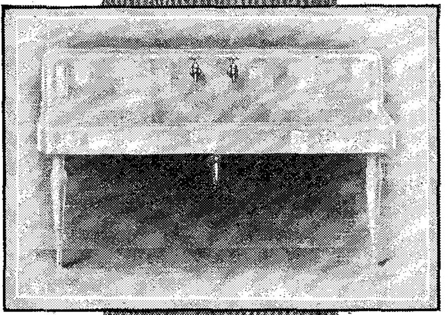
As a rule a new sink can be installed in place of an old one in a short time and at a low cost. Consult a Contracting Plumber about changing yours.

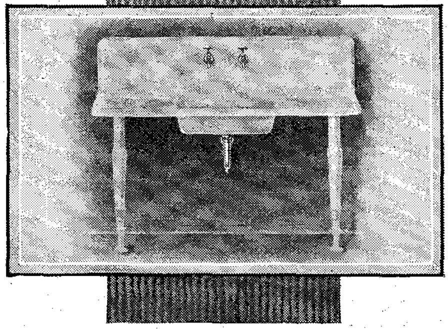
There are many popular designs of "Standard" One-Piece Kitchen Sinks—representing a wide range of prices, but all embodying "Standard" quality and insuring "Standard" service to the highest degree. They are fully described in our booklet, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home." This booklet also shows the complete "Standard" line of fixtures for Bath and Laundry. Sent free on request.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.









Service at "Standard" Branches

In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies, Farm Lighting and Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories; also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil industries. Write or call on nearest branch.

"Standard" Fixtures for Factories

Factory efficiency is no less a necessity now that we have turned to the industries of peace. Sanitary plumbing conditions increase the efficiency of every man and woman thus employed. Our booklet on this subject—"Factory Sanitation"—will be sent to manufacturers on request.

Permanent Exhibits in the Following Cities:

NEW YORK.........35 W. 31st
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPT.) .... 50 BROAD
BOSTON.....186 DEVONSHIRE
PHILADELPHIA..1215 WALNUT
WASHINGTON.SOUTHERN BDG.
*PITTSBURGH...............439-449 WATER
PITTSBURGH ....106 SIXTH
*PITTSBURGH, E. E.................6373 PENN AVE.
*CHICAGO...14-30 N. PEORIA
*ST. LOUIS...810 N. SECOND
*EAST ST. LOUIS ....15 N. COLLINSVILLE
*CLEVELAND.... 4409 EUCLID
CINCINNATI...... 633 WALNUT
*TOLEDO.......311-321 ERIE
*COLUMBUS ....243-255 S. THIRD
*CANTON ....1106 SECOND ST. N. E.
*YOUNGSTOWN ....458 W. FEDERAL
*WHEELING ..3120-30 JACOB
*HUNTINGTON .... SECOND AVE. AND TENTH ST.
*ERIE........128 W. TWELFTH
*ALTOONA..........918 11TH
MILWAUKEE .426 BROADWAY
*MILWAUKEE ....311-313 FIFTH ST.
*LOUISVILLE, 321-23 W. MAIN
*NASHVILLE..........................315 TENTH AVE. S.
*NEW ORLEANS.846 BARONNE
*HOUSTON.......................COR. PRESTON & SMITH
*DALLAS.1200-1206 JACKSON
*SAN ANTONIO...212 LOSOYA
*FORT WORTH.........................828-830 MONROE
KANSAS CITY.........................201 RIDGE ARCADE
SAN FRANCISCO........................ 149-55 BLUXOME
*LOS ANGELES.......................216-224 S. CENTRAL
DETROIT OFFICE...................414 HAMMOND BLDG.
CHICAGO OFFICE...................1010 KARPEN BLDG.
*TORONTO, CAN ....59 E. RICHMOND
*HAMILTON, CAN ....20 W. JACKSON

with ten thousand American soldiers representing divisions which had taken part in the battle, to bid *adieu* to the heroic dead. We quote from General Pershing's stirring tribute to the men he had commanded:

> Reared in the land of freedom, these valiant men, but partly skilled in arms, came willing to give their lives to the cause without desire for gain. By their energy, their devotion, the tide of war turned, invaded homes were set free, and human liberty was saved from destruction.
>
> The principles which our forefathers fought to establish the heroic dead who lie here fought to maintain, and their ideals have brought our gift to the Old World. But beyond this, our own people, through these sacrifices gained much honor as individuals and as a nation. There is given to us a more lofty conception of the grandeur of human liberty and with it a distinct vision of a better world. To realize this fully, the foundations of society must be laid deeper and the structure more firmly built.
>
> The times demand of us clearness in thought and firmness in action. The solidity of our national institutions must be the bulwark against insidious and destructive tendencies. The glory of our independence must remain the leaven and our flag the emblem of all that free men love and cherish. Strengthened by the practical test of war, and with an abiding faith in the Almighty, let us be stedfast in upholding the integrity of our traditions as a guide to future generations at home and a beacon to all who are opprest.
>
> It is especially given the soldier to know clearly the price of liberty. Those to whom America pays tribute here to-day came with us in the full vigor of their youth. They left their homes, encouraged by beloved ones who remained behind. As they went to battle they were united with a holy inspiration, realizing their mighty task and their obligations to their country, and they fought with unparalleled stoicism and determination.
>
> We saw enthusiasm and confidence carry them on with irresistible force. We saw them at Cantigny and again at Château-Thierry, at St. Mihiel, and on this historic field in the decisive battle of the war. We can again see them yonder, moving forward as they steadily advanced across the shell-torn field under withering fire. They cheer and gallantly charge the enemy's strong positions. They put him to flight in the shock of arms. Onward, ever onward they go, on to the final great victory.
>
> We weep to-day over their graves because they are our flesh and blood, but even in our sorrow we are proud that they so nobly died, and our hearts swell within us to think that we fought beside them. To the memory of these heroes this sacred spot is consecrated as a shrine where future generations of men who love liberty may come to do homage. It is not for us to proclaim what they did; their silence speaks more eloquently than words. But it is for us to uphold the conception of duty, honor, and country for which they fought and for which they died. It is for us, the living, to carry forward their purpose and make fruitful their sacrifice.
>
> And now, dear comrades, farewell. Here under the clear skies on the green hillsides and amid the flowering fields of France, in the quiet hush of peace, we leave you forever in God's keeping.

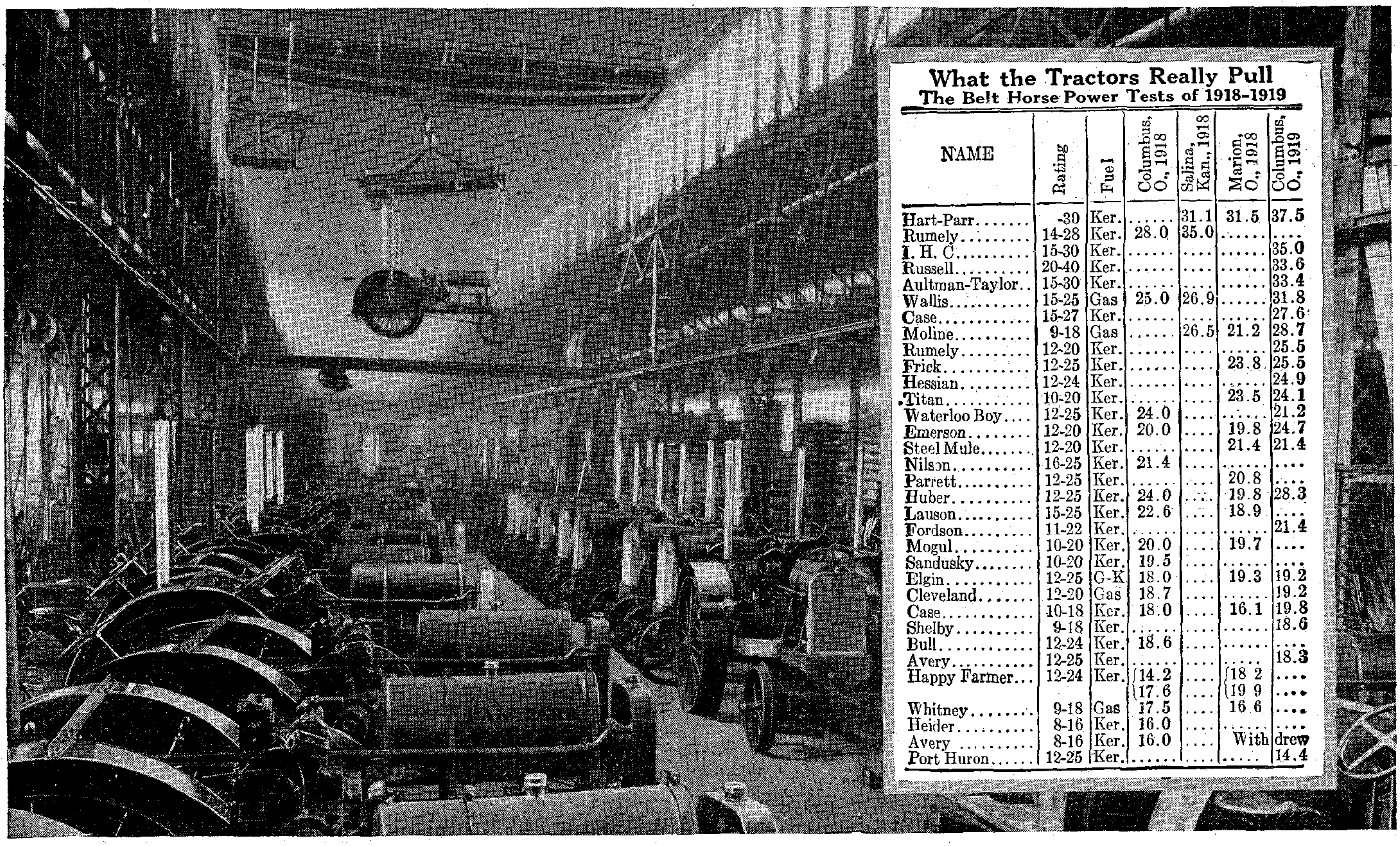
CLEMENCEAU IS NOT ONLY A "TIGER," BUT ALSO AN "EARLY BIRD"

THERE'S no use trying to hold a conversation with Georges Clemenceau, the "Tiger of France," unless you have something worth while to say and can say it clearly and without waste of words. He won't listen to you. He is a very busy man who gets up at three in the morning and works at top speed all day. But for all that he is exceedingly courteous and goes out of his way to show consideration for others. Thus, it is said he makes his breakfast a rapid and most informal meal, "so as not to disoblige the cook." Premier Clemenceau was born in 1841, and is thus well over the "threescore and ten" which is supposed to be man's allotted span of life. He is credited with being one of the most electric figures at the Peace Conference, however, so it is evident that he is one of those rare persons whose powers suffer no impairment with advancing years. The Premier descends from a line of men who for three hundred years had been doctors, and he was himself educated for that profession and practised it for a time, later going into journalism and politics. In a volume on "Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France," by Georges Lecomte (D. Appleton & Co.), this writer states, among other things, that a belief has become current that the "Tiger" is a man of impulse, incapable of controlling his changing humor, "flaming with anger or dangerous joke." However—

> This is a mistake. Sovereign calmness hides under his jovial and brilliant petulance. One can not imagine the degree of calmness which Clemenceau can attain. He never is so much master of himself as in the gravest moments when, in the midst of the obstacles and dangers, he makes a decision.
>
> Thus, like all real men of action, Clemenceau only appears nervous when, seeing the peril and not having the means to ward it off, he suffers at not being able to act. But when he has the possibility of fighting it and of making his ideas prevail, of joining in the work of salvation, he is immediately wonderful in his lucid calmness.
>
> At no time have his intimate collaborators, who really know his character, been mistaken in it. The often recognized sign of battle is his placid gravity, his appearance, and his movements; even his gayest playfulness, which reveals a great freedom of mind, is blended with his greatest anxiety.
>
> We shall not go so far as to say with a certain man given to paradox, who, looking at him carefully, remarked: "Clemenceau is joyfully serene to-night. Things are not going well!" But it is true that, with his perfect control over himself, he is never so calm as at the moment when he has to be.
>
> Therefore, in this war in which the life of France is at stake, since he has the responsibility of the gigantic struggle and can act, he astonishes those who do not know him well by his thoughtful gravity and calm.
>
> He is master of himself enough to be able to measure out his violence, note its effect, and stop it at the right moment. What a nervous force he holds in check for the sake of clear reasoning!

Then the author goes on to explode another mistaken idea regarding the Premier which refers to the complaint that he doesn't know how to listen. Not only does he listen, it is said, but while listening he reflects upon and discusses in his own mind what he hears, even while listening thereto. Yes, he listens all right—

> But he does so only if he is interested, if the person who is talking does not appear foolish, confused, hare-brained.
>
> Since he hates to lose his time and has a horror of confused wordiness, of dreaming, disordered minds, of blunderers and fools, there are persons of great importance and of high rank to whom he listens no more after two minutes of their rambling talk and whom no human power will force him to hear again.
>
> Having received his rap over the knuckles, these men are naturally the ones who reproach him and who give him the reputation of not getting information or opinions.
>
> He gets information, certainly, but only from those who know. He gets opinions, but only from those who think.
>
> Watch him at loggerheads with men who, on the contrary, are sober and clear in their exposition of the subject and are bringing him sure information or an interesting idea. After having looked into their eyes and listened with calmness and in impressive silence to their words, he sums up in a few words the objections that he believes to be valid.
>
> He discusses as long as he believes he is right, or until he has brought forth arguments so strong that his opposition is strengthened. Then he keeps silent. And his collaborators know what this silence means. It is useless to insist in a last charge. The case is heard.
>
> Then come a few hours more of consideration to see if really he can find nothing against the argument that he is on the point of adopting. Then very simply with the good faith which is characteristic of him, he makes it his own because he considers it the best henceforth.
>
> It is not only when they bring him an interesting view that he takes the opinion of others into consideration. He knows how to listen when, before a public debate or a decision to be made, he wishes to test his ideas beforehand.
>
> He fences so that he will be opposed. He provokes counter-attacks. He tries his strength. It is curious cerebral gymnastics after long mental control. It is a practise stroke before the game.
>
> These are trial games which, with partners well chosen, permit him to discern better the strength and the weakness of his argument. And this is also a proof of his fair-mindedness.
>
> Another peculiarity of his character is, after the examination of a difficult affair or consideration concerning some ticklish debate, the clear-sightedness in which he selects the essential point upon which he must insist, and also the weak point where the adverse attack may well strike, and which it will be necessary to defend with the greatest energy. Then he fortifies it and masses his reserves there.
>
> This timeliness of Mr. Clemenceau is very fortunate and is always the fruit of long deliberation with himself. Nothing can distract him from the intense application of his mind with which he falls to the study of a problem, until the best solution and the surest means of obtaining it appear



What the Tractors Really Pull
The Belt Horse Power Tests of 1918-1919

NAME	Rating	Fuel	Columbus, O., 1918	Salina, Kan., 1918	Marion, O., 1918	Columbus, O., 1919
Hart-Parr	-30	Ker.	......	31.1	31.5	37.5
Rumely	14-28	Ker.	28.0	35.0	......	....
I. H. C.	15-30	Ker.	......	....	......	35.0
Russell	20-40	Ker.	......	....	......	33.6
Aultman-Taylor	15-30	Ker.	......	....	......	33.4
Wallis	15-25	Gas	25.0	26.9	......	31.8
Case	15-27	Ker.	......	....	......	27.6
Moline	9-18	Gas	......	26.5	21.2	28.7
Rumely	12-20	Ker.	......	....	......	25.5
Frick	12-25	Ker.	......	....	23.8	25.5
Hessian	12-24	Ker.	......	....	......	24.9
Titan	10-20	Ker.	......	....	23.5	24.1
Waterloo Boy	12-25	Ker.	24.0	....	......	21.2
Emerson	12-20	Ker.	20.0	....	19.8	24.7
Steel Mule	12-20	Ker.	......	....	21.4	21.4
Nilson	16-25	Ker.	21.4	....	......	....
Parrett	12-25	Ker.	......	....	20.8	....
Huber	12-25	Ker.	24.0	....	19.8	28.3
Lauson	15-25	Ker.	22.6	....	18.9	....
Fordson	11-22	Ker.	......	....	......	21.4
Mogul	10-20	Ker.	20.0	....	19.7	....
Sandusky	10-20	Ker.	19.5	....	......	....
Elgin	12-25	G-K	18.0	....	19.3	19.2
Cleveland	12-20	Gas	18.7	....	......	19.2
Case	10-18	Ker.	18.0	....	16.1	19.8
Shelby	9-18	Ker.	......	....	......	18.6
Bull	12-24	Ker.	18.6	....	......	....
Avery	12-25	Ker.	......	....	......	18.3
Happy Farmer	12-24	Ker.	14.2 17.6	....	18.2 19.9	....
Whitney	9-18	Gas	17.5	....	16.6	....
Heider	8-16	Ker.	16.0	....	......	....
Avery	8-16	Ker.	16.0	....	With	drew
Port Huron	12-25	Ker.	......	....	......	14.4

Scarcely before the paint is dry, the big electric crane hoists them to the car for shipment.

Our dealers are making deliveries direct from car to farm.

Hart-Parr Running Full Time, Orders Booked Ahead. *Why?*

Careful tractor buyers are choosing the New Hart-Parr 30 because power and fuel economy tests throughout the country have continually proven its high qualities.

The final test is when the tractor gets into the hands of the farmer—and owners of New Hart-Parr 30's are continually spreading the story of its satisfactory performance on the farm.

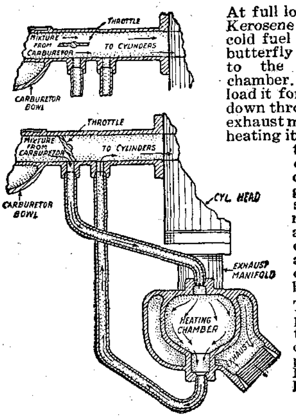
Hart-Parr Company entered the reconstruction period trained by the high-specification Army and Navy Ordnance work. Thanks to our war work the quality and workmanship of the Hart-Parr product is up to Government standard.

Eighteen years ago Hart-Parr founded the tractor industry. Many of our old 60's that plowed the virgin prairies of the Northwest are working the same fields today. We still aim to lead the tractor industry.

Write today for complete catalogue of the New Hart-Parr 30
Some desirable territory is still open to dealers.

HART-PARR COMPANY
Founders of the Tractor Industry **931 Lawler St., Charles City, Ia.**

Dray Kerosene Shunt—



At full load the Dray Kerosene Shunt feeds cold fuel through the butterfly valve direct to the combustion chamber. At light load it forces the fuel down through the hot exhaust manifold, preheating it before it enters the combustion chamber—giving a smooth-running engine at all loads without delicate adjustment of the carburetor.

This is the explanation of the economical, flexible power of the New Hart-Parr.

Specifications

Power—Pulls three plows—30 H. P. on belt.
Motor—2-cylinder twin, 4 cycle. Valve in head 750 R. P. M.
Tractor Frame—Cast steel, one piece. No bend, no twist.
Carburetor—New Dray kerosene shunt.
Bearings—S. K. F. and Hyatt.
Speeds—Two forward; one reverse.
Transmission—Selective sliding gear.
Cooling Device—Honeycomb radiator—shaft-driven pump and fan.
Lubrication—Fresh oil, force feed.
Weight—5,158 lbs.
Price—$1,395 f. o. b. factory.

The New
HART-PARR 30

to him. As remarkable as his faculty of improvisation, he is not one of those who trusts to chance. He has the clear and foreseeing brain of a leader.

And here follow some glimpses of the "Tiger" as he appears in his every-day life at his home and at his office:

Behold him in his own home, in his modest ground-floor apartment in the Rue Franklin, where he has lived for twenty-five years. He works at his table shaped like a horseshoe, suitable for the display of the many different official documents with which he is occupied at the same time. Or see him in his minister's cabinet, formerly at the Department of the Interior, now at the Department of War. The cares which assail him, the constant stream of people, news which sweeps in like waves from the whole world, the sudden appearance of his ministers, of generals, of diplomats, the secret arrival of his intimate aids, the different combinations which he follows through everything, nothing alters his calm and his lucidity of mind.

Motionless but looking straight at his interlocutors, he suddenly becomes animated if the communication interests him.

Then, while listening or while answering, with lively gestures sometimes he claps upon his powerful skull, now pretty bald, his inseparable cap with earlaps, made of soft wool in the winter, of silk during the summer, a hunter's cap which, like his little soft hat, is a part of his legendary appearance. Sometimes he takes it off to put it on again soon with a light tap, keeping up the discussion all the time.

A head-dress worn in his fashion does not give to its owner the air of an old man, I beg you to believe.

It is a head-dress which in the course of the conversation does not remain long in repose and which all the Prime Ministers and military chiefs of the Entente must have seen rise and fall on this expressive, dominating face.

Or, behold Clemenceau pass, his step alert, resolute, in spite of his years, his hat a bit cocked over his ear, his sardonic face, his cane over his shoulder.

He has always been known for this carriage of his head and his gait. Kept young by horseback riding and fencing, he remained for a long time supple and slender. Age has given him a little *embonpoint* without weighing him down. He walks less quickly, perhaps, but still with great precision and sprightliness.

He is not, he never will be, an old pussy-footing parliamentarian. He never turns his shoulders sideways, but walks straight along in crowds. Above these square shoulders observe this battering mien, this mouth ready, under the white mane of his mustache, for a sly joke, this merry and attentive look. Listen to this vivacious voice, at times a bit dry, and yet very warm, harmonious, and of a *timbre* which stirs.

Heavy tho the burden of responsibility resting on the Premier's shoulders may be, it does not render him solemn or melancholy, for—

He jokes, he jollies, he disconcerts and enchants people by his picturesque, pithy sayings, by his expressive phrases, and by his humor. One does not find him dull even in his gravest moments.

Blunders exasperate him. Solemn stupidity, doting upon itself, adds some gaiety to his irritation. The extravagances of certain pretentious harebrained persons mix joy with his amazement. The human animal, whatever it may be, always diverts and interests him. And tranquilly, with an amused look, he watches the comedy of the world. But he is not stingy toward the human animal with his cutting jokes. What barbed shafts, always with good humor, he fires at it!

With a light paw and with a smile, he toys with the lack of good sense and logic, with weakness and fear, with incoherence he passes by, cordial, jocose, bantering. And he leaves behind him a wake of striking jokes and prolonged laughter. They resound still there where he was, while his spirit has awakened other laughter.

Everywhere he appears the conversation becomes animated and its tone rises. In the corridors of the Senate and in the Chamber of Deputies the usual banal, stupid gossip is being carried on. Clemenceau arrives, hiding so many serious thoughts under his joviality; immediately by his radiance and by the inspiration of his presence, he shakes people out of their torpor and forces them to come out of their dulness. Faces light up, gestures become more lively, clever ideas and brilliant repartee flash back and forth. The fireworks begin, gay wit sparkles, the charm of his mind has worked. Around Clemenceau no one can be sad or dull. The stupid get away as from too hot a fire.

On certain days his radiant vitality and his energy accomplish wonders. He awakens in his steps confidence and hope.

Here is a simple example: On the second day of the great offensive in March against the British troops, at the moment that the German flood was submerging everything in front of it and, through a formidable break in the line, was rolling toward Paris, with a heavy heart under the impassive air which must be kept in such hours, in my haste to have news less bad, I entered the Palais Bourbon, where sometimes information, not yet printed, circulates.

The atmosphere was lugubrious. No favorable rumor. Dismayed faces, shakings of the head and the manner of people who are expecting the worst. Except for certain deputies and journalists who, controlling their anxiety, were standing their ground, how few among the best were showing souls sufficiently stedfast. This ant-hill above which too many black moths were flying was scarcely reassuring. After having tried to react against this uneasiness by taking an air of calm confidence, I hurried elsewhere to breathe. On the threshold I encounter a friend who, like me, was happy to get away. We talk.

"Clemenceau has not come?" I asked him.

"No," he replied. "He has been away at the front all day."

"It is plain that they are having a bit of a hurricane."

The next day, impelled by the same desire for quicker news, I enter there as I go elsewhere. Nothing more favorable. The break has rather been enlarged. The onrush of the waves continues to shake everything. There is really no reason why the same faces should not have the same expressions of sadness and apprehension. Yet I find them transformed. Their eyes are clearer, their demeanor is more proud and more resolute. The words that one hears are more confident. The atmosphere is better. I ask questions.

Clemenceau has just passed by. He has reanimated hope. His ardor has warmed everybody. It is wonderful that an old heart has so much youth.

Premier Clemenceau has been able to keep up his marvelous vigor of body and mind only through moderation in all things and the observance of rigorous rules of hygiene. As we are told:

He does not smoke, eats little, scarcely drinks anything but water. Until about 1890 he was a constant attendant at first representations of plays of a social or literary value. For some thirty years, except for very rare occasions, as, for example, a dinner at the home of intimate friends where he hopes to have an agreeable give-and-take of ideas, he does not go away from home at night and goes to bed very early.

It is true that he gets up regularly at three o'clock every morning, and sometimes even earlier. Not having need of a long sleep, he is not far from believing that sleep is a prejudice. Courageous people, quite snobbish that they have got up at six o'clock, and the workmen who are getting to their work at the same hour, and in whose eyes he is nothing except a *bourgeois* profiteer, do not suspect that at this moment, if he is minister, he has already studied two or three *dossiers*, and if he is become a journalist again has written his article.

In order to furnish him with the latest news of the evening, the secretary has them sent by messenger to his home. They are slipt under the doormat, where Clemenceau knows that he will find them. But how often in his haste to know the events and to get to work, thinking that he has slept too long, the industrious and impetuous old man comes to lift up the mat before the messenger has brought the dispatches for him to devour!

Then, when the precious envelop has appeared, for three or four hours he enjoys the delight of a hard battle, in solitude, until the illuminating idea springs forth and he hits upon his stirring phrases.

After that, he indulges in a half hour's gymnastic exercise, which keeps up the vigorous suppleness of his muscles and insures, through a perfect circulation of blood, the calm lucidity of his mind.

At eight o'clock the first visitors, to whom morning appointments were given, present themselves. Busy men can not avoid crowding their days except by being methodical. Thus Clemenceau, exact and precise like all great workers, does not keep people waiting. Try to arrange three or four appointments, one of which will be with Clemenceau, and I am sure that if he foresees you have an interesting communication to make you will get an appointment with him first.

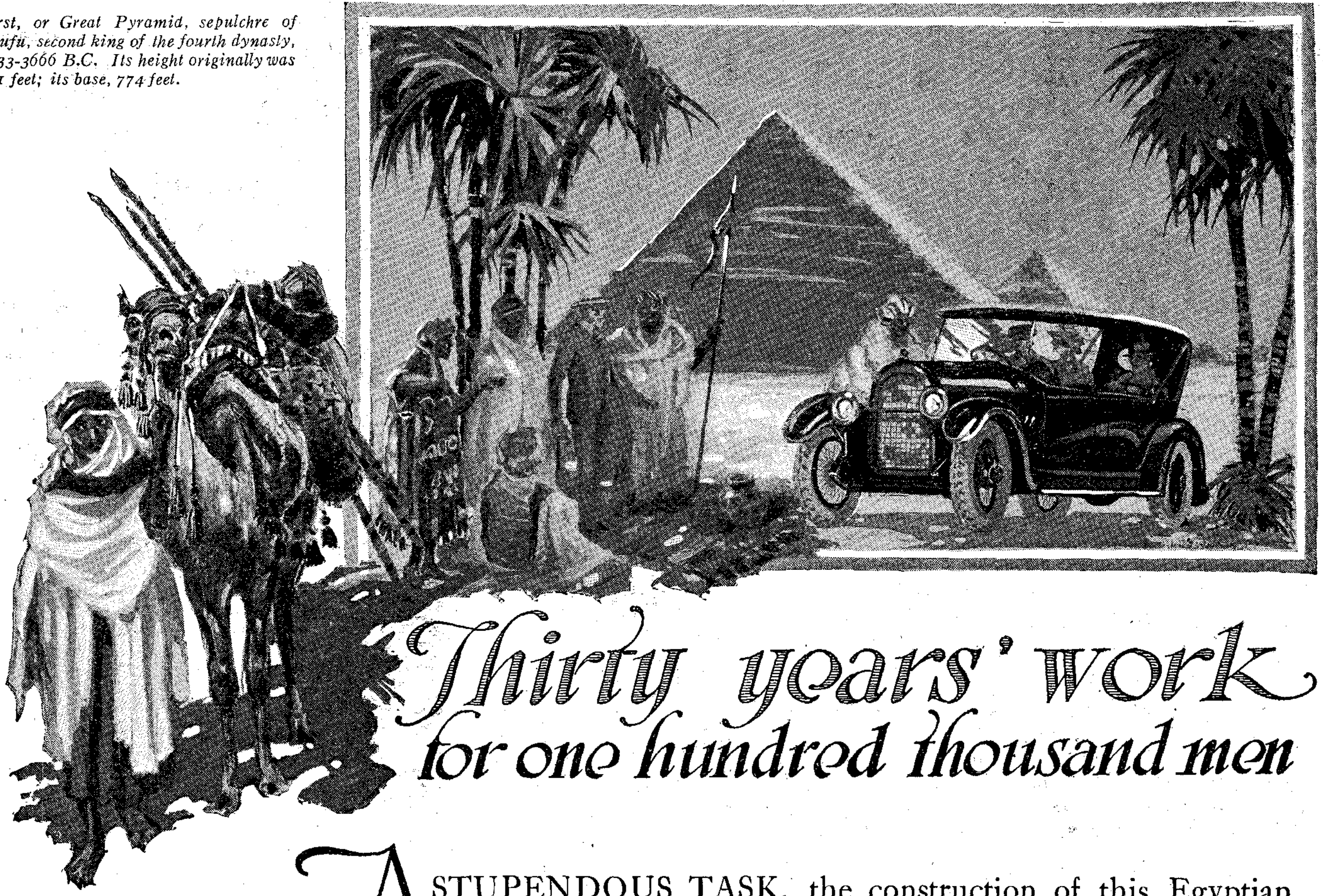
As courteous as he is punctual, as a general rule he keeps his correspondence up to date. What a lesson this is for certain ill-mannered, negligent people who think they can afford to be geniuses by never deigning to reply. This glorious old man, in spite of his busy life, does not wish to do to others what he would not wish to have done to himself. So he takes the trouble to acknowledge, by a note, the receipt of the smallest book sent to him. God and his *concierge* know how his door is bombarded with them.

Immediately after his breakfast comes his departure for the Senate. Without neglecting its deliberations or the lobbying, too fully informed in regard to affairs under consideration, he presides over either the Commission of the Army or the interrogation of the ministers with vigor and without allowing any concealment of the real state of affairs.

Then he goes to his editorial office, where he is glad to talk intimately with his

HARDMAN TIRES

First, or Great Pyramid, sepulchre of Chufu, second king of the fourth dynasty, 3733-3666 B.C. Its height originally was 481 feet; its base, 774 feet.



Thirty years' work for one hundred thousand men

A STUPENDOUS TASK, the construction of this Egyptian tomb—masses of brick, cased with red syenitic granite exquisitely fitted together.

A monument to perseverance.

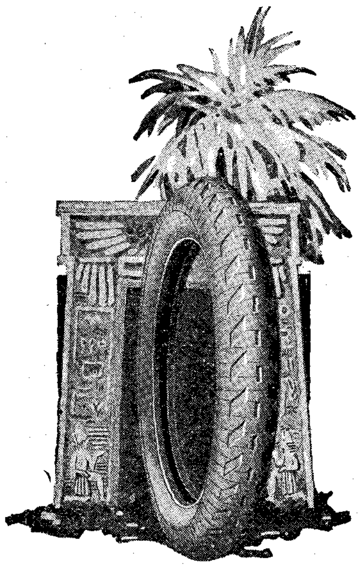
Perseverance is pyramided in the HARDMAN "good will"—paramount in HARDMAN tires.

Practically all business is on a basis of confidence.

For twenty-five years HARDMAN has built up confidence with a product that consistently perpetuates that standard.

The actual, hand-made, manufacture of the tire itself also is very much like building a pyramid—laminating the fabric and rubber with such exacting precaution that the finished product will withstand wear and tear just as the pyramids of old have defied centuries of nature's torments.

"OLD AS THE AUTOMOBILE"



HARDMAN tires, both cord and fabric, are *wrapped tread*. Made under a long-time, single cure process—the way to make tires uniformly good. Extra heavy, pure para cushion is applied, together with pliable tread, standard Sea Island fabric and thick gauge, thereby reducing liability to stone bruise.

HARDMAN tubes are laminated—hand-built of the finest rubber, toughened and cured by the HARDMAN formula. They are wonderfully flexible, yet extremely strong—backed by an unquestionable guarantee.

You can pyramid your mileage with HARDMAN tires.

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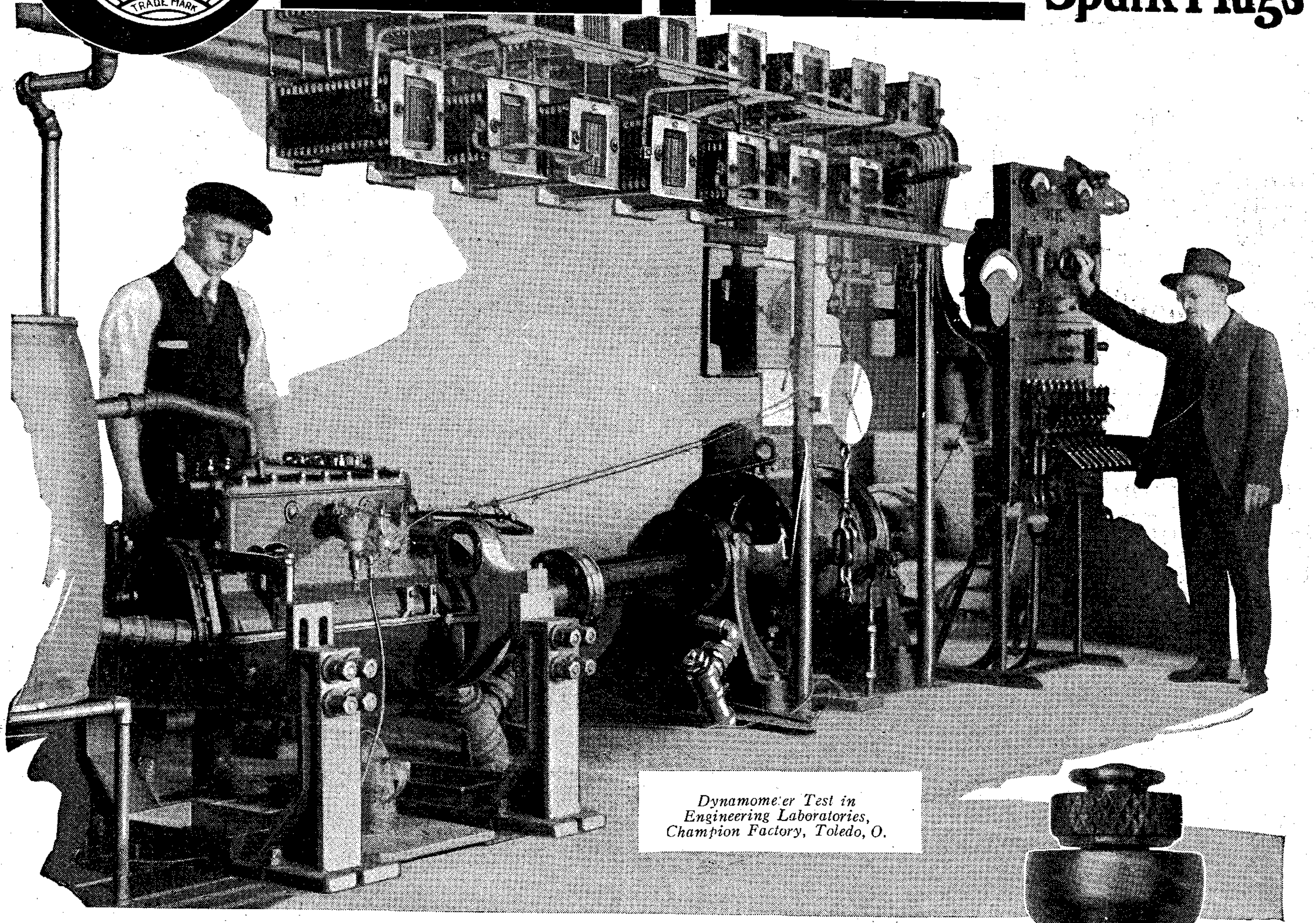
HARDMAN TIRES

Champion Dependable Spark Plugs



Dynamometer Test in Engineering Laboratories, Champion Factory, Toledo, O.

Dynamometer Test Guarantees *Dependability*

NO MATTER what type of automotive engine you have, nor under what service conditions you put it, the Champion Spark Plugs recommended for that particular type of engine have already shown a 100% efficiency record under exactly similar service strains.

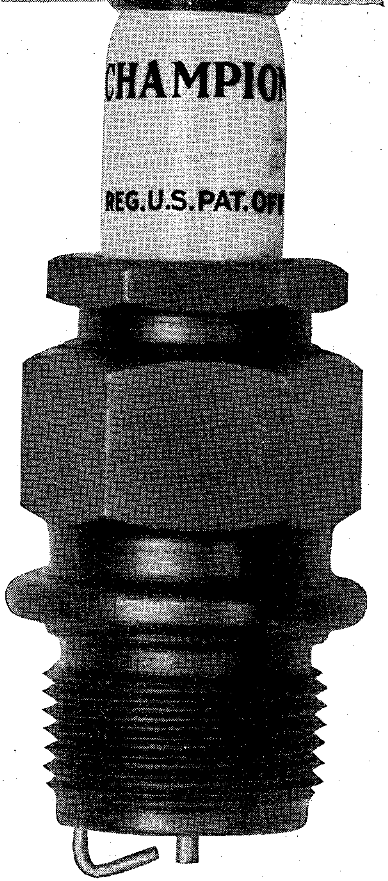
In the Dynamometer Department of our laboratories various types of engines equipped with Champion Spark Plugs are being run at all times under the most severe conditions.

These tests duplicate the work spark plugs must perform when climbing steep hills, pulling heavy truck loads through deep mud, racing on speedways, plowing fields under hot suns, or edging slowly through congested Fifth Avenue traffic.

In addition to all the laboratory tests on the various materials going into Champion Spark Plugs, this actual engine test is the daily check on the dependability of each day's production of Champion Spark Plugs for every type of engine and for every possible road task.

The greater resisting power of our famous No. 3450 Insulator together with our patented asbestos gasket construction and coupled with extreme care in manufacture, close inspection and rigid production tests enable Champion Spark Plugs to stand up and keep going better and longer.

Buy Champion Spark Plugs now and make sure the name Champion is on the Insulator and the World trade-mark on the box and avoid substitutes.



Champion 7/8-18
A 44, Price $1.00

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
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> coeditors or with friends who chance to come. He is too full of life not to like to have life around him. He goes there every evening. But if you wish to find him in good humor, be careful not to present yourself before him before he has read the afternoon editions and revised his morning article according to the impressions of the day. Otherwise, no matter how much of a friend of his you may be, you will only find an impatient man sweeping his eyes over the evening papers while he listens to you and furious at not being able to read better and listen to you more tranquilly. A half-hour later, when his article is corrected and the papers are read, he becomes the gayest of talkers.
>
> It is the same program at the Ministry. There is this difference, that the revision of his article is replaced by the careful and minute study of affairs, whether the morning is passed in the Rue Saint Dominique instead of at home, or whether there passes through his office a great number of summoned visitors such as ministers, members of Parliament, generals, ambassadors, public officials, journalists. At three o'clock the stream of visitors begins again, made pleasant by inevitable interruptions of rapid talks in regard to dispatches and decisions to be made. This continues until Clemenceau locks himself in to work with his colleagues who, summing up affairs in a few precise phrases, know how his brain works.
>
> There are often private interviews with the President of the Republic, whom Clemenceau keeps informed of everything. Once a week he meets with the Council of Ministers, which, since the war, has held constant meetings, in which harangues were kept up for hours. From time to time he makes a visit to the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies when he thinks that his presence can be useful or when he has something to say; but he refuses to waste time in the corridors in order to foil plots.
>
> Moreover, he has so much to do and the phases of the struggle demand such close application that he becomes more and more sparing of his words and time.
>
> He always had a horror of superfluous verbiage; and even during his first presidency of the Council, which he spent at the Ministry of the Interior, his busy life forced him to demand great brevity and to avoid useless conversation.
>
> One day he was terribly beset and overtaxed. One of his prefects, who was short of money, insisted on being received, and at the moment when the minister was showing a visitor out he made a last effort through the half-opened door.
>
> "One word!" begged the prefect, who was really in need of very prompt assistance.
>
> "All right; but only one!" Clemenceau replied imperiously.
>
> "Dough!" implored the official, who was suddenly inspired by necessity.
>
> Then, disarmed and diverted, the minister had him enter and the two men talked it over.
>
> Another time one of his most faithful friends whom in normal times he takes the greatest pleasure in seeing, comes into his office at a rush-hour.
>
> "What do you want?" he cries out hastily, extending his hand.
>
> "Simply shake hands," the friend explains.
>
> "It's done!" Clemenceau replies bruskly but affably. "Now get out!"
>
> Then, without a smile for his visitor, he goes back to work.

Illuminating of a man's character are the ways in which he plays. As might be expected of a vigorous personality like that of the French Premier, he loves Nature, and spends his leisure time walking under the trees in gardens and parks or hunting in the fields and woods. Also he is very fond of animals. We read on:

> He likes to have them around him constantly and watch them. Their beauty charms him. Their peacefulness calms him. He likes their colors, their forms, their life. Dogs are his preferred companions. Their joyous, intelligent, docile fidelity is a pleasure to him. In their instinct, sharpened by the relations and conversations one has with them, he finds more wisdom, kindness, and uprightness than in the strange soul of some men.
>
> He always has beautiful dogs of all kinds about him. They are his familiar companions, who never enervate him and whom he never scolds. It is not uncommon to see the watchful face of one of them through the window of his automobile. During his first Premiership his favorite, a magnificent English dog, stretched out luxuriously in front of the flaming logs in his office, received his guests with him.
>
> This friend of trees and beautiful gardens suffered to see the park of the ministerial residence lifeless and deserted. One would have said it was the park of the Sleeping Beauty and that after a hundred years of silence there was nothing in it except emptiness and motionlessness. Tired of seeing nothing move except the water with which the gardener watered the lawns, he had the idea of stocking it with animals. He put peacocks and swans into it; and, while he worked and listened to his visitors, he looked at the majestic walk, the impressive immobility, and the shaded plumage of the birds.
>
> This was a fine scandal. The employees of the Ministry were shocked at his unusual fancy. The inhabitants of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, furious to hear the monotonous call of the peacock night and day, complained repeatedly to the chief of police. A long and memorable battle of ambuscades and cruel cunning ensued. One of the swans was poisoned. The chief of police was on the eve of being forced to summon his recalcitrant minister. Finally, so the story goes, in order to be able to look at the colorful splendor of the peacocks, Mr. Clemenceau had to resign himself to the removal of their vocal cords.

The Premier is also interested in works of art. He early became a collector of Japanese curios, and for a long time in his former apartments an expressive Japanese mask indicated his door to visitors. Further:

> His portrait has been painted by Edouard Manet, whose sincere talent he liked while still very young; also by J. F. Raffaelli, who represented him in all the energy of his oratory, in the masterpiece of life and truth now in the Luxembourg; finally by Carrière, whose intelligence and profoundly human art pleased him. Busts have been made of him by Rodin, with whose genius he was familiar, and lately by the excellent sculptor, Sicard. Clemenceau respects too much the free interpretation of an artist ever to be astonished at the interpretations they gave of him.
>
> Finally, without disappointment or weariness, he reposes from his battles and his immense labor by contemplating with an eye sensitive to plastic beauty a few pictures by his friends, in which he finds a bit of nature that he loves so much, and a little humanity and life which he always tries to understand better.

WHEN YANK JABS "POILU" AND "POILU" PUNCHES YANK

THE man who can handle his fists is a better all-around soldier than the one who must have a weapon in a hand-to-hand encounter—at least, this principle has been followed from the beginning in training our new army. Professional and amateur boxers have worked hard to drill our drafted men in the rudiments of pugilism. Bouts of all kinds have been encouraged both in this country and France, and probably many future champions have been developed. In France bouts between champions of the A. E. F. and those from the French and British armies have been enthusiastically supported by the armies concerned. A May issue of *The Cro*, published by the soldiers in camps around Bourges, France, contains a typical Franco-American prize-fight story. It is headed in good American newspaperese, with a touch of pride no doubt, "Local Pugs Batter French to Dust." It describes fights staged on two successive evenings, a Wednesday and a Thursday, mostly between Frenchmen and Americans. The French fighters and A. E. F. champions were brought to Bourges by the Knights of Columbus, according to the sporting editor of *The Cro*. With one or two exceptions, the fighters went at it for all they were worth—which is not true of all prize-fights—and the consequent spirited scrapping was thoroughly enjoyed. The chief bout on Wednesday was between a French champion, Saint-Didier, who had the reputation of having outfought some of the best French and American boxers and was a veteran of 180 fights. His opponent was described as "Georgie Mass, the pride of Bourges, and without a doubt the best featherweight in the A. E. F. at the present time." Saint-Didier made a poor showing, according to this story:

> With the sound of the whistle for the first round, both men went to it in grand old style. Mass led with straight jabs and hooks to the body. It did not take him long to notice that the Frenchman was rather careless about guarding his face and immediately started to disfigure his deceiving countenance.
>
> Refreshed by a drink of a special brand of Paris "tonic" Saint-Didier came back in the second for revenge and instead was tapped regularly on the nose. Mass then worked him into a corner where he would have the advantage. And he made good use of every opportunity, mauling the so-called champion more than he ever received in any one of his previous battles.
>
> The third round was the same story. Saint-Didier tried to get the jump on Mass, but he wasn't quite as fast as he should have been, and was on the receiving end, the local champ having wonderful control. It was about this time that the Frenchman decided that his chances were very poor.

He had a good reputation and the sting of defeat at the hands of the local boy ran through his mind. Toward the end of the round, he forced Mass in the left-hand corner of the ring and butted him and then tried to use his foot. He was cautioned by the referee, but the big question in his mind was how to quit and get the francs. He butted again and was hissed. Landing on the chair in his corner, he claimed that he was sick and could not continue the bout. His manager saw a few hundred francs flying away and did everything he could to keep his man in the ring, without success. Mass agreed to let his opponent rest for a period, but he would not compromise. He knew that he would be defeated, and rather than take his medicine like a man, he quit. Following this demonstration, Chaplain Smith asked the audience if they thought he should receive his money for the fight and there was a quick reply. Needless to say, he did not receive a franc.

Red Anderson, fighting like the famous Battling Nelson, handed George Gras, a well-known Paris boxer, one of the worst lickings administered in Bourges this season. At the end of the third round, Gras called for a doctor and Captain Case, of the Post Infirmary, who responded, declared that he had a broken collar-bone and ordered his removal to Camp Hospital 68 for treatment.

Gras was booked for several fights for the next few weeks, and, following a suggestion by a ringside spectator, Chaplain Smith, official announcer, asked the audience if they would make a voluntary donation for the injured man. Being true American sports, they responded and within fifteen minutes more than 700 francs were raised.

Al Norton, of California, a lad who has been in and out of the champion class, boxed Bob Martin, the heavyweight title holder, for three and a half rounds, during which he showed that he still maintained some of his championship caliber. Some of his pals from Doyle's who followed him in the days when he fought men like Jim Flynn and Sam Langford would be surprized if they saw the old boy working in his old-time form over here in Bourges.

Fundi, the featherweight crown wearer, and Billy Cleck, the welter, had a nice battle showing the fine points of the game. Fundi looked good, but more than one fan wished that Georgie Mass, his only real rival in France, was working against him.

Thompson, of Mehun, fought a draw with Merrio, a French boy from Paris. This was the first fight for the game little Yank since he was injured at Issoudon some time ago, and while he was not at his best, showed some of his old-time form and looked as tho he will come through in grand old style as soon as he gets a little more training.

Red Anderson, after a strenuous night handing the trouncing to George Gras, fell a victim by practically the same route as his opponent the night previous. He caught for Marqua all through the bout and showed he was capable of making the best baseball team in the A. E. F. There was some excuse for him, as he injured his shoulder in his first fight and was not in the best of condition.

As the final bout of the wonderful card, Georgie Mass stopt Verdidio, of Paris, in a round and a half. In the best of condition as a result of his fight, he played with his opponent. Realizing that his man would not last many rounds, he stopt toward the end of the first. In the second, he decided that he had enough work for one evening, and shot over a few straight jabs, followed them with a left hook to the chin, and the Frenchman packed in for the evening. And maybe Fundi enjoyed this? Who can tell?

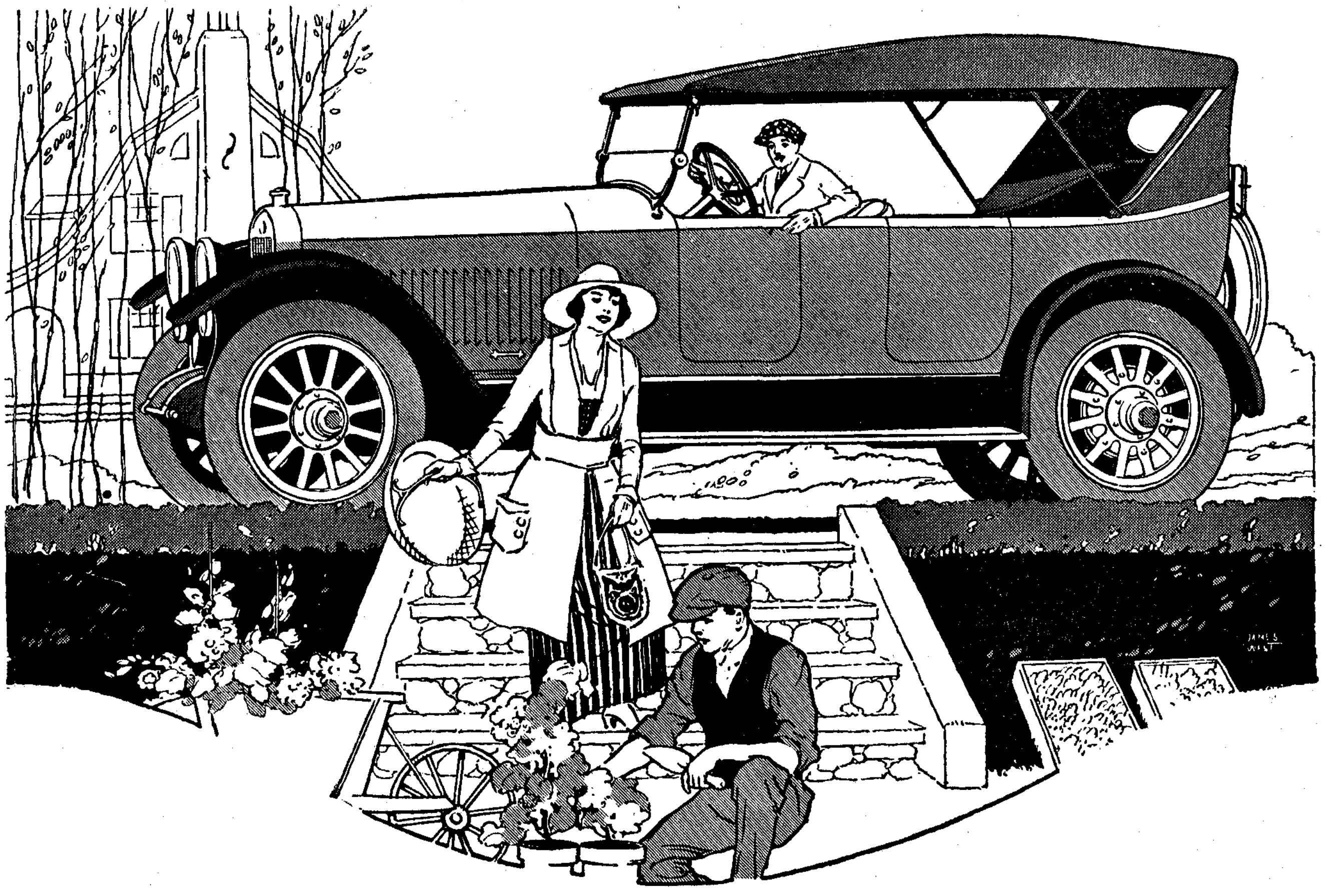
FEROCITY OF AMERICAN BASEBALL ASTOUNDS THE FRENCH

THE French are amazed at American baseball, and they have certainly seen a lot of it since the advent of the dough-boys in their country. Among other things, the Frenchmen can't understand the deadly seriousness with which the Americans play a mere game, or the ferocity with which they take sides. Also they consider our national game a dangerous pastime, involving much peril to life and limb, and the fearless manner in which the brave Americans stand up to it awakens their unbounded admiration. "One of your baseball games is exactly like a battle," said a Frenchman to William G. Shepherd, who tells the story in the New York *Evening Post.* "Your men never smile while they are playing it and the onlookers shout and roar like Roman mobs." Mr. Shepherd relates that when a dough-boy was hit by an automobile in the street, a Frenchman, pushing his way through the crowd, looked with pity on the unconscious, bleeding victim, and then turned to the nearest dough-boy and inquired, "Baseball?" Another man, a major, ran a splinter under his finger-nail and when he paid his weekly visit to his manicurist, the latter, observing the injured member bound up in a compress, asked sympathetically, "Baseball?" Mr. Shepherd goes on:

> Just out of sheer curiosity as I have moved about France I have looked into the question of whether the French are likely to adopt baseball as a popular game. I have expert evidence from both the American and the French sides and, after adding to this the results of my observations, I feel safe in saying that if baseball ever does gain a foothold in France, its popularity will not be apparent in this generation.
>
> There is no doubt that the Frenchman has what we call "an eye." With his quick nervousness he is able to make his muscles respond instantaneously to his brain. This is one of the first requisites of baseball. As batters and base-runners it is conceivable that the Frenchmen might shine at baseball.
>
> But between the neck and the waist the average Frenchman is not a baseball-player and never will be, unless a special baseball brand of Frenchman is developed. Frenchmen run to legs, strange as it may seem. In the hundreds of rings in which Frenchmen have appeared with American boxers in France it is noted that the Frenchman below the waist is usually the superior in muscle and in speed. Fighter for fighter, the Frenchman is almost invariably quicker and shiftier on his feet than the American. Above the waist the American is always stronger and better-shouldered. This tendency of the Frenchman to rely on his legs instead of bringing into play his shoulders and his arms is shown in the old game of boxing with the feet and in his supremacy at football.
>
> A French boy kicks as naturally as a fish swims. During a baseball game near Bar-le-Duc not long ago, nine baseballs were picked up by little French boys who were hanging about the outskirts of the crowd awaiting such opportunities.
>
> As baseballs are scarce in France—only 750,000 having been sent over—the military police were asked to seize all baseballs found in the hands of the French urchins. The next day fifteen baseballs were turned in by the police.
>
> Every military policeman reported that he had found the French boys kicking the baseballs around like footballs!
>
> In the parks of France little boys and girls rarely throw their toy balls into the air. They kick them instead. The idea of using their hands in throwing or catching does not seem to occur to them. Throwing, it would seem, is distinctly an American achievement.

A sporting expert tried to introduce baseball among the French soldiers. It was not a success. They did both their throwing and their catching "girl fashion," which not only is considered by experts a very poor fashion indeed, but also results in numerous broken fingers and other injuries not conducive to create any particular enthusiasm for the game. Says Mr. Shepherd:

> The brave *poilus,* with stiff and outstretched fingers, would extend their hands to the hottest liners without a qualm. It was like presenting a handful of clothes-pins to the kick of a mule. They seemed unable to learn how to present the side of their hands to the oncoming ball in American fashion. In the phraseology of the American boy, they caught the ball "girl fashion." They all gleaned from their experience that baseball was one of the roughest and mutilatingest games they had ever seen, and they gained a tremendous respect for the Americans who played it without breaking their hands.
>
> When a big, soft indoor baseball was substituted for the hard baseball the Frenchmen took a new interest in the game, and they shortly became decidedly proficient.
>
> The Frenchmen who have tried baseball find themselves absolutely unable to throw with the snap of the arm which characterizes American throwing. They call it "throwing with the broken arm," thus referring to the bend of the elbow which gives the American throw its snap. Again, the American boy would fall back on the term "girl fashion" in trying to describe the Frenchman's throwing. There is more of a trick in this snap of the elbow than the average American, who learned baseball as a child, fully realizes, and many of our dough-boys in France basked with delight in the admiration of the French onlookers for this art of throwing which they had acquired so unwittingly as kids.
>
> It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks, and the chances are that a Frenchman of twenty years or over would never learn how to throw. Baseball is a combination of running and exact throwing. There must be a certain proportion of running speed to throwing speed in order to make the game interesting. With fast French running and slow French throwing, not to mention excessive batting due to the good French "eye" and slow pitching, it has been absolutely impossible for the Americans to show to the young men of France the beauties and the niceties of baseball as we know it.



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WINTON SIX

READ, THE C. COLUMBUS OF AVIATION, BELIEVES IN A FINISHED JOB

"MY husband doesn't start anything he can't finish," said the wife of Lieut.-Com. A. C. Read, the first air-navigator to fly across the Atlantic Ocean. Apparently the chief characteristic of people who do such things as that just accomplished by Aviator Read is a sort of "Pike's-Peak-or-Bust" spirit which enables them to reach their goal in spite of all the imps of adversity in the universe. Read's undaunted determination to "finish the job," tho his trip was beset by many discouragements of a heart-breaking nature, recalls the exploit of Christopher Columbus, who, after he once conceived the idea of crossing the unknown ocean, went about with the "bee in his bonnet" for years, calmly meeting all manner of sneers and fanatical opposition before he finally accomplished his purpose. As for that earlier voyager, Leif Ericson, who crossed the Atlantic about seven hundred years before Columbus did, specific information is not at hand indicating that he possest the "do-or-die" stuff of which successful explorers and pioneers are made, but it is safe to say he was a man who did not lose his nerve over a few obstacles, for he was a true type of the ancient Norsemen whose character is well illustrated in a saying about one of them to the effect that "when things seemed at their worst, he was at his best."

It is very evident also that Commander Read has no superstition in his make-up or he would never have started out in a "hoodoo" plane. The *NC-4* seemed ill-fated from the very beginning of her career, once, during the time she was being assembled, narrowly escaping destruction by fire. Her evil star was still in evidence on the first leg of her journey when she was forced to land at Chatham Bay, while her sister planes flew on to Trepassey. This was the first test of her commander's nerve, the halt at Chatham consuming a week of precious time. Then there was another long delay at Ponta Delgada, one more at Lisbon, a short one at Mondego River, and one at Ferrol, and finally Plymouth was reached, twenty-three days after the start was made, only fifty-two hours and thirty-one minutes of which had been spent in the air. It will thus be seen that the first trip by airplane from Rockaway, New York, to Plymouth, England, was an experience to try the patience of anybody but one who never forgot that he must finish what he had started.

Before he was assigned to the command of the *NC-4*, nothing much had ever been heard of Lieut.-Com. Albert Cushing Read. Martin Green remarks in the New York *World* that Read is a typical officer of the American Navy. He continues:

> He is but two months over thirty-two years of age. A look at his photograph reveals a lot of the inside of the story of his flight.
>
> He has the typical American face, square jaw, straight, firm mouth, wide forehead, serious eyes, and generous ears. Readers of the newspapers have doubtless noted that Hawker and the other English aviators who essayed the transatlantic flight are generally photographed smiling. Seldom does a photograph of a smiling American officer appear—except when he is photographed off duty. It was said of our officers and soldiers in France by the soldiers of other nations who saw them going into battle:
>
> "The Americans, their faces are frozen."
>
> Lieutenant-Commander Read's smile is generous and infectious, but when he is on a job he doesn't smile much. He probably smiled expansively when he alighted in Lisbon Harbor, but it is a pretty safe bet that his features were set all the way across from the Azores.
>
> This young officer who, after an almost heart-breaking start, finally achieved the honor of guiding the first airplane to cross the Atlantic, never figured in the public prints before he was assigned to the command of the *NC-4*. The files of *The World*, from the date of his birth, March 29, 1887, down to a few weeks ago, contain no reference to Albert Cushing Read. The reporters who were assigned to Rockaway during the preparation for the flight of the *NC's* never saw Lieutenant-Commander Read until he was unexpectedly placed in command of the station one day by the absence of the ranking officers.
>
> He received the reporters that day in his office. They found a rather slight man wearing a gray sweater and a pair of greasy uniform trousers. He had been working on the engines of the *NC-4*. His answers to questions were so clear, succinct, and decisive that the reporters talked about him when they went away and their judgment was that here was a live wire. After that not one of their days was complete unless they paid a visit to the soft-voiced, lithe little officer who was always affable but refused to talk about anything but the work in hand.
>
> A quality in Lieutenant-Commander Read that imprest the reporters was his thoroughness and the calm deliberation with which he went about tasks and the remarkable speed with which he finished them. He did not appear to be in a hurry but everybody around him hustled efficiently. It was said of him that he never made a false motion and the men under him copied his methods.

Then Mr. Green goes on and gives the following brief sketch of the life of this modern Columbus:

> Albert Cushing Read was born at Lyme, New Hampshire, a little town on the Connecticut River. It was fortuitous indeed that his parents decided to give him the name of Cushing, which is so closely associated with the glorious record of the United States Navy. And it may be more than a coincidence that one of the destroyers stationed near the European coast to lend him aid in case he should be forced to alight on the ocean is named the *Cushing*.
>
> The future pioneer in transatlantic air-navigation attended the public school at Lyme until his people moved down into Massachusetts. He attended the public and high schools in his new home until he was sixteen years old when he received an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.
>
> He was graduated with honors, and as an ensign saw a lot of service on various battle-ships and cruisers. In 1908 he was sent to the Pacific Station, serving there until 1911, when he was ordered home from Nagasaki, Japan. In July, 1915, when the Navy began to pay some attention to aviation, he was sent to the aeronautic station at Pensacola, Fla., for instruction in aviation. At that time he held the rank of Lieutenant.
>
> In May, 1916, he was detached from the aviation service and sent to the battleship *North Carolina*, but he was ordered back to air-work again in June, 1917, when he was placed in charge of the aviation station at Bay Shore, L. I. He was then a Lieutenant-Commander. Subsequently he served at several naval air-stations, including those at Rockaway Beach, Montauk, Garden City, and Port Washington, L. I.
>
> While stationed on Long Island during the war he was in charge of a number of important tactical air-maneuvers and made many flights offshore while German submarines menaced the coast. In March of this year he was selected to command one of the three *NC* planes in the transatlantic flight, and joined Commander John Henry Towers of the *NC-3* and Lieut.-Com. Patrick Nelson Lynch Bellinger, at Rockaway.
>
> As heretofore stated, he was there a considerable time before the reporters got track of him. His ability to fade into a background was notable. He is inherently modest and to-day finds this, one of the most retiring of officers, the most-talked-of man in the world.
>
> Lieutenant-Commander Read is married and the father of a child. His wife lives in Washington. During the time the *NC-4* was storm-bound at Chatham, hundreds of miles behind the *NC-1* and the *NC-3*, Mrs. Read frequently said she was certain he would catch up and eventually cross the ocean.

The innate modesty of the man is well indicated by Lieutenant-Commander Read's own account of his trip from Trepassey to the Azores, cabled to *The World*. It contains not one word of bombast, but is a good example of simple, concise reporting. Particularly noticeable is the fact that he refers to himself only twice, and then only in connection with his own personal acts. His crew is included in all he has to say regarding the incidents of the trip. The account follows:

> The *NC-3* left the water at Trepassey Bay at 10:03, Greenwich civil time, on the afternoon of May 16; the *NC-4*, at 10:05, and the *NC-1* some time later. The *Three* and *Four* together left Mistaken Point on the course for the Azores at 10:16, and ten minutes later, sighted the *One*, several miles to the rear, and flying higher.
>
> We were flying over icebergs, with the wind astern and the sea smooth. Our average altitude was 800 feet. The *NC-4* drew ahead at 10:50, but when over the first destroyer made a circle to allow the *NC-3* to catch up. We then flew on together until 11:55, when we lost sight of the *NC-3*, her running lights being too dim to be discerned.
>
> From then on we proceeded as if alone. Our engine was hitting finely, and the oil-pressure and water temperature were right. It was very dark, but the stars were showing. At 12:19, on the morning of the 17th, the May moon started to appear, and

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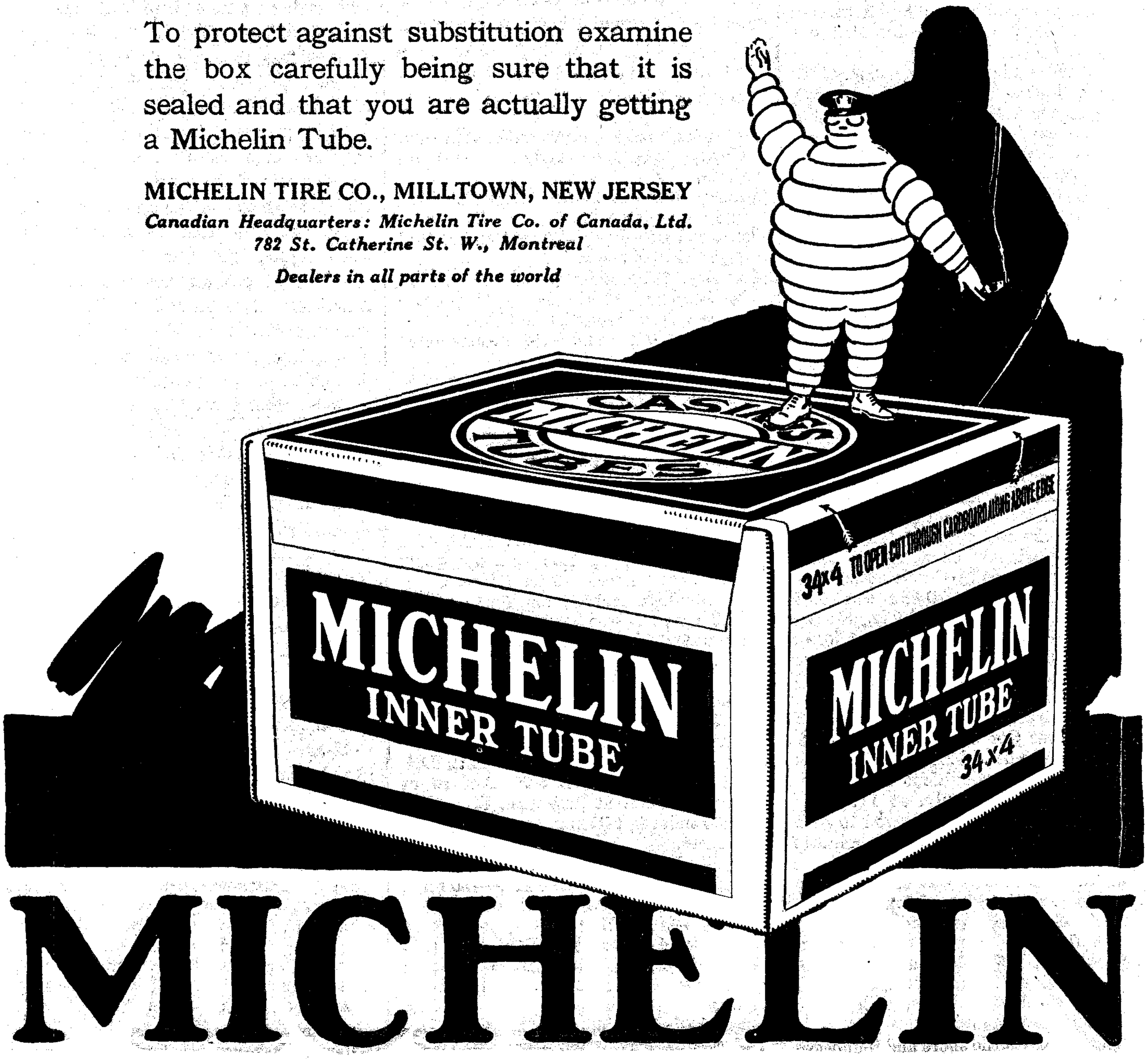
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the welcome sight made us all feel more comfortable.

As it grew lighter the air became bumpy, and we climbed to 1,800 feet, but the air remained bumpy most of the night.

Each destroyer was sighted in turn, first being located by star-shells, which, in some cases, we saw forty miles away; then by the search-lights, and finally by the ships' lights. All were brilliantly illuminated. Some were apparently in the exact position designated. Others were some miles off the line, necessitating frequent changes of our course so that we might pass near.

At 12:41, when we were passing No. 4 destroyer, we saw the lights of another plane to port. We kept the lights in sight for ten minutes. After that we saw no other plane for the remainder of our trip.

So far, our average speed had been ninety knots, indicating that we had a twelve-knot favorable wind. At 1:24 the wind became less favorable and we came down to 1,000 feet.

At 5:45 we saw the first of the dawn. As it grew lighter all our worries appeared to have passed. The power-plant and everything else was running perfectly. The radio was working marvelously well. Messages were received from over 1,300 miles, and our radio officer sent a message to his mother in the States via Cape Race.

Cape Race, then 730 miles away, reported that the *NC-3's* radio was working poorly. The *NC-3* was ahead of the *NC-1* and astern of us, we learned by intercepted messages. Each destroyer reported our passing by radio.

Sandwiches and coffee from the thermos-bottles and chocolate candy tasted fine. No emergency rations were used. They require too great an emergency to be appreciated. I made several inspection trips aft and held discussions with the radio man and the engineer. Everything was all right.

At 6:55 we passed over a merchant ship, and at eight o'clock we saw our first indications of possible trouble, running through light lumps of fog. It cleared at 8:12, but at 9:27 we ran into more for a few minutes. At 9:45 the fog became thicker and then dense. The sun disappeared, and we lost all sense of direction. The compass spinning indicated a steep bank, and I had visions of a possible nose-dive.

Then the sun appeared and the blue sky once more and we regained an even keel and put the plane on a course above the fog, flying between the fog and an upper layer of clouds. We caught occasional glimpses of the water, so we climbed to 3,200 feet, occasionally changing the course and the altitude to dodge the clouds and fog.

We sent out a radio at 10:38 and at 10:55 to the nearest destroyer, thinking the fog might have lifted. We received replies to both messages that there was thick fog near the water. At 11:10 we ran into light rain for a few minutes.

At 11:13 we sent a radio to the destroyer and could hear Corvo reply that the visibility was ten miles. Encouraged by this promise of better conditions further on, we kept going. Suddenly, at 11:27, we saw through a rift what appeared to be a tide rip on the water. Two minutes later we saw the outline of rocks.

The tide rip was a line of surf along the southern end of Flores Island. It was the most welcome sight we had ever seen.

We were forty-five miles off our calculated position, indicating that the speed of the plane from the last destroyer sighted had been eighty-five knots. The wind was blowing us east and south.

We glided near to the shore and rounded the point. Finding that the fog stopt 200 feet above the water, we shaped our course for the next destroyer, flying low, with a strong wind behind us. We sighted No. 22 in its proper place at twelve o'clock. This was the first destroyer we had seen since we passed No. 16.

The visibility then was about twelve miles. We had plenty of gasoline and oil and decided to keep on to Ponta Delgada. Then it got thick and we missed the next destroyer, No. 23. The fog closed down.

We decided to keep to our course until 1:18, and then made a 90-degree turn to the right to pick up Fayal or Pico. Before this time, at 1:04, we sighted the northern end of Fayal, and once more felt safe.

We headed for the shore, the air clearing when we neared the beach. We rounded the island and landed in a bight we had mistaken for Horta.

At 1:17 we left the water and rounded the next point. Then we sighted the *Columbia* through the fog and landed near her at 1:23.

Our elapsed time was fifteen hours and eighteen minutes. Our average speed was 81.7 knots. All personnel is in the best of condition. The plane requires slight repairs.

The feat of the *NC-4* will go down in history, and it seems appropriate, therefore, to append to this brief sketch of its commander an account of its career, from the time the Government began to plan for a transatlantic flight until the *NC-4* landed in Plymouth. This record is set out in *The World* as follows:

November, 1917—Navy authorities and Curtiss seaplane-builders confer on plans.

January, 1918—A working model is tested and found satisfactory.

October, 1918—First *NC* boat makes trial flight at Rockaway.

February, 1919—Four planes are ordered by Secretary of the Navy to prepare for proposed transatlantic flight.

April, 1919—*NC-3* and *NC-4* are assembled at Rockaway.

May 7, 1919—*NC-4* damaged by fire in hangar. Wings replaced and other repairs hurriedly made.

May 8—Left Rockaway 10:04 A.M., for Halifax, but forced down off Chatham, Mass., by motor trouble. Rode the sea all night and put in at Chatham Bay in morning.

May 14—Left Chatham for Halifax at 9:05 A.M., arriving 1:15 P.M., flying 340 miles in four hours and ten minutes.

May 15—Left Halifax for Trepassey at 9:52 A.M., but was compelled to land on the water thirty minutes later at Storey Head. Arose again at 11:47 and arrived at Trepassey at 5:37 P.M—461 miles in eight hours and forty-five minutes elapsed time, or six hours and twenty minutes actual flying time.

May 16—Left Trepassey for Ponta Delgada, Azores, at 6:07 P.M. Arrived at Horta, Azores, at 9:25 A.M., May 17—1,200 miles in fifteen hours and eighteen minutes.

May 20—Left Horta for Ponta Delgada at 8:40 A.M., arriving 10:24 A.M.—150 miles in one hour and forty-four minutes.

May 27—After being held up a week by adverse weather, left Ponta Delgada for Lisbon at 6:18 A.M., arriving at 4:01 P.M.—800 miles in nine hours and forty-three minutes.

May 30—Left Lisbon for England at 1:24 A.M., but after flying 100 miles engine trouble caused a landing at the mouth of the Mondego River. Resumed flight at 9:38 A.M., and arrived at Ferrol, Spain, at 12:45 P.M.—330 miles in eleven hours and twenty-one minutes elapsed time.

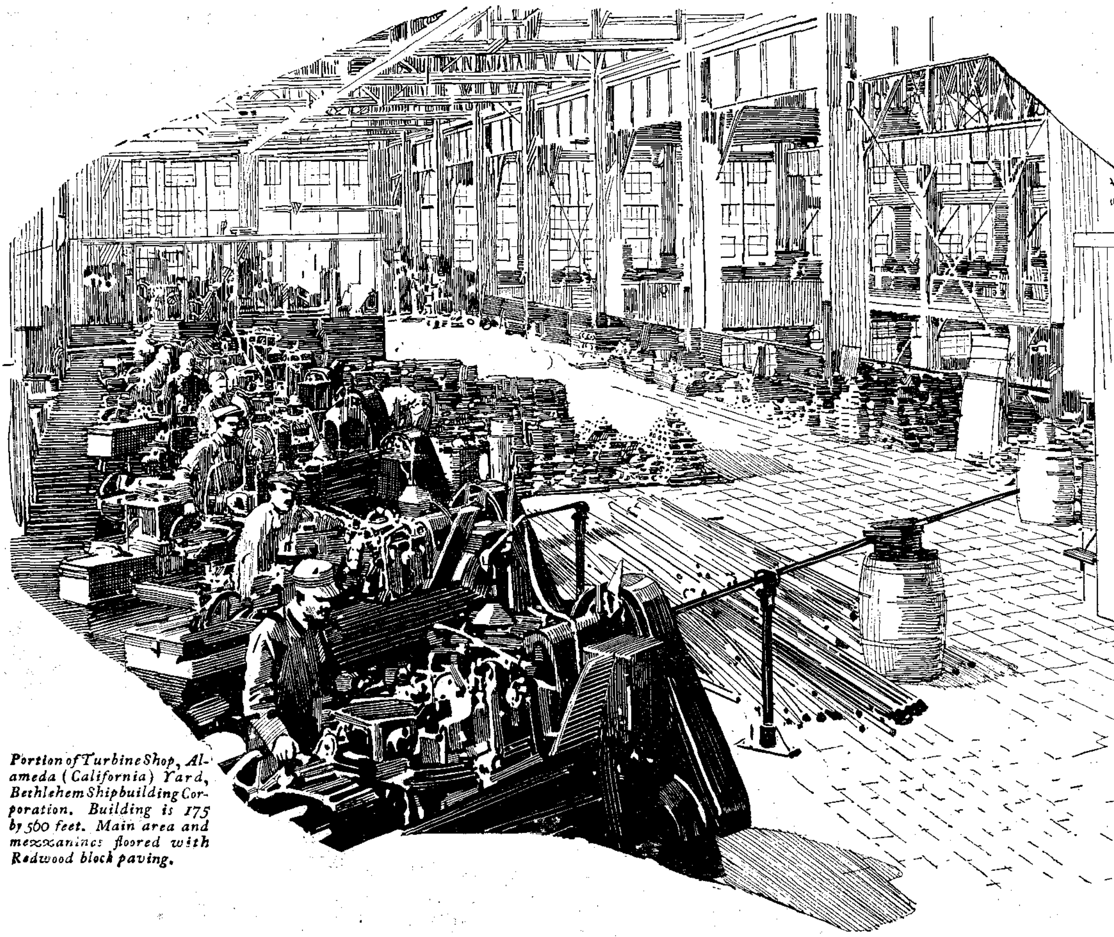
May 31—Left Ferrol, Spain at 2:27 A.M., arrived at Plymouth, England, 9:26 A.M.—475 miles in six hours and fifty-nine minutes.

Note—All reckonings in New York time.

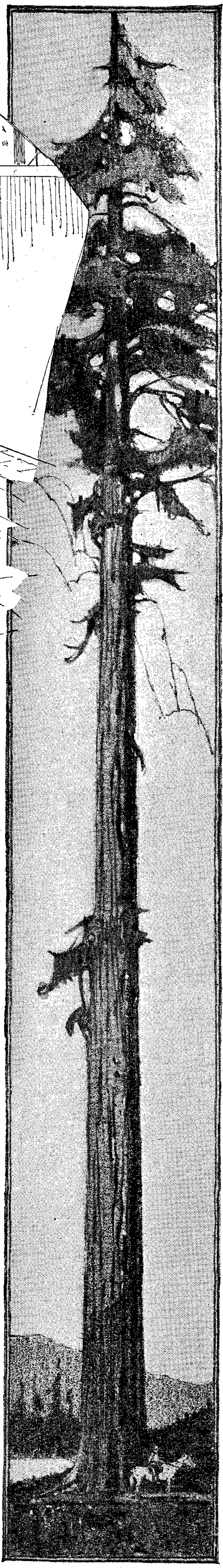
THE DOUGH-BOYS OCCUPYING GERMANY ARE PERFECTLY CALM BUT HOMESICK

THE Germans are puzzled by the behavior of the Americans constituting the Army of Occupation within their borders. They can't understand how the dough-boy can go about day after day attending strictly to his own business and paying no more attention to the native population than if it did not exist. And still more do the Germans marvel, accustomed as they had become to having a large Prussian foot on their necks, over the fact that the Americans exact no marks of respect from them. Evidently they had expected to be required to grovel in the dust or do some sort of humiliating stunts of that kind before the conquering foe. Also, the Teutons appear disappointed that the Americans are so "tight" with their provisions, the fame of whose excellence and abundance had evidently penetrated into every part of the country. The rules of the Americans prohibit any of these provisions from getting in the hands of the Huns, and sundry heavy penalties result from their infraction. Again, the Germans remark on the contrast between the conduct of the Americans when they first invaded Germany and that of the French under similar circumstances. The dough-boys went about in a calm, matter-of-fact way, making no demonstration indicative of their elation over having won the war nor metaphorically or literally sticking their tongues out at their late enemies. The mercurial Frenchmen, on the other hand, did all these things, "cutting loose" in a variety of ways to show their enthusiasm over the happy turn of events and the derision in which they held the foe. All these matters are discust from the standpoint of a German, in an account appearing in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, written by Dr. Erich Wulf, who has recently made a trip through the area occupied by the American troops at Coblenz. Dr. Wulf seemed to feel more like the shorn lamb, for he writes:

A person who has made his way by tedious detours through the narrow strip of territory occupied by the American troops and reached the headquarters of its Chief Commander learns in Coblenz that practically all the accommodations for strangers have been requisitioned by the Americans for military purposes, and that travelers are obliged to put up with poorer quarters in officially regulated second- or third-class hotels. A newcomer soon learns to his great discomfort what that means. He is compelled, under



Portion of Turbine Shop, Alameda (California) Yard, Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation. Building is 175 by 560 feet. Main area and mezzanines floored with Redwood block paving.



Bethlehem, the Navy — and Redwood Paving Blocks

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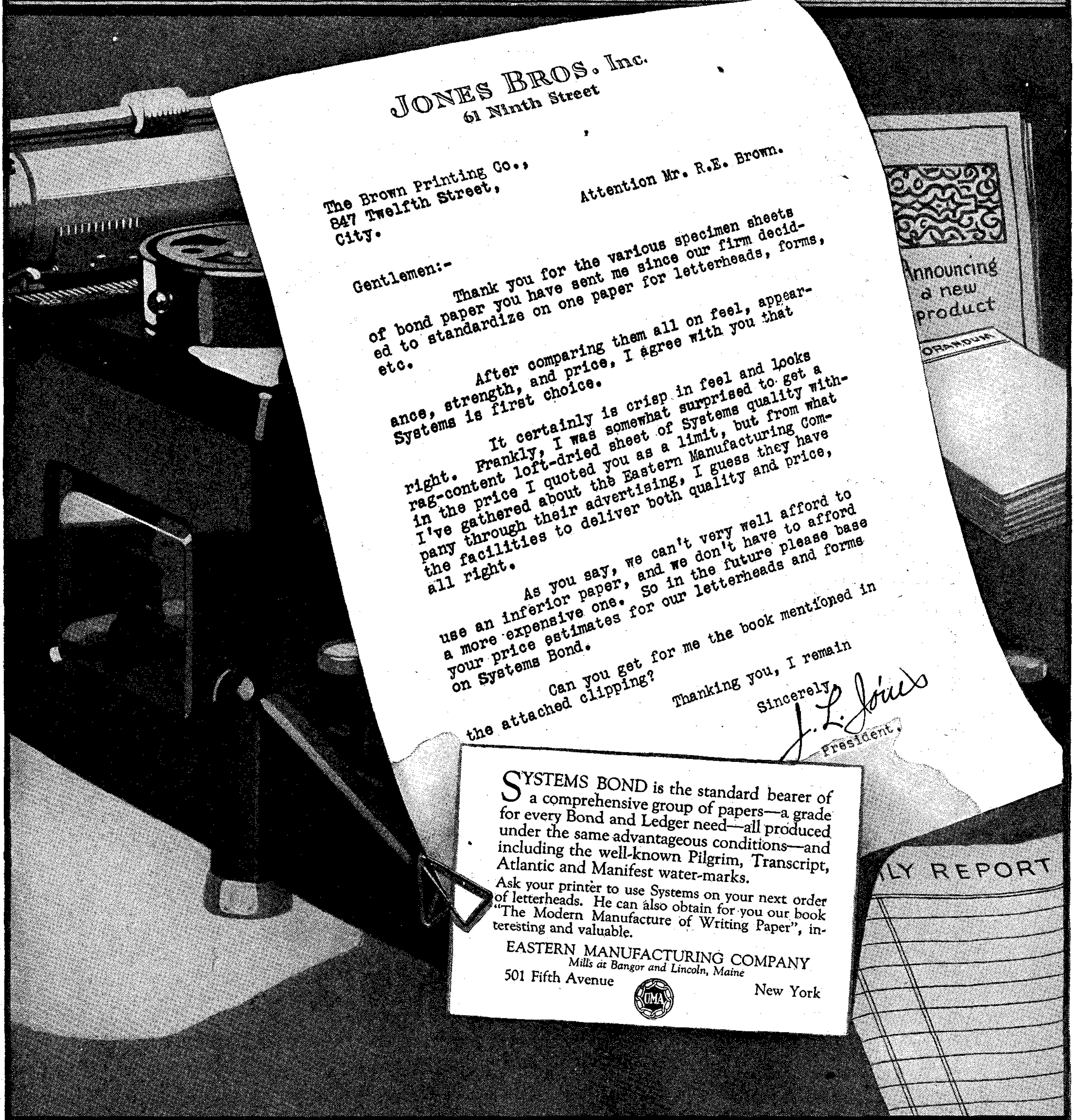
From Jones to Brown on Bond



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> heavy penalty, to report at the police headquarters within two hours. He there receives at a billeting office an assignment of a place to lodge, without having any opportunity to express his own wishes. I was directed to a little tavern which used to be frequented by people from the eastern Mediterranean countries in the old days of free commerce, by gentlemen of the class that circulated through our streets and highways with hand-organs and monkeys.
>
> The first impression, when I went abroad the next day, was that three groups of people were circulating through the city without having the slightest contact with each other. These were the natives, the Americans, and the French. American soldiers are forbidden to have any intercourse with the civilian population. Naturally, this order is very laxly observed after you get away from headquarters. It can not be enforced as strictly in the country. But it is enforced with great severity in Coblenz, especially when it comes to the daughters of the country. No one sees an American conversing with a German, and if an officer went abroad with a German lady, he would immediately be arrested by the American military police who are standing on every corner with police clubs. Strangely as this prohibition affects one—and it is not enforced in the territory occupied by the French and was not enforced in the case of the German troops during the war—it is not due to hostile sentiment toward us, but merely to the American way of doing things. The Americans do not require the Germans to show any evidence of respect or friendliness, but leave the people to express their sentiments and opinions as they will and allow the newspapers to go on as usual, so long as they do not attack the Americans directly. On the other hand, they see no reason for observing any other attitude toward us than a purely practical one, uninfluenced by sentiment. "It is war" is the motto that governs their conduct and constantly appears in their conversation. Consequently, they do not permit fraternization. Their solicitude in this respect is due in no small extent to their fear of Bolshevik propaganda, and, according to reports coming from the Belgian district, this danger is a very real one.
>
> . . . To the sorrow of many, who dream of America as a fairy godmother with a cornucopia full of butter, eggs, and hams, the Americans are not very prodigal with their provisions. Even their common soldiers live like first-class passengers on an ocean steamer. They get meat two or three times a day, and it is not drowned in a thin soup of green vegetables, but in a substantial portion of good civilian gravy. They are fed up with juicy steaks and are assisted to digest them with real coffee with cream and sugar. They also have the privilege of buying a pound of chocolate each day, or of candy done up in tin-foil, for four marks. They make full use of this privilege, especially since a common soldier gets eight marks a day and a lieutenant gets forty marks for doing nothing. But wo to the soldier who gives away or sells any of his supplies. And three times wo to the civilian who accepts or purchases them. Even to take a cigaret when offered you exposes you to the charge of "unpermitted possession of American property." This charge accounted for twenty-three of the sixty-six court-martial sentences issued by the Americans in Coblenz between January 5 and 20. The offense can be punished with a fine of from 500 to 1,000 marks, and the purchaser of American property visited with imprisonment for at least three months.

Still more remarkable than the heavy penalties imposed is the spy system employed by the Americans to detect infractions of their rules, in the view of Dr. Wulf. This extends not only to their own men but includes the keeping of a vigilant eye on the native population as well, for we read:

> The Americans do not show any painful modesty in circulating detailed questionnaires, even among the smallest manufacturing undertakings, for the purpose of informing themselves as to what is being made and how much, the prices charged, the amount exported, and other valuable facts. But the Americans do have one good quality beyond any of their allies. They are not inspired to the slightest extent by chauvinism. When they occupied the city they came in without any theatrical display, dispensed with a humiliating reception by the city government, and regarded pretentious proclamations as highly superfluous. Each one hastened off straightaway to his billet, washed up, and went to bed. One should see the French to appreciate the contrast. When a detachment of their troops arrived in Coblenz they hurried off first thing to the monument of Wilhelm I., running around it as if they were mad, and blew at it with their horns. The Americans almost fell over laughing at the exhibition. The Americans are fully justified in punishing any intentional slight to their officers, but it never occurs to them to demand tokens of respect beyond a merely neutral attitude. They are rather inclined to shield the Germans from the exaggerated demands of the French. Most of the American soldiers naturally regard German soldiers with a slight sentiment of contempt. But they are frank and open with the German people. The situation is somewhat more complex in the officer corps, which is sharply separate from the common soldiers, as a privilege-commanding caste. The Germans soon became conscious that many of the officers had entertained a degree of sympathy for Germany. It is significant that these officers were careful to avoid any indication of their friendly attitude. But their sympathy for Germany was completely neutralized by the strong American nationalist sentiment in the officers' corps. An officer of high rank, quite competent of forming an independent judgment, who parried skilfully my political questions during an interview where we were safe from any spying, said vehemently, when I employed the word German-American: "We have no German - Americans. Unfortunately, we did have too many. We have no Irish-Americans, no French-Americans, just plain Americans."
>
> You often see pious American soldiers salute a Catholic priest upon the streets, but you never see any of them pay any attention to a French officer. The youngest American lieutenant will pass a French general upon the street without seeing him. The Americans and French obviously have an instinctive dislike for each other. Many of the Americans express their opinion of the French standard of civilization which they found in the villages behind the front, and complain of the bad condition of their quarters in France. They are fully convinced that America decided the war and resent having the French parade it as their victory.
>
> The sole ardent wish of the American soldier is to shake the dust of Europe from his feet as soon as possible. He is homesick and doesn't try to conceal the fact.

QUIET BUT EFFICIENT WORK OF THE ENGINEERS IN FRANCE

THE war-work of the engineers in France wasn't so thrilling as that of the boys who mussed up the enemy with guns and bayonets, but the part they played was just as important. One of them, David R. Cooper, Captain of Engineers of the A. E. F., writing in *The Stone & Webster Journal* (Boston), admits frankly that he was never armed during his entire stay in France, and "never heard a shot, except perhaps some distant anti-aircraft guns near Paris." But there were compensations even for the engineers. For one thing they had a gratifying opportunity to show the French engineers "the American way of doing things," thereby transforming into open admiration for American enterprise the misgivings with which the Frenchmen at first viewed the Yankee engineering stunts. Getting down to what he styles his "prosaic story of mud and work," Captain Cooper first of all discusses the considerations that led him to go into the Army as an engineer, in that connection incidentally voicing the sentiments of thousands of other trained specialists who offered their services in the lines of their respective callings. He says:

> I had declined an opportunity to go to training-camp because I believed intrinsically that professional specialists would be badly needed and that the Army would make better use of me as an experienced engineer than it could as a line officer with only such training as I could get in a few weeks in a training-camp. And so I sailed away with a carefully chosen set of engineering hand-books and my slide-rule packed in my bed-roll away from the prying eyes of any supermilitary inspector who might happen to examine my baggage and object to my taking equipment that was not on the prescribed lists. I afterward met many engineer officers in France who had been told in the training-camps here not to take books with them, that they were going to France to fight, and that no one fights with books. As opposed to this view, I found my books not only useful but vitally necessary, and they helped many another engineer incidentally.
>
> Having specialized for the previous ten years in water-power engineering, I expected to design and build some hydroelectric power-plants in France, but upon reporting to headquarters at Paris I was informed that the Expeditionary Forces had no intention of doing anything in that line, and I was accordingly assigned to the Water-Supply Division of the headquarters engineering organization. I never received a regimental or divisional assignment, but was simply a part of an enormous engineering organization which was not even definitely planned very far in advance, but, like *Topsy*, it "just grew."
>
> At the beginning an attempt was made to operate with a strictly centralized organization. The entire engineer organization

> was under a chief engineer of the A. E. F., and was divided in two parts, that of the Lines of Communication and that of the Advanced Zones. Each of these divisions was headed by a chief engineer. It was appreciated in advance that the part to be played by the engineers was an unusually important one, but I do not believe any one could say honestly that he foresaw what an absolutely stupendous engineering job it was going to be.
>
> The engineers had a monster task even at the front, but the greater part of their work was done behind the lines, and beyond the sound of shot or shell.
>
> The organization grew so rapidly, and its activities became so ramified and scattered, that it soon became necessary to decentralize the engineering organization. France was divided into sections, and a section engineer was appointed for each section. He was responsible for all engineering and construction needed in his territory, and was virtually unhampered as to authority from headquarters, except that he had to go through headquarters to secure the many and vitally necessary supplies that came from home.

One of the largest jobs supervised by Captain Cooper was an earth dam for a storage reservoir at St. Nazaire. The dam contained 22,000 cubic yards of earthwork, the greater part of which was completed in six weeks with handpicks, shovels, and wheelbarrows. The labor consisted entirely of American troops, of all arms, passing through the base. As many as 634 men were employed at one time, and many of the boys had never had a pick or a shovel in their hands before.

The question of labor must have been a rather perplexing problem, for the Captain writes that often these men would no more than learn how to swing a pick effectively than they would be ordered away on the next lap of their journey to the front, and their places would have to be filled by newcomers equally inexperienced in the use of pick and shovel.

Of his next work the Captain says:

> My most interesting job in France was the design and construction of a dam and water-supply system for Base Hospital No. 8, at Savenay. The hospital was started in some special school-buildings and was rapidly expanded until early in 1918 it was planned to provide 20,000 beds and a convalescent camp of 4,000. I was told by one of the doctors stationed there that at the time the armistice was signed it actually did accommodate that number of patients. A comparison with prewar activities may be had from considering the largest hospital in the United States before the war was Bellevue Hospital, in New York, with 1,000 beds.
>
> Savenay is located near the seacoast in western France, about twenty miles northeast of St. Nazaire. In that part of France the rainy season is from October to March. Normally it drizzles more or less continuously during this period and occasionally it rains hard, but the total annual rainfall averages only about twenty-six inches, as compared with about forty inches at Boston or New York, and during the spring and summer the rainfall is so slight that nearly all the small streams go dry. It was accordingly necessary to build storage-reservoirs to catch the water in the wet season, and retain it for use in the dry season. The dam formed a reservoir about a mile long and holding 150,000,000 gallons.

Altho the rainy season was under way when the Captain arrived to start the project just before Christmas, 1917, the excavation of the greater part of the foundation-trench was completed on January 28, 1918, and the placing of concrete was begun. On February 21 the outlet valve was closed and the storage of water began. On April 10 the last batch of concrete was placed on top of the dam. In company with a French officer and a party of friends a bottle of champagne was broken and "a *little* was carefully poured on top of the dam." Just what disposition was made of the rest the Captain does not state.

Here are a few "incidentals" to the construction of the dam:

> We transported 15,000 tons of materials by motor-truck and light railways, cut about twenty acres of brush, together with a number of trees, to give a clear basin for the reservoir, built about two miles of macadam highway, installed over a mile of industrial railway, built three cement storehouses, constructed unloading bins for unloading sand and crusht stone from the nearest railroad, opened a quarry from which we excavated and crusht by hand 3,000 cubic yards of stone, erected a 5,000-volt electric power-transmission line a mile long, built a substation and an electric pumping-station, raised a highway crossing the reservoir by building a 6,000-cubic-yard embankment with the sides paved with rock and a macadam surfacing on top, built a water-purification plant with coagulation basins, rapid sand-filters, clear-water reservoir, and wash-water tank of reenforced concrete, laid about 26,000 feet of water-mains in trenches, and built a 100,000-gallon reenforced-concrete water-stand-pipe on the hospital grounds.
>
> Here, for the first time, I saw single-stage centrifugal pumps capable of pumping against a head of 300 feet. They were made to our order by the firm of Rateau, of Paris, and were sent all the way from Paris by motor-truck, arriving just in the nick of time. I do not believe that such a pump as this has yet been developed in the United States.
>
> The water stored in the reservoir was treated from time to time with sulfate of copper to kill the organisms that would otherwise flourish and cause bad odor and color. In the purification-plant the water was first treated with a solution of alum to remove most of the color and suspended matter, and was then passed through sand-filters to the clear-water basin. As it was pumped to the standpipe at the hospital it was automatically treated with chlorin-gas to destroy any remaining bacteria. While the water in the reservoir last summer was highly contaminated and was about the color of strong tea and smelled badly, it came from the purification-plant perfectly clear and wholesome.

The French engineers were inclined to underrate the work of the Americans at first. They did not approve of the dam, nor of the scheme of water-purification. They watched very closely to see that no big mistakes were made, but, writes Captain Cooper:

> Later on they watched us in many cases to see "how we did it in America."
>
> In the case of the arched dam, a French engineer came to me with a letter introducing him as an expert. He wanted to know all about my project. I gave him full data and he shortly sent a copy of a voluminous report, the gist of which was that the dam would fail. Here I must tell a little story that only engineers will understand. He had made the startling discovery that the line of thrust, considering the dam as a retaining wall, went entirely outside the base of the dam. I told him I didn't care if it went straight over the horizon, for then I would know just where it was. I had designed the section in about fifteen minutes in the first instance by use of a little table of data on arched dams in the United States. This table was in one of my handbooks and I was able from it to approximate the stresses very closely without figuring them. However, to satisfy the French engineer, I computed the stresses and explained the method to him, and he was delighted. He also had his colonel and bacteriological experts present when I put the plant in operation. I encouraged them to make their own tests, and it ended by their telling me the whole thing was marvelous, and they invited me to write a paper for their engineering society. In other words, during a few months of association with American engineers their attitude had changed from one of skepticism to frank admiration.

As stated, Captain Cooper used soldiers as laborers as often as he could get them, but his steady supply consisted of French and Spanish civilians, working under American soldiers as foremen. Old men and cripples crusht stone at the quarry, at eight francs per cubic meter, or about one dollar per cubic yard. Sturdy French peasant women were also employed at this work and earned nearly as much as the men.

Captain Cooper's last assignment in France was as Water Supply Officer for Base Section Number 7, with headquarters at La Pallice, until the office of the section engineer burned down when they moved to La Rochelle. The Captain thus relates an interesting incident of his arrival there:

> At the hotel I asked the waiter for a glass of water, and learned that the city supply was salty and the bottled supply exhausted. "But," he said, "never mind. The Americans will come along soon and give us fresh water." I pricked up my ears, and when I had my introductory interview with the Mayor the next day I was prepared to do my best to get water for the American Army without having to furnish 40,000 French civilians at the same time. It was a difficult task to get enough fresh water for the Americans alone.
>
> We just managed to squeeze through in that base by drilling wells into the only fresh-water seams in the rock and pumping them until they ran salty, and meanwhile tapping the veins at other points. I drilled one well more than six hundred feet deep without striking any water except two small seams near the surface. In another of about the same depth, I struck veritable brine in the first hundred feet and the rest of the way it was as dry as a bone. We analyzed hundreds of water samples, but never found a source that was not seriously contaminated, no matter how deep the well.
>
> I had just received drilling equipment

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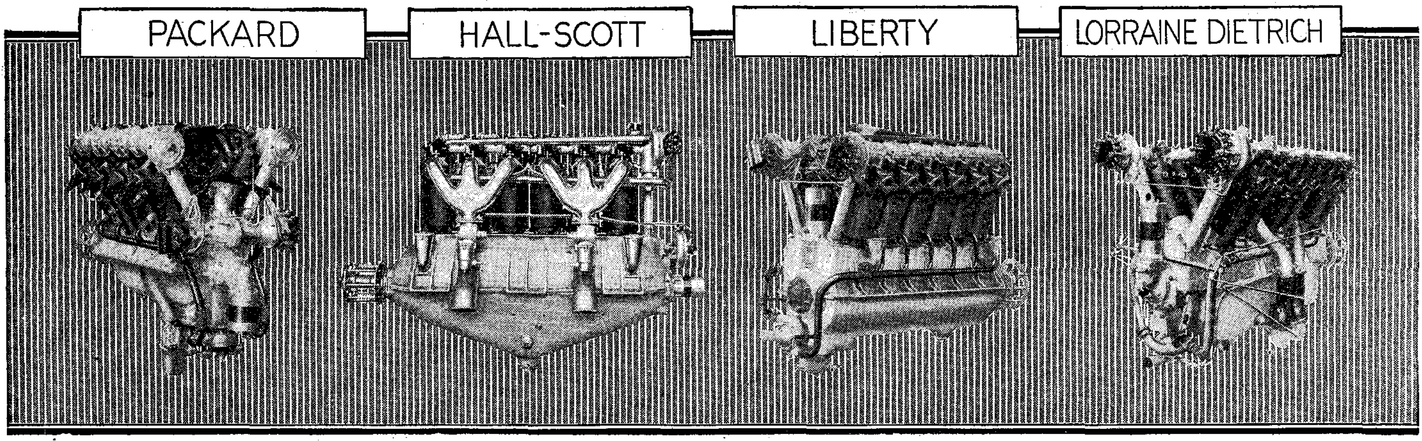

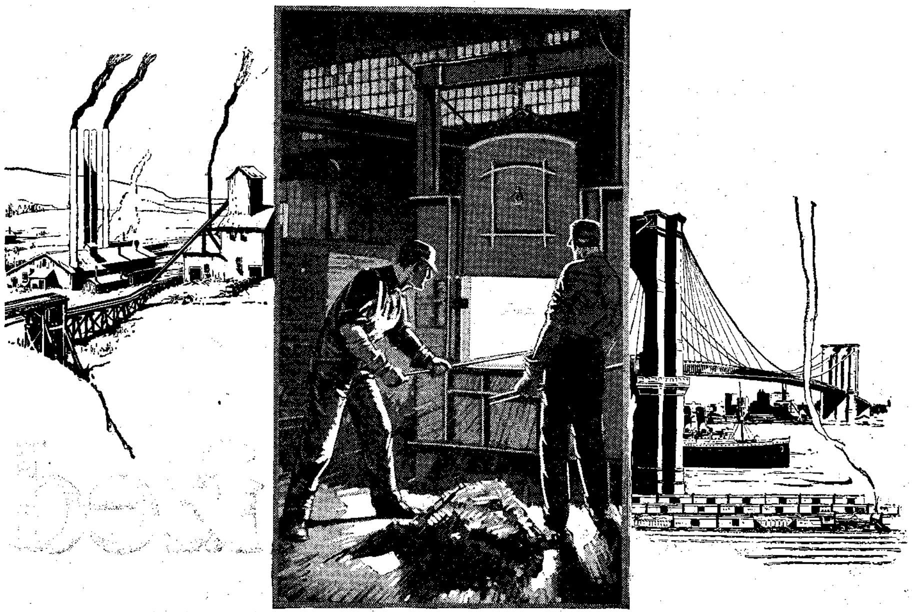

Between the Birth and the Burdens of STEEL

ALL untreated steel is somewhat like a vast army of rookies. It has plenty of potential endurance and the potential strength of a Titan. But before it can bear its burdens it must be put into condition.

Just as the untrained mob is disciplined into an effective army, so in steel the molecules must be organized and aligned. They must be readjusted into the proper relation with one another so that the entire structure can do its work as a complete unit.

There is only one practical way to condition these molecules—by heat-treating the steel according to some carefully determined heat formula.

For twenty-one years and in every steel center in the world Tate-Jones heat treating furnaces have been doing a thorough, a dependable and an enduring job of putting steel in condition to bear its burdens.

We shall consider it a privilege to give you the benefit of our vast experience on industrial furnaces.

Tate-Jones & Co. inc.

Furnace Engineers **Established 1898**

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with which I could have gone down one thousand feet, when along came the armistice, and it was decided that the base would probably be one of the first to be abandoned; so I inventoried all the installations I had made, filed written reports, and plans, and estimates of cost of all the work I had done, returned all unused supplies and equipment to the engineer supply-depots, and came home.

During my stay at La Rochelle my largest pumping-station, which furnished 400,000 gallons a day, burned down. The local supply of electric flash-lamps had been exhausted and the operators were forced to use an old lantern with a broken globe. In filling the gasoline-tank on one of the gas-engines driving the pumps the gasoline squirted sideways onto the lantern and everything burnable went up in smoke in a half-hour. The fire burned off the rubber hose connecting the chlorin-gas tanks to the pumps, and the two soldier boys who were operating the station were badly gassed, and were in the hospital for several weeks afterward. I was called out in the night, went down and searched the American ships in port at La Pallice, and found some new gasoline-driven portable pumps. We "borrowed" two of these and worked the rest of the night and until eleven o'clock the next morning, when the new pumps were installed and the station was again in operation pumping into the mains.

Toward the end of his operations the Captain states that he was forced to rely chiefly on civilians and Germans for labor-supply, altho the Army Labor Bureau was in full swing and importing civilian labor from Portugal, Spain, and other European countries as well as large numbers of Chinese coolies. While he found them all to be useful workers under proper organization and supervision, none were better than the German prisoners of whom he writes:

They seemed to be so accustomed to doing what they were told that their control was very simple. It didn't seem to occur to them to kick. I found their own officers to be very conscientious about making them work. On one occasion I had seventy-five of them on an isolated job from which my soldier foremen were ordered away suddenly before I could get any one else there. I went out to the job and found the Germans working as usual under the leadership of their own sergeant. I conversed with him in French, German, and English. He spoke each with ease. He was glad that the war was so nearly finished and insisted that if we hadn't come over it would have ended last spring in their favor.

Many of the difficult things the engineers did in France would have been much easier of accomplishment here at home. What made them difficult in France was the lack of labor, materials, and equipment. In the early stages construction-equipment was so difficult to obtain that a great deal of work was done by methods long since abandoned as being uneconomical here at home. On one occasion I walked over a job where we were building a railroad yard with about ten miles of tracks. I was with an old colonel who had been a railroad-builder out West. Upon seeing the embankments being built with picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows he remarked:

"Why, Captain, that's the same way we did it out West forty years ago."

But after our Service of Supplies became thoroughly organized it functioned beautifully. We submitted requisitions to the big, central engineer-supply depot and they came along promptly, unless the First Army happened to be putting on a show, in which case we usually received a telegram acknowledging receipt of the requisition and stating that the First Army had temporary preference for shipment of engineer supplies.

I installed a number of American pumps, gasoline and electric motors, and laid miles of American water-pipe. I was perhaps in as good position as any one to appreciate how utterly hopeless our task would have been had we not received the enormous and never-ending supplies of materials, machinery, and equipment that came from home by the ship-load. Experienced men of vision foresaw the requirements with remarkable accuracy, and the past summer there were few things that were really necessary that we could not get. I know something of how the system worked because I assisted in the formulation of one of the first large orders for water-supply materials while I was in the Paris office. That order alone called for two hundred miles of water-pipe of many sizes, including all conceivable kinds of fittings.

Captain Cooper lived in close touch with the French people of whose hospitality and friendliness he speaks warmly. He found them past masters in acquiring and saving the sous, but says they are slowly getting the dollar-idea from the Americans. While wonderfully shrewd in business in a small way they are only just beginning to get a glimpse of the American idea of big business. Nevertheless, he writes:

I confidently expect that there will be some big business in France within the next few years, with the American financiers and business men and engineers pointing the way to the mutual advantage of both nations. The Frenchman will be very jealous of the American who goes there to take the Frenchman's bread from his mouth, and for that reason he does not want the Americans to go over there to rebuild the little homes in the devastated regions. He knows well enough how to do that himself, and he wants to keep that business for himself; but the American who offers his money, his services, and his wares in the spirit of helping the Frenchman get his bread easier, or of making life more pleasant for him, will be received with open arms, provided the American will meet the Frenchman half way, will learn his language, and respect his opinions, and will not try to force the Frenchman to change his business ways too abruptly.

I expect, for example, to see some big business for Americans in the water-power industry. France has about four million horse-power of potential water-power that will probably be commercially feasible of development within a period of years, depending upon her rate of industrial expansion. And this very development, wisely planned and executed, would be a most important factor in making possible the industrial growth to which France aspires. But she does not have the capital, the machinery, or the executives or engineers with which to do it. She lost 3,000,000 men, including many who might have done these things.

Captain Cooper concludes with the following estimate as to the work of the American Army in France:

There were many glowing examples of

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OUR WASTE IS YOUR GAIN
Trade Mark Reg.

Making Cotton King

ELI WHITNEY
Inventor of the Cotton Gin
Born 1765—Died 1825

Whitney's genius was of the sort that combines great enterprise with a minutely accurate appreciation of detail. His cotton gin is one of the very few famous contrivances which were perfected when they were invented.

TWO years to turn out a bale of cotton! That was a man's limit. Fifteen bales per machine a day! That's what Whitney's Gin did to standardize the seeding of cotton and change a trifling traffic into a gigantic industry!

From field to factory, cotton has recruited countless inventions to simplify and standardize its changes from bud to bale, from fibre to fabric.

And now cotton has been standardized in its final form of usefulness—in Cotton Waste.

Royal Cotton Waste is a standard, refined product, of uniform quality, even weight, 6% "tare" (wrappings). As such it is advertised, guaranteed and generally recognized.

The Royal Sampling Catalogue may be had of your jobber or us; also the booklet "Producing the Fittest in Waste."

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ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO.
General Sales Offices and Plant, RAHWAY, N. J.
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OUR WASTE IS YOUR GAIN
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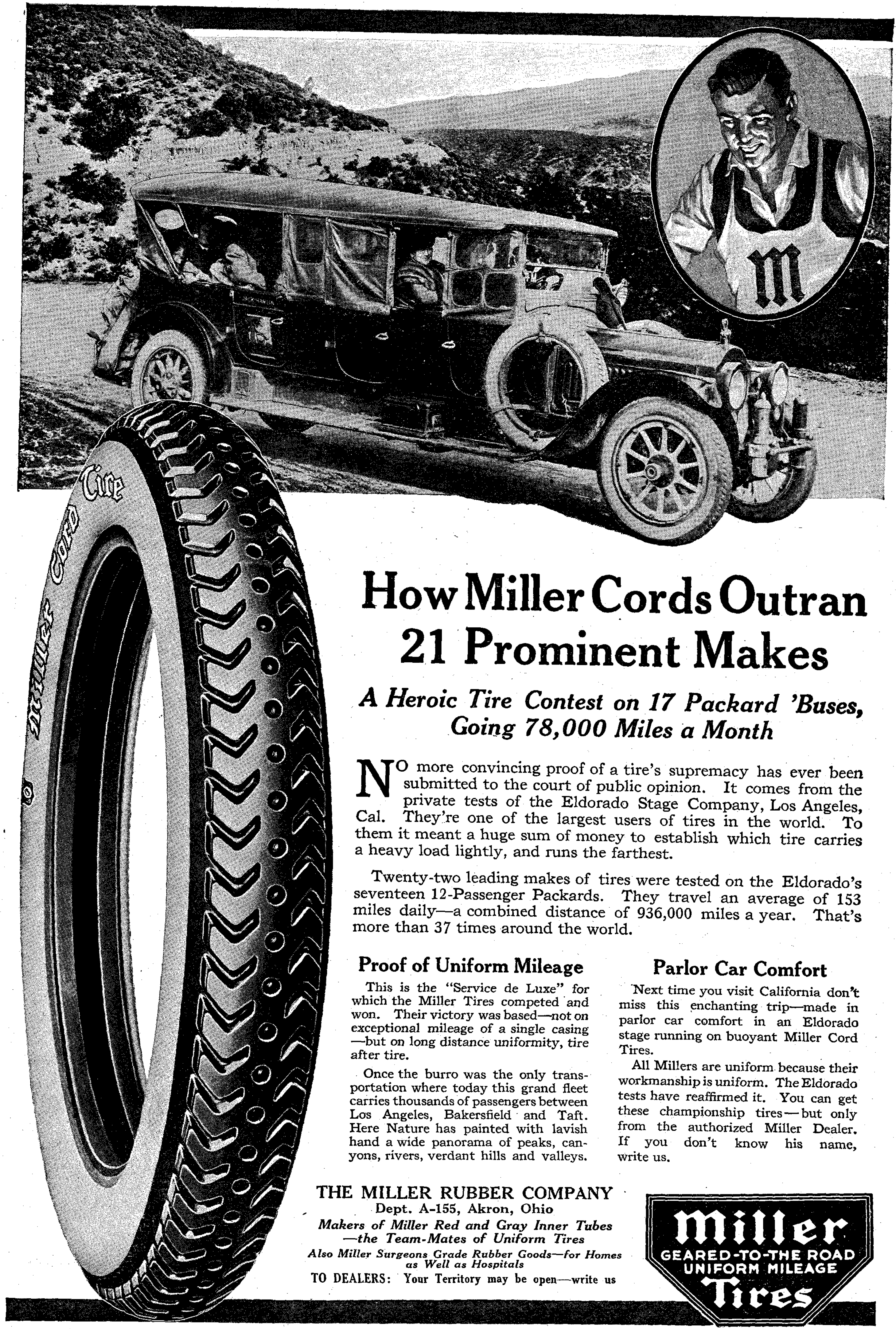

How Miller Cords Outran 21 Prominent Makes

A Heroic Tire Contest on 17 Packard 'Buses, Going 78,000 Miles a Month

NO more convincing proof of a tire's supremacy has ever been submitted to the court of public opinion. It comes from the private tests of the Eldorado Stage Company, Los Angeles, Cal. They're one of the largest users of tires in the world. To them it meant a huge sum of money to establish which tire carries a heavy load lightly, and runs the farthest.

Twenty-two leading makes of tires were tested on the Eldorado's seventeen 12-Passenger Packards. They travel an average of 153 miles daily—a combined distance of 936,000 miles a year. That's more than 37 times around the world.

Proof of Uniform Mileage

This is the "Service de Luxe" for which the Miller Tires competed and won. Their victory was based—not on exceptional mileage of a single casing—but on long distance uniformity, tire after tire.

Once the burro was the only transportation where today this grand fleet carries thousands of passengers between Los Angeles, Bakersfield and Taft. Here Nature has painted with lavish hand a wide panorama of peaks, canyons, rivers, verdant hills and valleys.

Parlor Car Comfort

Next time you visit California don't miss this enchanting trip—made in parlor car comfort in an Eldorado stage running on buoyant Miller Cord Tires.

All Millers are uniform because their workmanship is uniform. The Eldorado tests have reaffirmed it. You can get these championship tires—but only from the authorized Miller Dealer. If you don't know his name, write us.

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Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes
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TO DEALERS: Your Territory may be open—write us

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE ROAD
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires

inefficiency and wastefulness that would at times fairly wring one's heart, but while I was never in the Army before, and probably never shall be again (thank you), I like to feel that this great, big, unwarlike nation of ours would have made just as many mistakes on an entirely different kind of a job of equal magnitude as the Army made in France.

AMERICAN AIR-FIGHTERS AT THEIR BRAVEST AND BEST

CAPT. EDDIE RICHENBACKER brought home the title of American Ace of Aces, with twenty-six assorted German planes and observation-balloons to his credit. Therefore, it was inevitable that he should write a book about his adventures. What was not inevitable was that the book ("Fighting the Flying Circus," Stokes) should be as good as it is, considered not only as the narrative of a personal experience, but as a brief history of most of the finest American air-fighters. Here is a bit of narrative, with a real "kick" at the end, dealing with those days before the future leader of the American airmen had brought down a single *Boche:*

Again it was about noon and I was on duty, when an alarm came in that a *Boche* was flying over St. Mihiel. It was a day of low-hanging clouds. I was absolutely determined that day to get my *Boche* despite every obstacle, so I flew straight into the enemy's lines at about 3,000 feet altitude. At that low height my machine was a splendid target for Archy, for after the first shot at me they found exactly the level of the clouds, and they could see I was just under them. Consequently I knew I was in for a warm time with the shell-bursts and I did some extraordinary dodging across two or three of their batteries.

I passed just north of St. Mihiel, and within a minute after the Archy began firing at me I sighted an enemy plane just ahead. I was coming in upon him from the rear for I had decided it would be a brilliant idea to cross the lines halfway to Verdun and catch the *Boche* from a quarter that might be unsuspected. It had worked perfectly, tho I couldn't understand why he had been so blind as to let the black bursts of shell-fire around me pass unnoticed. But still he sat there with apparently no intention of trying to get away. I began to get nervous with the idea that this was almost too much of a good thing. Was he really a *Boche?*

As this was in reality the first German machine I had ever seen in the air, and I had judged his status from the shape of his planes and fuselage, I thought perhaps I had better actually take a look at his markings before firing and see that he really had a black cross painted on his machine. So I dropt my finger from the trigger of my gun and dived a little closer.

Yes! he was *Boche.* But instead of having a black cross he wore a black *cocarde!* It was a black *cocarde* with white center. This must be something new, for no such markings had ever been reported at our headquarters. However, he was no friend of mine and I would now proceed to down him. Why did he linger so complacently about my guns?

Suddenly I remembered the often repeated instructions of Major Lufbery about attacking enemy observation machines. "Always remember it may be a trap!" I hurriedly looked over my shoulder—and just in time! There, coming out of a cloud over my head, was a beautiful black *Albatross* fighting machine that had been hiding about, waiting for me to walk into his trap. I gave one pull to my joystick and zoomed straight upward on my tail without giving a second thought to my easy victim below me.

To my delight I found that I could not only outclimb my adversary, but I could outmaneuver him while doing so. I got above him after a few seconds and was again pressing my triggers to fire my first shots in the Great War when it occurred to me that I had better look again and see that nobody else was sitting farther upstairs watching this little party with a view of joining in while my attention was diverted. I shot a sudden glance over my shoulder.

Instantly I forgot all about bringing down *Boche* airplanes and felt overwhelmed with one immense desire to get home as quickly as possible. Two airplanes from Germany were coming head-on at me not five hundred yards away. How many more there were behind them I didn't wait to determine. I was convinced that my inexperience and stupidity had led me into a stupendous plot against my person, and I was in for a race for my life.

On that homeward trip I experienced a great variety of feelings. I had been led to believe that German planes were not very good and that we could fly away from them whenever we wanted to. As I looked back over my shoulder and ascertained that they were gaining upon me in spite of every maneuver that I tried, I felt a queer sort of admiration for their misjudged flying ability, mingled with an unspeakable contempt for the judgment of my instructors who had claimed to know all about German airplanes. I climbed, dived, tailspun, circled, and stalled. They beat me at every maneuver and continued to overhaul me. Just when I had begun to despair of ever seeing my learned instructors again I ran into a cloud. Dimly I realized I was in a position of advantage for the moment, so I improved it to the utmost. Half-way in I reversed directions and began climbing heavenward. After thirty minutes industriously occupied in throwing my pursuers off my trail, I ventured out of concealment and gratefully made my way home. There on the field two of my dear old comrades were waiting for me to come in. What anxiety they would have suffered if they had known what I had just been through!

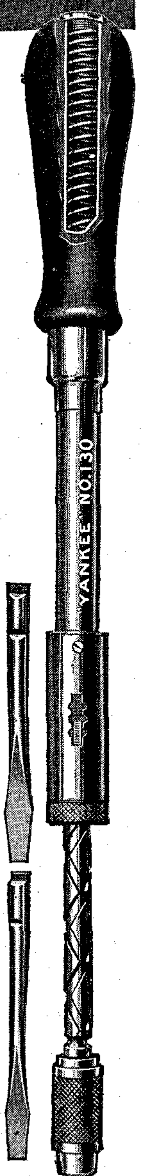
"Hello, Rick! Why the devil didn't you wait for us?" Doug Campbell inquired, as I began to climb out of my machine. "We chased you all over France trying to catch up with you!"

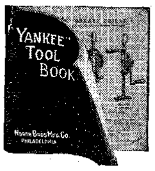
"Where did you go, Eddie, after we lost you in those clouds?" demanded Charley Chapman, looking at me interestedly as he leaned against my suspended leg. "We've been home almost half an hour!" Here it seemed were the two pilots—Americans instead of *Boches*—who had been chasing me.

I thought very intently for a quarter of a second. Then I pushed Chapman away and descended from my machine.

"I thought I remembered seeing a *Boche* back in Germany and went back to make sure," I replied easily. "But I guess I was mistaken."

A way of getting acquainted with the





Just push on the handle of the "YANKEE" Quick Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver, and the spring pushes it back, ready for you to push again. You need not pull nor twist. Just PUSH! The spring holds the blade snugly in the screw-slot.

To draw the screw, just reverse the Ratchet Shifter and—Push! Works just as well in reverse.

And speed? Fast as you can move your hand. You can't outspeed the Return Spring.

Best of all, you can work one-handed, way up over your head and in awkward places where you can't use both hands.

Right- and left-hand and rigid adjustment at the touch of your finger to the shifter.

"YANKEE"

QUICK RETURN SPIRAL RATCHET SCREW-DRIVER

WITH THREE SIZES OF BITS.

No. 130—Standard Size (illustrated). Price $2.70
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The "YANKEE" Quick Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver makes a practical and powerful Push Drill, too. You can obtain the following "YANKEE" attachments: Chuck and Eight Drill-points; Screw-holder; Screw-eye holder; Countersink.

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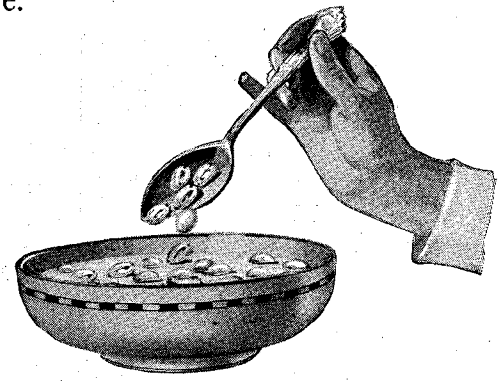
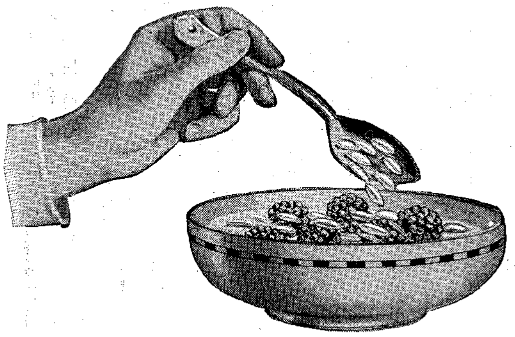
It is light and airy, crisp and flavory. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

Puffed Wheat in milk offers children the two greatest foods in existence, in their most enticing form.



On Berries—Puffed Rice

Mix Puffed Rice with your morning berries. That flavor blends best with fruit.



The grains are like bubbles. They crush at a touch. The flavor is like toasted nut meats.

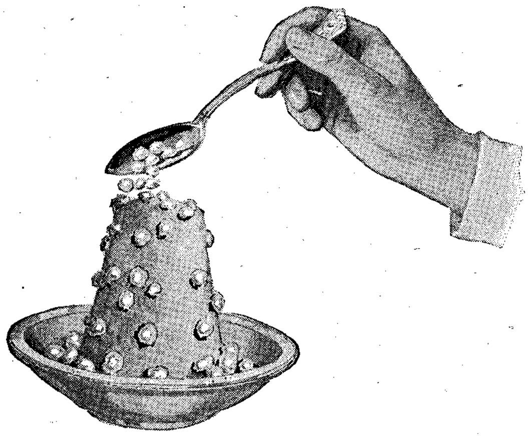
When you learn what Puffed Rice adds to berries you'll be sorry you went so long without it.

On Ice Cream—Corn Puffs

Corn Puffs are sweet pellets of corn hearts, puffed to airy, flaky globules with a nut-like taste.

There was never a garnish so delightful on ice cream.

These fragile tidbits seem to melt away with the cream, and they add to it the flavor of super-toasted corn.



Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c, Except in Far West

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flying terms that Captain Richenbacker uses is offered by the brief glossary that he includes for the benefit of Americans whose education in modern English is so deficient as not to include "Airplanes." Even if these terms are not considered essential parts of an up-to-date education, it is necessary to know most of them in order to follow the Captain and his comrades through later and deadlier evolutions than the one he describes first. Here is his list of essential terms:

ACE.	A fighting pilot who has brought down five enemy machines.
ARCHY.	Anti-aircraft shells.
AERODROME.	Field where airplanes land and live.
BANK.	To tilt an airplane sideways in rounding a corner.
BARREL.	Rolling the airplane over and over in air like a barrel.
BIPLACE.	Two places, or seats, a two-seater airplane. A monoplace has but one seat. A triplace has three.
BIPLANE.	Airplane with two sets of wings, an upper and a lower. A monoplane has but one set of wings. A triplane has three.
CEILING.	Topmost level an airplane can reach.
CHANDELLE.	To make an upward corkscrew climb.
CONTACT.	To put on the spark.
COUPEZ.	Cut off the spark.
DUD.	Dead, or bad.
HANGAR.	Garage for housing airplanes.
JAGSTAFFEL.	German term for fighting squadron.
JOYSTICK.	The airplane's steering and control lever.
OFFICE.	The cockpit of an airplane, where the pilot sits.
PANNE.	A forced landing caused by engine failure.
PIQUE.	To dive vertically downward, with engine either open or shut.
RENVERSEMENT.	A sudden reversal of direction of flight. This is not to be confused with "bank," as the latter is a slow movement. A *renversement* is usually executed by suddenly zooming up, then throwing the airplane over on to one wing, and kicking the tail around to the rear.
SAUCE.	Petrol or gasoline.
STRAFING.	Assailing an enemy with bullets or bombs.
VIRAGE.	A bank or circle in the air.
VOLUNTARY PATROL.	A voluntary flight by a pilot over the lines.
VRILLE.	A tail-spin. The airplane falls earthward, with tail above, always swinging around the nose of the machine, which acts as a pivot. The motion is similar to the rotation of a match in a whirlpool.
WIND UP.	Scared, having the wind go up one's spine, causing the hair to stand on end with fear.
ZOOM.	To pitch the airplane suddenly upward at great speed. Usually accomplished after a dive has given the airplane additional momentum.

A plain and simple account of what happens when a *Boche* is shot down, without complications, is contained in this vivid description from Captain Richenbacker's story:

> Yes! There was a scout coming toward us from north of Pont-à-Mousson. It was at about our altitude. I knew it was a Hun the moment I saw it, for it had the

familiar lines of their new *Pfalz*. Moreover, my confidence in James Norman Hall was such that I knew he couldn't make a mistake. And he was still climbing into the sun, carefully keeping his position between its glare and the oncoming fighting plane. I clung as closely to Hall as I could. The Hun was steadily approaching us, unconscious of his danger, for we were full in the sun.

With the first downward dive of Jimmy's machine I was by his side. We had at least a thousand feet advantage over the enemy and we were two to one numerically. He might outdive our machines, for the *Pfalz* is a famous diver, while our faster climbing *Nieuports* had a droll little habit of shedding their fabric when plunged too furiously through the air. The *Boche* hadn't a chance to outfly us. His only salvation would be in a dive toward his own lines.

These thoughts passed through my mind in a flash and I instantly determined upon my tactics. While Hall went in for his attack I would keep my altitude and get a position the other side of the *Pfalz*, to cut off his retreat.

No sooner had I altered my line of flight than the German pilot saw me leave the sun's rays. Hall was already half-way to him when he stuck up his nose and began climbing furiously to the upper ceiling. I let him pass me and found myself on the other side just as Hall began firing. I doubt if the *Boche* had seen Hall's *Nieuport* at all.

Surprized by discovering this new antagonist, Hall, ahead of him, the *Pfalz* immediately abandoned all idea of a battle and, banking around to the right, started for home, just as I had expected him to do. In a trice I was on his tail. Down, down, we sped, with throttles both full open. Hall was coming on somewhere in my rear. The *Boche* had no heart for evolutions or maneuvers. He was running like a scared rabbit, as I had run from Campbell. I was gaining upon him every instant and had my sights trained dead upon his seat before I fired my first shot.

At 150 yards I prest my triggers. The tracer-bullets cut a streak of living fire into the rear of the *Pfalz* tail. Raising the nose of my airplane slightly the fiery streak lifted itself like the stream of water pouring from a garden-hose. Gradually it settled into the pilot's seat. The swerving of the *Pfalz* course indicated that its rudder no longer was held by a directing hand. At 2,000 feet above the enemy's lines I pulled up my headlong dive and watched the enemy machine continuing on its course. Curving slightly to the left, the *Pfalz* circled a little to the south and the next minute crashed on to the ground just at the edge of the woods a mile inside their own lines. I had brought down my first enemy airplane and had not been subjected to a single shot!

By actual measure, Captain Richenbacker's narrative must contain more about the doings of other members of his squadron than it does about his own achievements, personal account tho his book is supposed to be. Here is the story of an experience which befell Lieut. Sumner Sewell, with rather more thrill to the square inch than the most imaginative movie-dramatist could invent:

Sumner was tranquilly following along at the rear end of his formation, composed of the ninety-five boys, when he was startled by a sudden series of shocks in

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In addition to convenience and finer flavor, you will be delighted to know that Soluble Barrington Hall costs no more per cup than you paid when a fair quality of ground coffee could be bought for 30c a pound.

May we send you our booklet explaining how a new and wonderful process eliminates the unavoidable loss in home brewing by scientific preparation of the coffee at the factory?

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his airplane. He was over the enemy's lines and some 16,000 feet up in the air. He glanced behind him and found a *Fokker* immediately upon his tail. The Heinie was deliberately riddling Sumner's *Spad* with flaming bullets!

The rest of the formation actually drew away from Sewell without knowing that he had been attacked!

Sewell turned his machine about in a quick *renversement*, but just as he did so he felt his heart go into his mouth. The enemy's incendiary bullets had set fire to his fuel-tank! With a sudden puff of flame all the rear part of his machine burst into a furious blaze. And he was almost three miles above ground!

Sumner instinctively put down his nose so that the flames would be swept by the wind to the rear and away from his person. Anybody but a Hun would have taken pity on a fellow being in such a plight and would have turned away his eyes from so frightful a spectacle. But this *Fokker* Hun was built of sterner stuff. Instead of turning away to attack the rest of the ninety-five formation, Fritz stuck stedfastly on Sumner's tail, firing steadily at him as he descended!

One can imagine the mental torture Sumner Sewell endured during the next few minutes! It takes some time to fall three miles even at the top speed of a 220-horse-power motor. The downward motion kept the blaze away from him, but a backward glance informed him that the fire was eating up the entire length of his fuselage and that at any moment he would be flung out into space. And the same glance assured him that his merciless enemy was leaving nothing to Providence, but was determined to execute him himself. Streaks of flaming bullets passed his head, through his wings, and around him on every side as the *Fokker* pilot continued his target practise with poor Sewell as his mark. In spite of himself he was compelled to try a little dodging to escape from so malignant an enemy.

Perhaps this very necessity saved Sewell's life. At any rate, it provided a counterirritant which took his mind off his frightful danger of burning alive. He executed a sudden maneuver when he was but a thousand feet above ground which moved him out of the range of the German. When he again looked around he discovered that the Hun had abandoned the chase apparently satisfied that the Yank was doomed. And to his utter amazement he also discovered that the flames were now extinguished!

Sumner crashed a few hundred yards on the right side of No Man's Land. His skeleton of a *Spad* struck a shell-hole, executed a somersault, and came to rest at the bottom of another shell-hole. Sumner crawled out of the wreckage and looked about him, too bewildered to realize that he was alive and on solid ground. Just at that instant a dull thud at his elbow brought him back to life.

He looked at the object at his feet—then at the wreck of his machine. There was no doubt about it. The substance which had made that thud was one of the wheels from his own machine!

The German had shot one of his wheels completely away. The fabric which covered the spokes had evidently caused it to sweep this way and that, and Sumner in his falling aeroplane had beaten it to earth!

Upon investigation, Lieutenant Sewell discovered that his fuel-tank had a hole in its side large enough to admit his fist. An explosive bullet had torn out so large

Was $100

Now $57

MANUFACTURED BY
The Oliver Typewriter Co.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Keep Machine cleaned and oiled.
No. 9

The Famous Oliver

For Free Trial—Then Save $43

This is the identical $100 Oliver, Model 9, our latest and best. We continue to sell it under the plan we adopted during the war.

We learned economies then in selling which enable us to save the $43 it formerly cost us to sell you an Oliver.

We learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

Only our sales plan has changed. Not the Oliver. Our new plan is to ship direct from the factory to you, depending upon the Oliver to be its own salesman.

You may order direct from this advertisement, without sending a penny. The coupon brings an Oliver for free trial.

When the Oliver comes to you, let it prove its superiority and saving. You be the judge, with no eager salesman present to influence you.

If you do not agree that it is the finest typewriter built, regardless of price, simply return it, express collect. Even the outgoing transportation charges will then be refunded.

The Oliver for $57 makes a $100 price appear extravagant. Remember this is not a second-hand or rebuilt machine. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this brand new Oliver.

Furthermore, it is as easy to buy The Oliver as it is to try it. If, after trying it five days you decide to keep it, you merely pay $3 per month until the $57 is paid. This is less than 10c per day.

This Oliver is being bought by the thousands. Our plan, conceived when this country entered the war, has met a tremendous welcome. We have repeatedly increased our production facilities. Note at the left a few of the great concerns using the Oliver. And remember that it is being bought by thousands of individuals. It has been aptly called the people's typewriter.

In every particular, this splendid Oliver is the finest that 24 years of experience can produce. A better typewriter is impossible. It has all the latest improvements. It is noted for its handsome appearance, richly enameled olive green and polished nickel; its durability and workmanship. Do you know of any typewriter which combines so many advantages, yet offered at such a low price and easy terms?

This Oliver has a standard keyboard. So anyone may turn to it without the slightest hesitancy. It is speedy and has an untiring action—with lightest touch.

Don't buy—don't rent—until you have investigated this fine economical Oliver. Note that the coupon below brings either an Oliver for Free Trial, or further information.

Canadian Price, $72

The Oliver Typewriter Co.
1036 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.
Chicago, Illinois

Some of the famous users

U. S. Steel Corporation
Pennsylvania Railroad
Nat'l City Bank of New York
Morris & Company
Encyclopedia Britannica
Boston Elevated Railways
Otis Elevator Co.
Corn Products Refining Company
Columbia Graphophone Co.
N. Y. Edison Co.
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Diamond Match Co.
Baldwin Locomotive Works
American Bridge Co.

Over 700,000 Sold

(4.02)

Save $43 by using this coupon

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1036 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

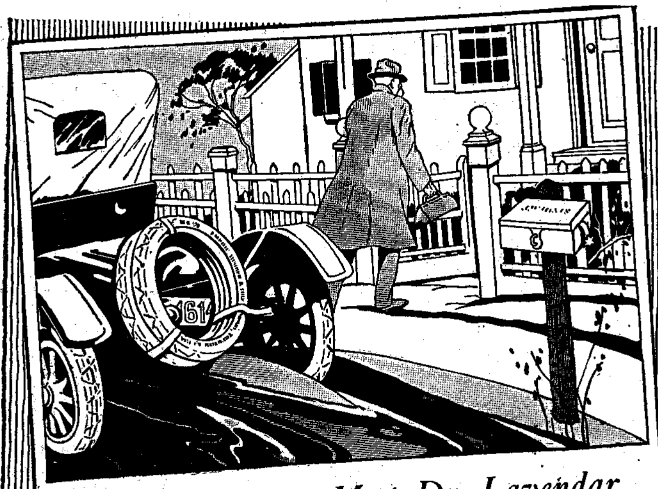
☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is..

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—*The Reason and the Remedy*," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name..
Street Address..
City..........................State...............
Occupation or Business..



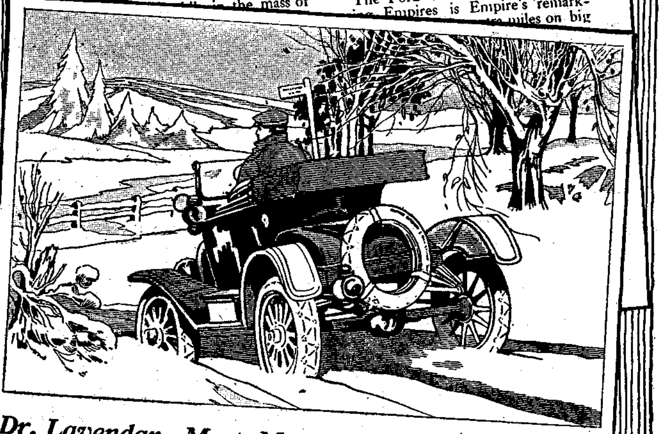
Ford Owners: Meet Dr. Lavendar

It is not good business to talk too much about huge tire mileages, because it stands to reason that not every car owner can get them.

the mass of

the rutty roads, the rocky hillsides, the hurry calls in all kinds of weather, will appreciate what twenty to twenty-five thousand miles on one tire means.

The Ford Owner's best reason for Empires is Empire's remark- miles on big

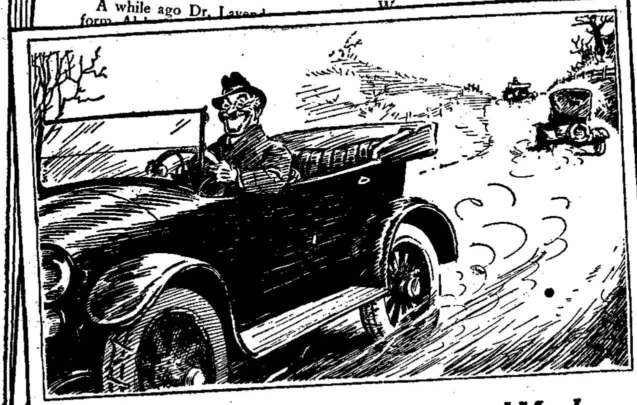


Dr. Lavendar—Meet Mr. Jones of Beacon, N. Y.

If there is anyone who requires more hard work out of a tire than a country doctor, it's a travelling salesman.

A while ago Dr. Lavend form

kinds of going—rain or shine, boulevards or detours, mud or ice



Passing the Buck to Dr. Lavendar and Mr. Jones

When we recently printed a letter from Dr. C. B. Lavendar, who got 25,000 miles from one Empire, and another from Mr. H. W. Jones, who got 34,000, several of our old friends rose to a point of order.

They reminded us that, whereas both of the above records were made on Ford cars, the original reputation of Empires was won on the big, high-powered cars that give a tire the hardest test.

Which leads us to print the following letter:

"EMPIRE RUBBER & TIRE CO.,
Trenton, N. J.

Three years ago, Almendinger & Closson purchased two Red Non-Skid 37 x 5 casings for their heavy seven-passenger Kissel Kar.

These tires have been subjected to the hardest of tests, all kinds of roads, all kinds of weather, and all kinds of loads.

The car was sold about a year ago to Mr. W. Buck and, while in one sense of the word it was 'Passing (to) the Buck,' the tires are still going, and Mr. Buck has purchased two more for the front. These tires have run more than 21,000 miles and are not ready to be 'scrapped' yet.

HALE MOTOR COMPANY,
Benton Harbor, Mich."

There is a record made by *two* Empires, both on the same heavy car, and both not only running up a huge mileage, but lasting through three seasons.

As we have said before, there is some danger in quoting such experiences, as not every car owner can expect to get a tremendous mileage like this.

Yet these big records do have significance when you take into consideration that the *average* Empire in *average* running is delivering to the *average* owner a tremendous surplus of extra miles.

For 30 years the Empire Rubber & Tire Company of Trenton, N. J., has been making rubber goods of all kinds that have been famous for their long life. They have never turned out a better product than the Empire tires and tubes of today.

Come to the Empire store and find out for yourself.

You may not get a record-breaking mileage on one tire, but you will get a great deal higher average on four tires than you ever thought possible.

The Empire Tire Dealer

Will Dr. Lavendar please write?

Mr. Buck has something to tell him

Just a year ago Mr. W. Buck of Berien Springs, Mich., reported on two Empire Tires which had run more than 21,000 miles on a heavy seven-passenger Kissel Kar. His testimony was brought forth by the famous record of 25,000 miles obtained by Dr. C. B. Lavendar of Reform, Ala., on his Ford.

And now Mr. Buck comes through with an up-to-date bulletin on the same tires, as follows:

> Empire Rubber and Tire Co., Trenton, N. J.
>
> Today I met Mr. W. Buck, about whose experiences with Empire Tires the ad was written. He informs me that the tires purchased in 1914 and those purchased in 1916 are now on a Cadillac still doing service, while the car they were on is scrapped. Mr. Buck is very loud in his praises of our line. Told me he didn't see why all dealers didn't stock Empires. Two of the last trips he made with his car were one in which he carried 11 passengers and the other in which he carried 68 bushels of peaches. In all that time he had but one blowout and one tire ran three years without being deflated.
>
> Very truly yours,
> A. D. BRUSH.

This looks like the low record on punctures as well as a high record on mileage.

It stands to reason that not every car owner will have such good luck as this.

But these figures do have their meaning when you realize that the *average* Empire in *average* running is delivering to the *average* owner a big surplus of extra miles.

Step in and see any Empire dealer and find out for yourself.

You may not get a record-breaking mileage on one tire, but you will get a great deal higher average on four tires than you ever thought possible.

The Empire Tire Dealer

a hole that the gasoline had rapidly run out and his last maneuver had completely emptied his tank.

Such are the fortunes of war!

"A Dog Fight" is the heading of one of the later chapters, the phrase referring to a general mêlée in the air such as takes place when several large formations of fighting planes, German and Allied, meet and generally "mix it up." Captain Richenbacker was in charge of the American squadron. The fight took place in the course of a raid on a German observation-balloon, and the leader's story includes an account of the heroic death of Lieut. Wilbur White, of New York. A heroic sort of comedy follows this tragedy when "Jimmy" Meissner, of Brooklyn, who hoped the British hadn't killed his aunt when they bombed Cologne, came sailing by Captain Richenbacker, "smiling and good-natured as ever, with two ugly brutes on his tail doing their best to execute him." It is a gripping story, this tale of "The Dog Fight," and grippingly told:

Fourteen of my *Spads* then left the ground on October 10, at 3:30 in the afternoon, with eight of 147's machines and seven of those from 27 Squadron taking their places on the right and left of us as arranged. I pushed my *Spad No. 1* up several thousand feet above the flotilla to watch their progress over the lines from a superior altitude. The enormous formation below me resembled a huge crawling beetle, Coolidge and Chambers flying in exact position ahead of them to form the stingers. Thus arranged we proceeded swiftly northwest in the direction of Dun-sur-Meuse.

We arrived over the lines to be welcomed by an outlandish exhibition of Archy's fury, but despite the large target we made, no damage was received and none of our *Spads* turned back. Reaching a quieter region inside German territory I looked about me. There indeed was our *Dun* balloon floating tranquilly in the sunshine. It was 3:40 by my watch. We had ten minutes to maneuver for position and reach our objective. I looked down at my convoy and found that 147's formation at the left had separated themselves somewhat widely from the others. Then studying the distant horizon I detected a number of specks in the sky, which soon resolved themselves into a group of eleven *Fokkers* flying in beautiful formation and evidently just risen from their aerodrome at Stenay, a dozen miles beyond Dun. They were approaching from the west and must reach the detached formation of 147's pilots before the rest of my flight could reach them, unless they immediately closed up. I dived down to dip them a signal.

On my dive down I glanced around me and saw approaching us from Metz in quite the opposition direction another formation of eight *Fokkers*. Certainly the Huns had wonderful methods of information which enabled them to bring to a threatened point this speedy relief. While I debated an instant as to which danger was the most pressing, I looked below and discovered that the enemy balloon men were already engaged in pulling down their observation-balloon, which was the object of our attack back of Dun-sur-Meuse. So they suspected the purpose of our little expedition! It lacked yet a minute or two of the time set for our dash at the balloon, and as I viewed the situation it would not be wise for Coolidge and Chambers to take their departure from our formation until we had disposed of the advancing *Fokkers* from the west. Accordingly I kept my altitude and set my machine towards the rear of the Stenay *Fokkers*, which I immediately observed wore the red noses of the von Richthofen Circus. They were heading in at the 147 formation, which was still separated almost a mile away from our other *Spads*. Lieut. Wilbur White, of New York, was leading No. 147's pilots. He would have to bear the brunt of the *Fokkers'* attack.

Evidently the *Fokker* leader scorned to take notice of me, as his scouts passed under me and plunged ahead toward White's formation. I let them pass, dipt over sharply, and with accumulated speed bore down upon the tail of the last man in the *Fokker* formation. It was an easy shot and I could not have missed. I was agreeably surprized, however, to see that my first shot had set fire to the Hun's fuel-tank and that the machine was doomed. I was almost equally gratified the next second to see the German pilot level off his blazing machine and with a sudden leap overboard into space let the *Fokker* slide safely away without him. Attached to his back and sides was a rope which immediately pulled a dainty parachute from the bottom of his seat. The umbrella opened within a fifty-foot drop and settled him gradually to earth within his own lines.

I was sorry I had not time to watch his spectacular descent. I truly wished him all the luck in the world. It is not a pleasure to see a burning airplane descending to earth bearing with it a human being who is being tortured to death. Not unmixed with my relief in witnessing his safe jump was the wonder as to why the Huns had all these humane contrivances and why our own country could not at least copy them to save American pilots from being burned to a crisp!

I turned from this extraordinary spectacle in mid-air to witness another which in all my life at the front I have never seen equaled in horror and awfulness. The picture of it has haunted my dreams during many nights since.

Upon seeing that my man was hit I had immediately turned up to retain my superiority in height over the other Huns. Now as I came about and saw the German pilot leap overboard with his parachute I saw that a general fight was on between the remaining ten *Fokkers* and the eight *Spads* of 147 Squadron. The *Fokker* leader had taken on the rear *Spad* in White's formation when White turned and saw him coming. Like a flash White zoomed up into a half-turn, executed a *renversement*, and came back at the Hun leader to protect his pilot from a certain death. White was one of the finest pilots and best air-fighters in our group. He had won seven victories in combat. His pilots loved him and considered him a great leader, which he most assuredly was. White's maneuver occupied but an instant. He came out of his swoop and made a direct plunge for the enemy machine, which was just getting in line on the rear *Spad's* tail. Without firing a shot the heroic White rammed the *Fokker* head on while the two machines were approaching each other at the rate of 250 miles per hour!

It was a horrible yet thrilling sight.

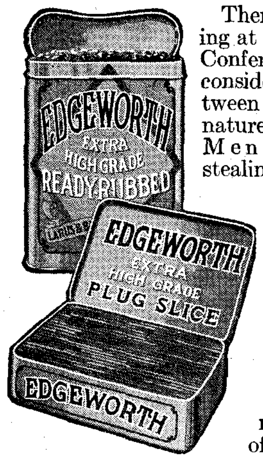
The Men Who Smoke

'Way back in the jungle-days of this country, the Indians! They were stoics and great fighters. We white men learned how to smoke from them.

Over four hundred years later, the Argonne! Yanks fighting from rock to rock and from tree to tree, Indian fashion. Stoics, singers, great fighters—and great smokers. A combination not to be beaten. They made the Hun run.

Our men in the Argonne, eager to get back where smokes were more plentiful, saved the world another whole winter of fighting.

A wonderful thing—tobacco! With the Indian it was the smoke of Peace. White men went a step further. They used it for War purposes also.



There wasn't any smoking at the Versailles Peace Conference, but there was considerable smoking between-times. Human nature ran true to form. Men were continually stealing out into the lobbies for a few restful puffs; also many of the most important matters were really settled before and after sessions when smoke and words of wisdom issued from the same lips.

Why is it that so many of the big men of modern times are smokers? Isn't it because men who work on nerve need something that makes them let up once in a while.

That's what your pipe-smoker does. He drops for a moment the matter that is worrying him. He sinks into an easy position, lights his pipe, and after a few absent-minded, restful puffs his mind swings back on that subject fresh and with a bang.

A pipe-smoker asks but little. He wants a good pipe, but he simply must have the tobacco that just suits him.

If you happen to be sort of half-worrying along without exactly the tobacco you want, we should be glad to have you try Edgeworth.

It may not suit your individual taste, but it has made a hit with many finicky pipe-smokers. And you can decide so easily whether or not you like it!

Simply send us your address together with the name of the dealer ordinarily supplying you, and we will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

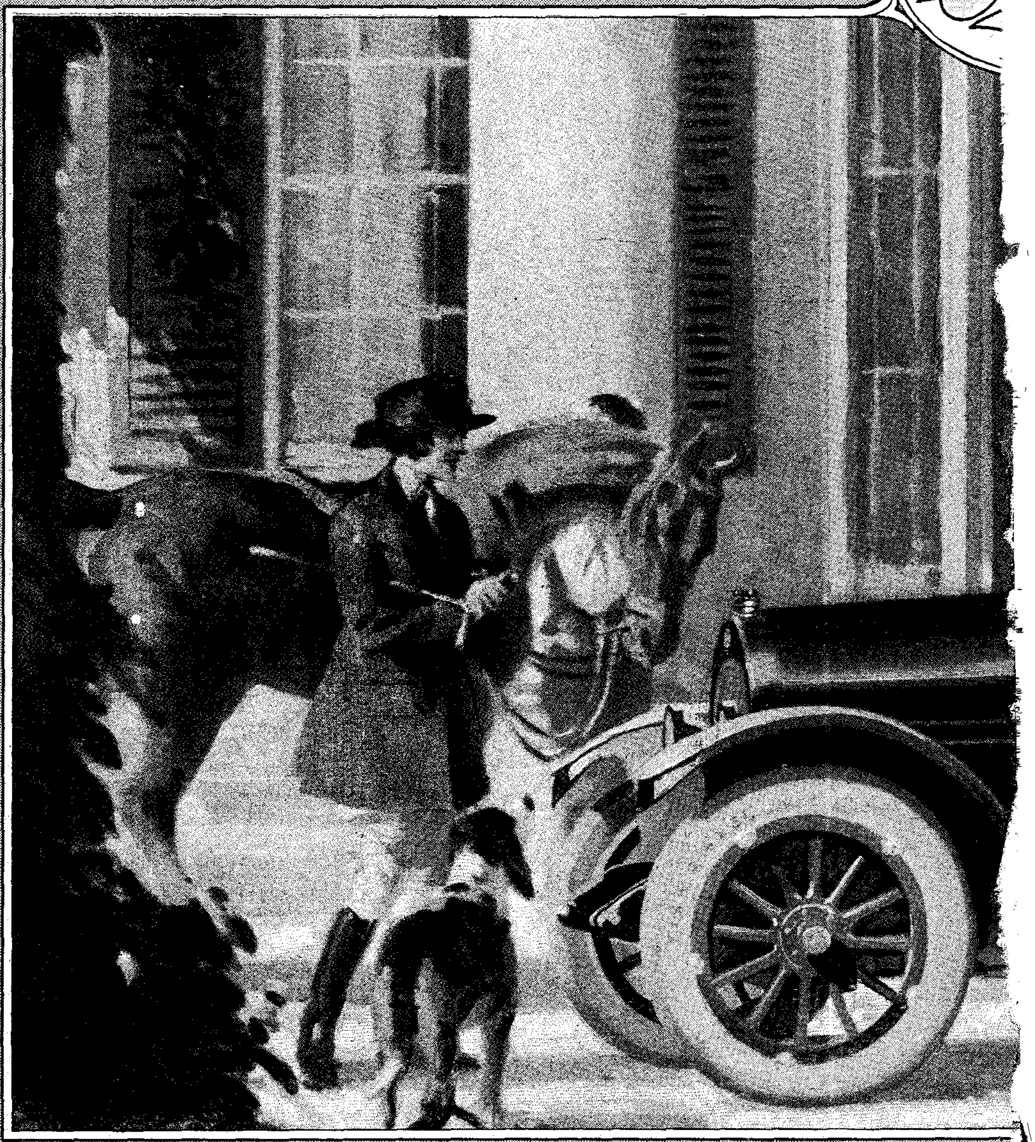
Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut into thin moist slices. A slice rubbed in the hands makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is ready to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely, and burns freely, evenly.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in small pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and also in convenient in-between quantities.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Co., 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

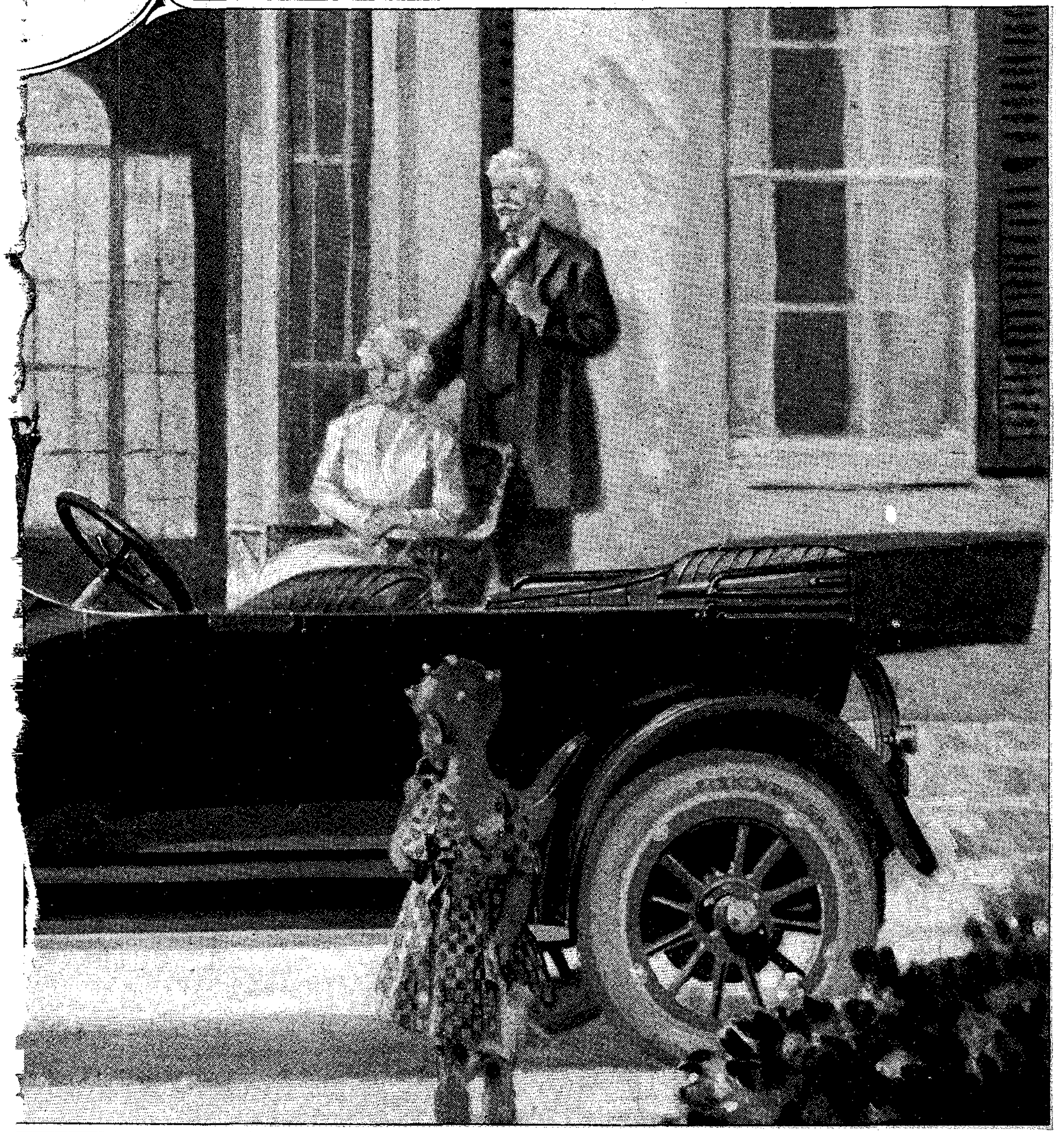
To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



“Makes Frie

The accumulated experience of more than 600, Overland owners is the most important factor t enters into the construction of this Overla Model 90. This car will meet your ideals of m car *appearance* as well as your ideals of *efficient*

WILLYS OVERLA
Model Ninety, Five-Pas
Willys-Knight Touring Cars, Coupes,
Canadian



Its Owners"

pendable service. It couples *luxurious riding comfort* ith power and reliability on steep hills and rough ads. Its *low price* is made possible by our facilities r volume production which public appreciation of verland cars has built up.

, TOLEDO, OHIO

, $985. Price f. o. b. Toledo

Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars

nto, Canada

The two machines actually telescoped each other, so violent was the impact. Wings went through wings and at first glance both the *Fokker* and *Spad* seemed to disintegrate. Fragments filled the air for a moment, then the two broken fuselages, bound together by the terrific collision, fell swiftly down and landed in one heap on the bank of the Meuse!

For sheer nerve and bravery I believe this heroic feat was never surpassed. No national honor too great could compensate the family of Lieutenant White for this sacrifice for his comrade pilot and his unparalleled example of heroism to his squadron. For the most pitiable feature of Lieutenant White's self-sacrifice was the fact that this was his last flight over the lines before he was to leave for the United States on a visit to his wife and two small children. Not many pilots enter the service with loved ones so close to them!

This extraordinary disaster ended the day's fighting for the Hun airmen. No doubt they valued their own leader as much as we did Lieutenant White, or perhaps they got a severe attack of "wind-up" at witnessing the new method of American attack. At any rate, they withdrew and we immediately turned our attention to the fight which was now in progress between the *Spads* of 27 formation at our right and the Hun formation from Metz. It looked like a famous dog-fight.

As I came about and headed for the mix-up I glanced below me at *Dun* and was amazed to see one of our *Spads* piquing upon the nested balloon through a hurricane of flaming projectiles. A "flaming onion" had pierced his wings and they were now ablaze. To add to his predicament, a Hun machine was behind his tail, firing as he dived. I diverted my course and started down to his rescue, but it was too late. The fire in his wings was fanned by the wind and made such progress that he was compelled to land in German territory, not far from the site of the balloon. In the meantime other things were happening so rapidly that I had little opportunity to look about me. For even as I started down to help this balloon-strafer I saw another *Spad* passing me with two *Fokkers* on his tail, filling his fuselage with tracer-bullets as the procession went by. A first glance had identified the occupant of the *Spad* as my old protégé—the famous Jimmy Meissner! For the third time since we had been flying together Providence had sent me along just in the nick of time to get Jimmy out of trouble. Twice before on the old *Nieuports* Jimmy had torn off his wings in too sudden a flip and his unscrupulous antagonists had been about to murder him as he wobbled along, when I happened by. Now, after a four months' interlude, Jimmy comes sailing by again, smiling and good-natured as ever, with two ugly brutes on his tail trying their best to execute him.

I quickly tacked onto the procession, settling my sights into the rear machine and letting go a long burst as I came within range. The Hun fell off and dropt down out of control, the other *Fokker* immediately pulling away and diving steeply for home and safety.

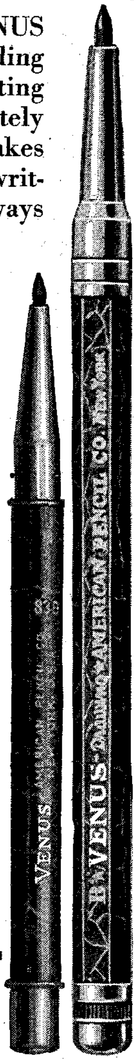
Two other *Fokkers* fell in that dog-fight, neither of which I happened to see. Both Coolidge and Chambers, tho they had been cheated of their balloon, brought down a *Fokker* apiece, which victories were later confirmed. The *Spad* which had dropt down into German hands after being set afire by the "flaming onions" belonged to Lieutenant Brotherton, like White and Meissner, a member of the 147th Squadron.

FREEMASONRY, OLD AS THE HILLS, NOW SAID TO BE THE PARENT OF RELIGION

"THE man who would be king," in Rudyard Kipling's famous short story bearing that title, was enabled to realize his ambition, to all intents and purposes, because he found a semibarbarous tribe in a remote corner of Asia who were Freemasons and were willing to follow the hero of the tale on account of his superior knowledge of Masonry. The story is a good one, and altho the idea on which it is based appears fantastic at first, recent explorations have brought to light many facts regarding Masonry which indicate that there are things connected with this ancient order more strange than finding wild tribesmen entirely out of touch with the rest of the world practising its rites. Thus it appears not only that Freemasonry had its origin at a much more remote period than heretofore supposed, but also that at least a part of its principles have been known among practically every people that ever inhabited the globe. Investigators state that the mysterious earthworks of the American mound-builders, the great pyramids of Egypt, the ancient ruins of Mexico and Peru, as well as those left by the Chaldeans and certain tribes in India, all have a Masonic significance, and owe their existence to Masonry.

Mr. Frank C. Higgins, of New York, one of the most noted Masonic antiquarians in the United States, is of the opinion that Freemasonry is the parent of all religions, a claim that will, of course, rouse the ire of the order's critics, especially in Catholic circles. To a writer in the New York *Herald*, Mr. Higgins recently furnished much interesting information concerning ancient Masonry, the result of research work along this line extending over a period of more than twenty-five years. Says Mr. Higgins:

> Freemasonry is the Pompeii of prehistoric science. All the Masonic ritual, its Egyptian signs, its Chaldean grips, its Sanskrit passwords, its ancient Hebrew symbols, its cabalistic allusions, and its historical record are supremely scientific and a survival through long ages, by various underground channels, of the knowledge of the universe which was gained by Sabian astronomers from the temple tops of Chaldea, India, and China, and recorded by the equally learned geometers and mathematicians of the ancient Orient.
>
> It was this knowledge, concealed within the brotherhood, that enabled them to build the gigantic sun-dials, such as that at Stonehenge, in England. The two pillars of Masonry to-day are the same as those which stood before the Temple of Solomon, erected by the same building fraternity, under the supervision of the priest-architects who built the Sun Temple at Tyre, before which similar pillars stood. They are the same pillars as those that stood before the ancient temples in


VENUS
VENUS AMERICAN PENCIL CO.
B. VENUS Drawing AMERICAN PENCIL CO. New York
839

"No Sharpening"

VENUS Everpointed PENCIL No. 849

THIS convenient VENUS Holder (849) holding the smooth, even, lasting VENUS lead, absolutely immune from grit, makes a wonderful pencil for writing or retouching: always full length. *A much appreciated gift.*

849. Holder, *any degree,* **$.35 each**
842. Refill leads, *any degree,* **$.60 per box of six.**

No. 849 Holder, made in 16 degrees, 5B to 9H. For each degree of lead there is a corresponding holder—16 in all.

839. Pocket, *HB degree,* **$.25 each**
857. Refill leads, *for 839—HB degree only* - **$.50 per dozen**

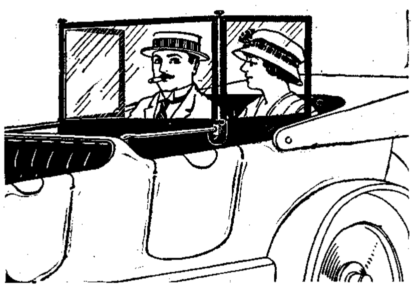
No. 839 is a short pencil, handy for the vest pocket or shopping bag. Never needs sharpening and is always ready.

If your dealer hasn't a complete line write us direct.

Makers also of the famous Venus Drawing Pencils 17 degrees

American Lead Pencil Co.
223 Fifth Avenue, New York
London *Paris*

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY is needed in every American home where education and culture are truly esteemed.



Rear Seat Comfort

Protect the rear seat of your touring car with

The "J.H."

(REAR SEAT SHIELD)

Tonneau Shield

Patented February 27, 1912; September 4, 1917
Draws back to within 6 inches of you.
Keeps dust and wind from the passengers.
Eliminates goggles and veils.
Folds down to space of a robe.
Can be attached to any car.
Illustrated booklet free on request.

Tonneau Shield Co., Inc.
1775 Broadway, New York City
Enterprising, Responsible Agents Wanted

ROCKINCHAIR

Athletic Underwear *for* Men & Boys

Here's a union suit that, once you've worn it, you will be mighty glad you tried.

See that blouse in the back just above the snug waist band? That lets you *bend over,* without binding anywhere.

See that closed seat? It is exactly like a pair of trousers, smooth across the seat, sanitary, no split to open or flap to bunch up and annoy. That seat means also a permanently closed crotch.

See the side leg opening? Very convenient. And simple to adjust. Two buttons, in plain sight, and bearing no strain. Sweeps clear across the back easily.

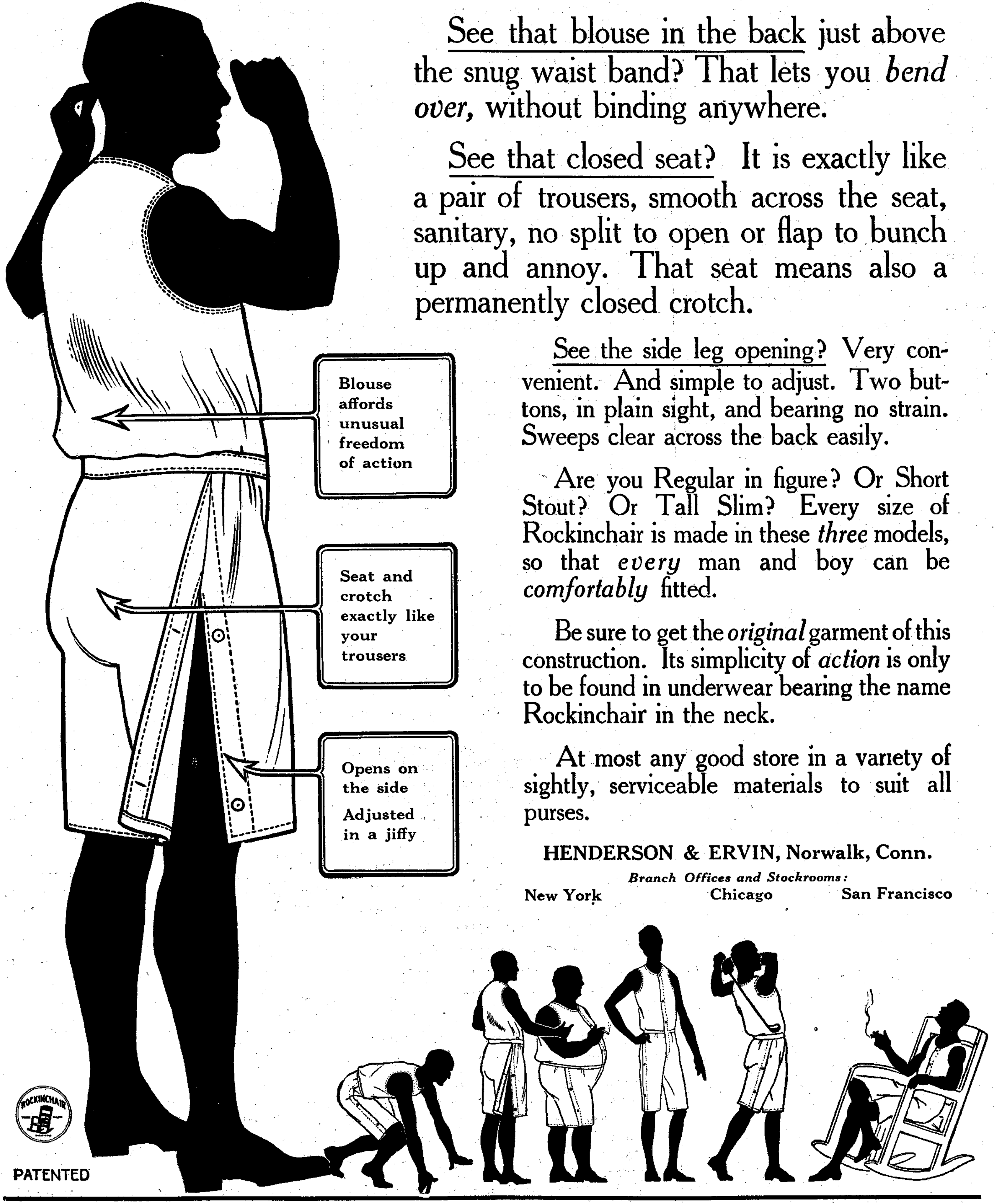
Are you Regular in figure? Or Short Stout? Or Tall Slim? Every size of Rockinchair is made in these *three* models, so that *every* man and boy can be *comfortably* fitted.

Be sure to get the *original* garment of this construction. Its simplicity of *action* is only to be found in underwear bearing the name Rockinchair in the neck.

At most any good store in a variety of sightly, serviceable materials to suit all purses.

HENDERSON & ERVIN, Norwalk, Conn.

Branch Offices and Stockrooms:
New York Chicago San Francisco


Blouse affords unusual freedom of action
Seat and crotch exactly like your trousers
Opens on the side
Adjusted in a jiffy

PATENTED

Year 'Round Comfort: ROCKINCHAIR Underwear in Summer
Duofold Health Underwear in Winter

America when Cortez gazed in wonder on the civilization of the Aztecs. They are the same pillars that fixt the solstitial points in the first crude circles of stone, with a central stone representing the sun, and the same pillars which became the Temple of Janus among the Romans, the totem-poles of modern savages, and the Jakin and Boaz of European cathedrals.

The key to the entire secret system is to be found in the ancient system, preserved from ages long anterior to their reputed time by the Israelites, of using identical characters for letters and numbers, a system called gematria, and upon which a simple mathematical formula, 10-5-6-5, is shown to be the basic source of all manifested existence—that formula, when presented in the Hebrew letters corresponding to the numbers, bring "Jod-Ha-Vv-Ha," or in English "J-H-V-H," or Jehovah.

If this remarkable fact had been confined to the sacred writings of the Hebrews it might be accepted as a peculiar outcropping of national genius, but this is not the case. My researches reveal the presence of an "esoteric," or "mystery" Jehovah worship throughout the entire ancient world as the basis of all the outwardly pantheistic cults; the real knowledge being concealed from the mass by the priesthood and rulers, because it was too high for them to grasp. The worship of the Great First Principle, defined and also hidden by the mathematical Jehovah glyph, was at one time spread over the whole expanse of anciently civilized America, whether represented by the vanished race of mound-builders of our own United States or the perished races of Mexico, Central and South America. This later wonderful fact may as readily be verified by the visitor to such a purely American collection as that in the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, or the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, as by the digger in Euphrates mud or Egyptian sands.

The study of the universe by the ancients revealed to them, as it does to the moderns, that everything rests on a mathematical basis, evinced not only in a big way as in the arrangement of solar systems, lines of force, and cyclic time-periods, but extending also down to such little things as the crystallization of snow-flakes or the structural proportions of the humblest creature. From this they reasoned that all things originated from a common causative source to which they applied the terms "Grand Architect" and "Great Geometrician," expressions frequently used in Masonry, thus still further indicating the close relationship between the latter and religion. Their cosmic philosophy being so intimately related to mathematics, it seemed natural that they should have chosen a mathematical symbol to represent it, and this at least the old Egyptians did by adopting the famous Pythagorean triangle of 3 × 4 × 5 proportions, which is the basis of the celebrated forty-seventh proposition of Euclid. We read on:

They called the three sides Osiris, Isis, and Horus, considering the first two as spirit and matter and the latter as nature, evolved from the wedding of the other two. This triangle, represented as the "Eye of Horus" and typifying the sun, became the "All-Seeing Eye" of Freemasonry.

The value of the Hebrew letters in the famous triangle is 543, which is half of an oblong of 3 × 4, the other half of which is 345. The sum of both equals 888 and is the value of the letters in the Greek New Testament name Jesus. An oblong of 3 × 4 contains three of 4 × 9, and *vice versa*. The oblong of 4 × 9 was represented symbolically as the Atef crown on the head of the Egyptian Sun-god Ra, whose name really means "light."

From this simple proportion alone, according to the methods of the ancient Egyptians, can be at once correctly delineated all the main physical features of our universe in absolutely correct astronomical proportions, and in so doing is evolved the most sacred of ancient symbols, the trapezoid of 10-5-6-5 proportions, which became known as J-H-V-H among the Jews, I-H-O-H in Phœnicia, I-H-U-H in Chaldea, H-U-H-I in Egypt, OI-HA-HU in India, HO-HI and FO-HI in China, and I-O-W-A in ancient America. We find the Jehovah symbol as the shoulders and arms of Osiris, as he judges the souls in Amenti, in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," and as the apron worn by the mysterious stone Colossi, of Quirigna, Guatemala, copies of which are in our own American Museum of Natural History.

We find the Masonic keystone to be not merely an architectural requisite, but the angle of 23½ degrees, or the correct inclination of the axis of the earth to the pole of the ecliptic, and to embody the vertical section of the great Pyramid of Gizeh four times repeated. We find the little clay idols of the departed aboriginal races of Colombia, South America, decorated with the geometrical glyphs of this secret order, the ornaments of the robes of the ancient Inca priests in Peru, but exemplifications of the same sacred figures, and the amulets of the Mayas and Toltecs, in Mexico, also engraved with them.

That there must have been some world-wide organization to distribute these symbols in ancient and prehistoric times is evinced by the fact that by common consent the ancient Egyptians and the ancient Mexicans constructed pyramids, which, as shown by the great Pyramid of Gizeh, in Egypt, and the Teocalli, of Chichen Itza, Yucatan, as leading examples, were component parts of a single geometrical problem, the key to which is the simple Masonic apron as worn to-day and the graphic symbol of which covenant is still preserved as a cosmic figure among the Hopi Indians of Arizona.

In his travels Mr. Higgins has picked up many examples of the Masonic keystone, from India, China, ancient Tyre, Egypt, and Palestine, all cut on the angle of 23½ degrees. He also has specimens of black serpentine amulets from Yucatan and Central America, over three thousand years old, displaying the keystone and the inverted *Tau* cross, familiar to Masons in their lodge work. The account continues:

Another exceedingly rare specimen was an early Akkadian or Hittite seal, expressing a triangle with three Masonic dots and the sacred proportions of 3 × 4 and 4 × 5, a total of sixteen, meaning "J-A-H," the universe.

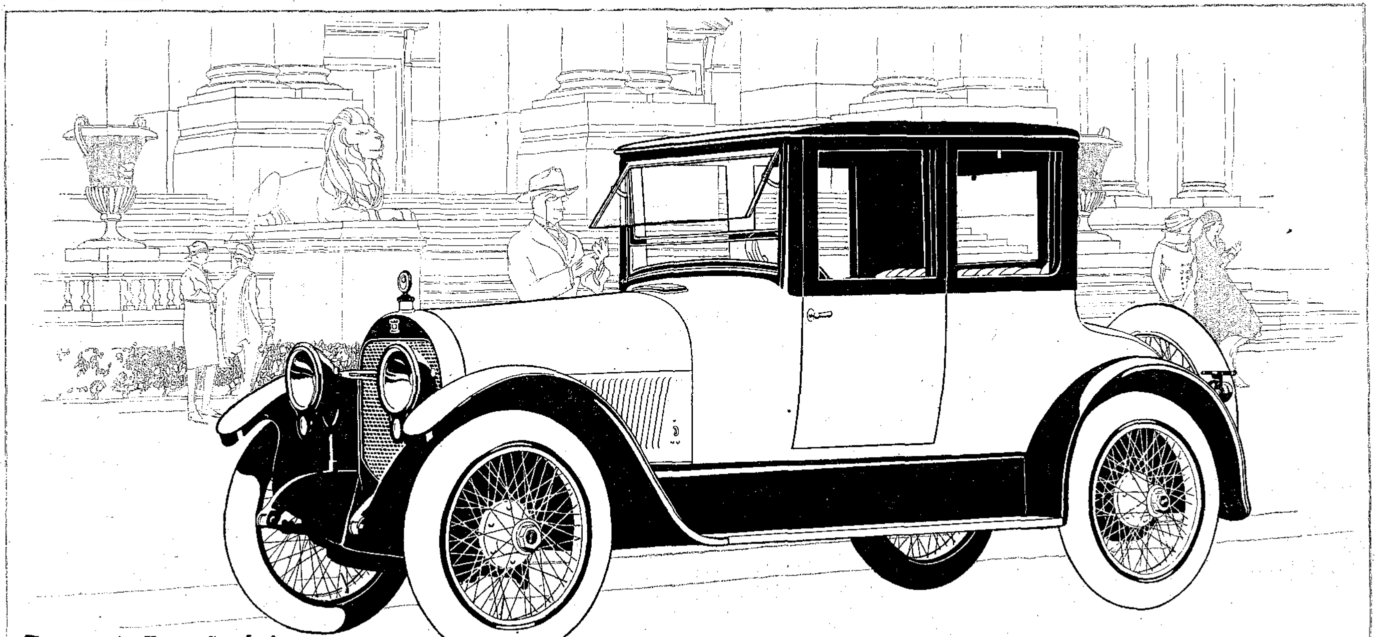
While these keystones are very valuable in proving my contention that Freemasonry was wide-spread even in prehistoric times. I consider the Masonic apron preeminent as the symbol of the hidden mysteries of Masonry. It, too, is based on the Pythagorean triangle which, as I said, was used to conceal the mysteries of the Egyptian religion. The priests knew that the letters I, O, H, or J, V, H, which were publicly applied to the sides of the triangle and called Isis, Osiris, and Horus, were the secret mathematical formulas which they considered the key to the universe.

If you will read in a good book on mythology the story of the death of Osiris, slain by his brother Typhon, and the long search for his mutilated body by his disconsolate widow, Isis, you will understand, especially if you are a Mason, how the hope of humanity was fixt on the "widow's son," the youthful Spring Sun God, H-U-R-A-M, as his name was abbreviated, whose birth also constituted the resurrection of his father, Osiris, with whom he was identified.

The development of the famous Pythagorean triangle also forms the triangle that is the base of the Masonic *Tau* cross. The multiplication of the Pythagorean triangle by four gives the base for the Magian's philosophy and develops the form of the Masonic apron just as worn to-day in the lodge-room; it is the sixty-four square that I refer to, and this square (our familiar checker-board) also has hidden within it the exact geometrical proportions of the Gizeh Pyramid.

Perhaps the most interesting Egyptian cut I have is that showing Pharaoh invested with the triangular Masonic apron, holding in his right hand the grand Masonic emblem and the last grade attained—the Ankh cross—in Masonic communication with one of that order, whose head is covered with a mask, representing the head of the god Thoth. Examination of the old Egyptian monuments, or pictures of such, reveal the fact that the apron is the badge of all the gods, kings, hierophants, and priests engaged in the rites of public worship. The apron of the ordinary celebrant seems to be a triangle of white cloth suspended from the waist in front and pinned at the corners to the tunic at each side. In the case of the Grand Master the apron is very elaborate in design. The figures represent the rising and setting sun in the lower corners and the sun at meridian. The rays of the sun are so directed as to describe a regular progression of geometrical angles, such as seen on a Gnomon. Over this sun apron is worn the serpent apron. The modern Masonic apron, as worn in lodge and chapter, has descended intact in every particular from these ancient brethren of the square and compasses.

Mr. Higgins explained that the secret of the apron resides entirely in its proportions and showed by a diagram that they were based on a triangle having an apex of fifty-four degrees and two bottom angles of sixty-three degrees each. He said that these two numbers were both eminently sacred Masonic numerals, belonging to the "Nine" or "Three times Three" series. He demonstrated that the proportions of the Egyptian pyramids were all concealed in the same geometrical figure upon which the Masonic apron was constructed, and from his cases of relics brought out several amulet aprons that were true in angle or indicated by dots or indentations the true proportions. He displayed a copy from a Peruvian vase which showed a priest of the Incas carrying a staff with a six-pointed star in one hand and holding a Masonic apron in the other. This figure, which may be seen in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, is displayed



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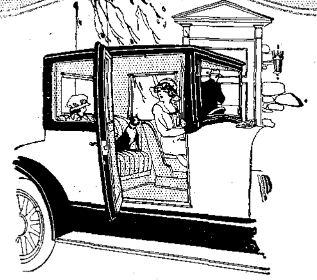

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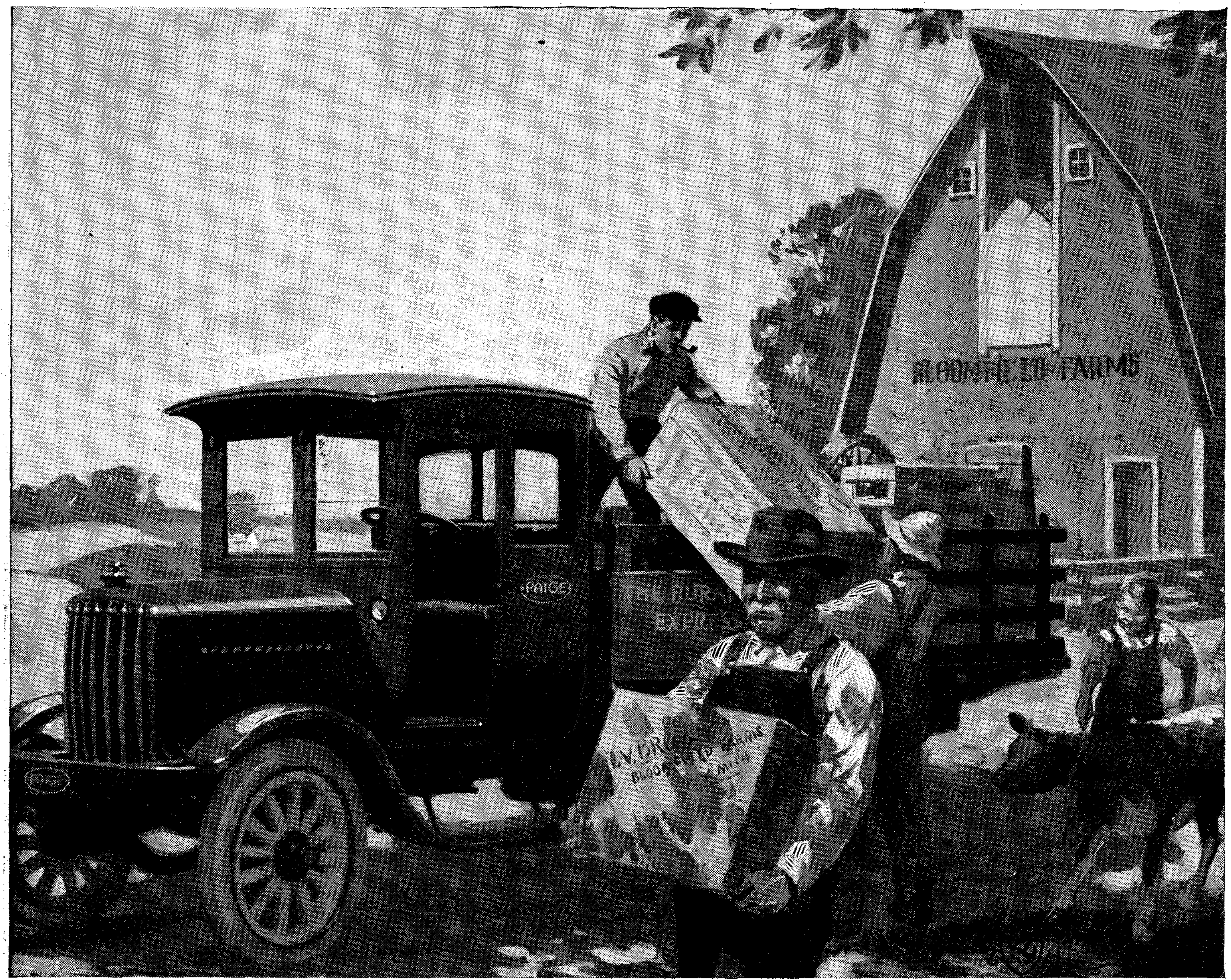

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throughout the Andean ruins, or modifications of the apron are run into borders around the Incan pottery. Perhaps the best example of the apron in America, according to Mr. Higgins, is that found on the statues and little clay images of the ancient Mayas which litter the jungle forests of Yucatan on the sites of the ruined cities. These images, as he showed by specimens, are all clothed as Master Masons in the same apron as the Egyptian kings and priests and point irrefutably to a universal knowledge of the secrets behind the square and the compasses.

We see thus indicated throughout the world, the Masonic brotherhood, erected thousands of years prior to any civilization of which we have any present record, to the same ever-living God whom we worship and reverence as the "Great Architect of the Universe."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

According to the following letter from Sergeant Donald H. Bancroft, who was connected with U. S. A. Base Hospital 102, on the Italian front, it would seem that thrills in abundance were the portion of the two hundred men and ninety nurses constituting the personnel of this hospital unit. First of all they made the trip across the mid-Atlantic without a convoy, in a day when those waters were infested with deadly *U*-boats. To remind them of the perils to which they were exposing themselves, Sergeant Bancroft says they were hardly out of sight of land before they picked up a life-boat carrying over a dozen men who had escaped from an oil-tanker that had been torpedoed the day before. After they were finally established in their permanent quarters in Italy, such little things as night air-raids, necessitating their having to get up in their "nighties" to rush to a place of safety, came to be commonplace. Nevertheless, the unit made an enviable record for itself during the seven months it functioned, treating three thousand cases, with only twenty-seven deaths. Of these cases 1,154 involved surgery, 304 of them being major operations. Here is Sergeant Bancroft's account of the activities of the 102d:

U. S. A. Base Hospital 102 was composed of volunteers recruited by Dr. (Lieut.-Col.) Joseph A. Danna, of New Orleans, La., and National Army men from several Northern and Eastern States. Authority to organize a hospital unit for service in Italy was granted Dr. Danna, himself of Italian birth, by the War Department early in 1918, upon his showing that he was prepared to offer such an organization with complete equipment for a hospital of one thousand-bed capacity. This showing was made possible by a donation of $100,000 by Mrs. John Dibert, of New Orleans, who, hearing of Dr. Danna's ambition and his efforts to raise the necessary funds, sought of him the privilege of donating the entire amount.

Volunteers from New Orleans and other Louisiana cities and a few from Texas and Mississippi to the number of 115, most of them Italians or of Italian descent, were in training at the Base Hospital, at Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, by the middle of April, and on June 30 eighty-five National Army men from Camp Greenleaf arrived to complete the enlisted personnel of two hundred men. Within a few days the unit's thirty-five medical officers, who had been in training at various camps, arrived and the organization, known in New Orleans as the Loyola Unit, from Dr. Danna and several of the other officers and enlisted men being alumni of that New Orleans University, mobilized as an independent body.

The nursing corps attached to the unit was also composed of volunteers who had previously registered in the Army Nurse Corps Reserve. These ninety young women, representing a majority of the States, were joined by ten Sisters of Charity who served as chief nurse and supervising nurses. In addition five young women were attached to the hospital as civilian employees, laboratory technicians, dietists, stenographers, etc. These 105 women mobilized in New York City and joined the male contingent at Baltimore, whence the unit sailed for Genoa, August 4.

The boat had not completed a full day's voyage and was scarcely out of sight of land when the Unit's adventures began. On the morning of August 5, at 9:30, a life-boat was sighted and a short while later was alongside. It turned out to be one of the three life-boats carried by the Standard Oil Company tanker *O. B. Jennings*, and besides twelve members of the crew its passengers were Capt. G. W. Nordstrom, Third Officer Fred Lebern, and Third Engineer Thomas McCarty.

Captain Nordstrom was too badly injured by shrapnel to delay medical attention, and while he was being looked after by officers of the unit the other officers were also being attended to during which they made their formal reports to the ship's officers. Their story was that the *Jennings* had been attacked by a German submarine the day before, when it was 125 miles off Cape Henry. The submarine fired one torpedo which passed a few feet astern, seeing which the sub came to the surface and opened fire with shrapnel, sinking the *Jennings* with a few shells, one of which entered the engine-room and exploded there.

The *Umbria*, furnished by the Italian Government to transport the hospital, turned back until within sight of land when the life-boat and its passengers were again started on their way to shore. What happened to the two other boats carried by the tanker has not been learned by any of the hospital. From this time, until the *Umbria* was two days out from Gibraltar, the entire hospital was more or less in doubt as to the successful outcome of the voyage, since the entire trip across the mid-Atlantic was made without convoy of any sort, until August 17, when a British destroyer H. M. S. *Edward II.* was picked up at 8 A.M.

By this time the *Umbria* was well within the eastern submarine zone and many cases of seasickness, attributed by the victims, who stayed below, to a short period of somewhat rough sailing, had developed. The report of "convoy" was an immediate cure for this peculiar ailment and from this time until the arrival at Gibraltar and through the ensuing week's slow trip through the Mediterranean care was a stranger to the unit.

At Genoa, where it remained for two weeks encamped with an American Ambulance Company which had preceded its arrival by a full month, the unit was given a most enthusiastic welcome, its arrival adding emphasis to the United States' assistance given the Italians in men as

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well as with money and supplies. The nurses and civilians employed were quartered in the Hôtel Victoria, commandeered by the Government for their accommodation, and the civilian and military population rivaled each other in entertaining them and the officers.

Leaving Genoa, with six of the nurses detailed to duty with the U. S. A. A. S. hospital located in the Villa Baggio, just outside the city, the unit found itself at Vicenza, its permanent station, on September 8. It proceeded at once to unpack and get ready for business as soon as the Italian hospital it found occupying the buildings assigned to it moved out. Prior to the war the location was occupied by an industrial school, and before their eviction by the Government several years before by some friars of the Dominican order.

The first patients were received September 18, one of the hospital detachment having the doubtful distinction of being the first. From that date until March 15, 1919, the unit functioned as an evacuation hospital as well as a base hospital, handling a total of three thousand patients. It passed through the epidemic of Spanish influenza which raged throughout Italy and France without losing one of the eight hundred cases handled. Several of these cases came from the detachment and nurse corps, and a great many more from the twenty ambulance sections and the 332d Infantry. The infantry cases were attributed directly to the exposure and fatigue incident to the psychological victory won over the Austrians on the other side of the Piave by the regiment's "camouflage" marches through the country on the Italian side of the river so correctly described in a recent issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. This maneuver fooled even the other American troops in the zone of operations. Shortly after the arrival of the 332d in the billets assigned it, reports reached Vicenza that four American divisions had reached Genoa and were on their way to the front lines, and it was not until the arrival of the first patients from the 332d that the hospital knew any better.

Among the first American patients handled were twenty of the forty-eight victims of the explosion of a trench-mortar which blew up on September 13, while a company of the 332d was engaged in practise firing at its station, Custozza. The other twenty-eight victims were cared for at Field Hospital 331, then located at Treviso, some of the base hospital officers going to Treviso to assist.

Vicenza, a city with a normal population of 50,000, is located in the Venetian plains at the junction of the Bacchiglione and Petrone rivers, between fifteen and twenty English miles southeast of Monte Grappa. Prior to the arrival of the Americans it had experienced several air-raids in which bombs were dropt in the streets, and during the activities preliminary to the final decisive action on the Piave and Tagliamento rivers it was treated to two more. The first of these occurred shortly before midnight, September 17, and the second a few days later at 11 A.M., neither, however, resulting in any damage beyond a bad scare for Americans and natives alike.

On the occasion of the first the coolness of the nurses was worthy of particular mention, these young women conducting themselves as bravely and courageously as any of their sisters in France in like experiences. Those on duty at the time, assisted by some of the enlisted men, quietly prepared their patients for hasty removal to the cellars. The others, who had long since retired to their quarters in a four-story building across the street, scrambled out of bed and, without stopping to bother with uniforms and white caps, scurried down-stairs and back to the cellars beneath the hospital. The exodus was accomplished in record-breaking time, but without the slightest sign of disorder or hysteria of any sort aside from that which might reasonably be expected of a bunch of women forced to leave their rooms and promenade the streets in a kimono hastily thrown over filmy "nighties."

While this was going on the officers, quartered in lodgings of their own choice in different sections of the city, hastened to the hospital to assist in evacuating the patients. Colonel Danna and a sergeant busied themselves in going through the nurses' quarters to see that all the occupants were safely out and down the long steep flight of narrow and cavern-like winding stairs. The officers, with one exception, were the last to seek the safety of the cellars, remaining above ground to direct the evacuation until the signal "all clear" was sounded by the siren.

As the situation on Monte Grappa and along the Piave approached the climax, gas cases began coming in at the rate of seventy-five to one hundred per day. Prior to this practically all the cases were lobar- and broncho-pneumonia patients coming from the hospital detachment and the ambulance sections, the damp climatic conditions and the quarters within which the men were accommodated combining to send many of them to bed.

Several times during the fighting preliminary to the final drive detachments were sent from the hospital to the front lines for dressing-station work, and in recognition of this service a number of the officers and enlisted men were decorated with the Italian War Cross. The entire detachment, including the nurses and officers, was also mentioned in the order of the day issued to the Sixth Army on December 12, and awarded the Italian service ribbon with the Monte Grappa medal commemorating that memorable campaign, which is among the priceless possessions of those who won it.

In common with the 332d, the unit suffered lack of fuel and the entire absence of anything to burn in it if it had been available. There were occasions throughout the winter when the mess sergeant was likely to render himself bald-headed because he could not get wood enough to prepare meals for the nurses and enlisted men. The enlisted men did feast on canned "willy" and canned "bullets" with clear, cold, sparkling *aqua* to wash them down for this very reason. And when he was lucky enough to get a truck-load of wood, brought sometimes from as far as fifty kilometers away, it was usually water-soaked stumps and knots that no ax or wedge and mallet could split.

There were a few occasions when the trucks brought in a load of fine Italian coal mined in the mountains near by, but like the water-soaked wood, its greatest virtue was to put out the fires the cooks had succeeded in getting going after much time and anxious care had been bestowed upon them, or, at best, to smolder dismally.

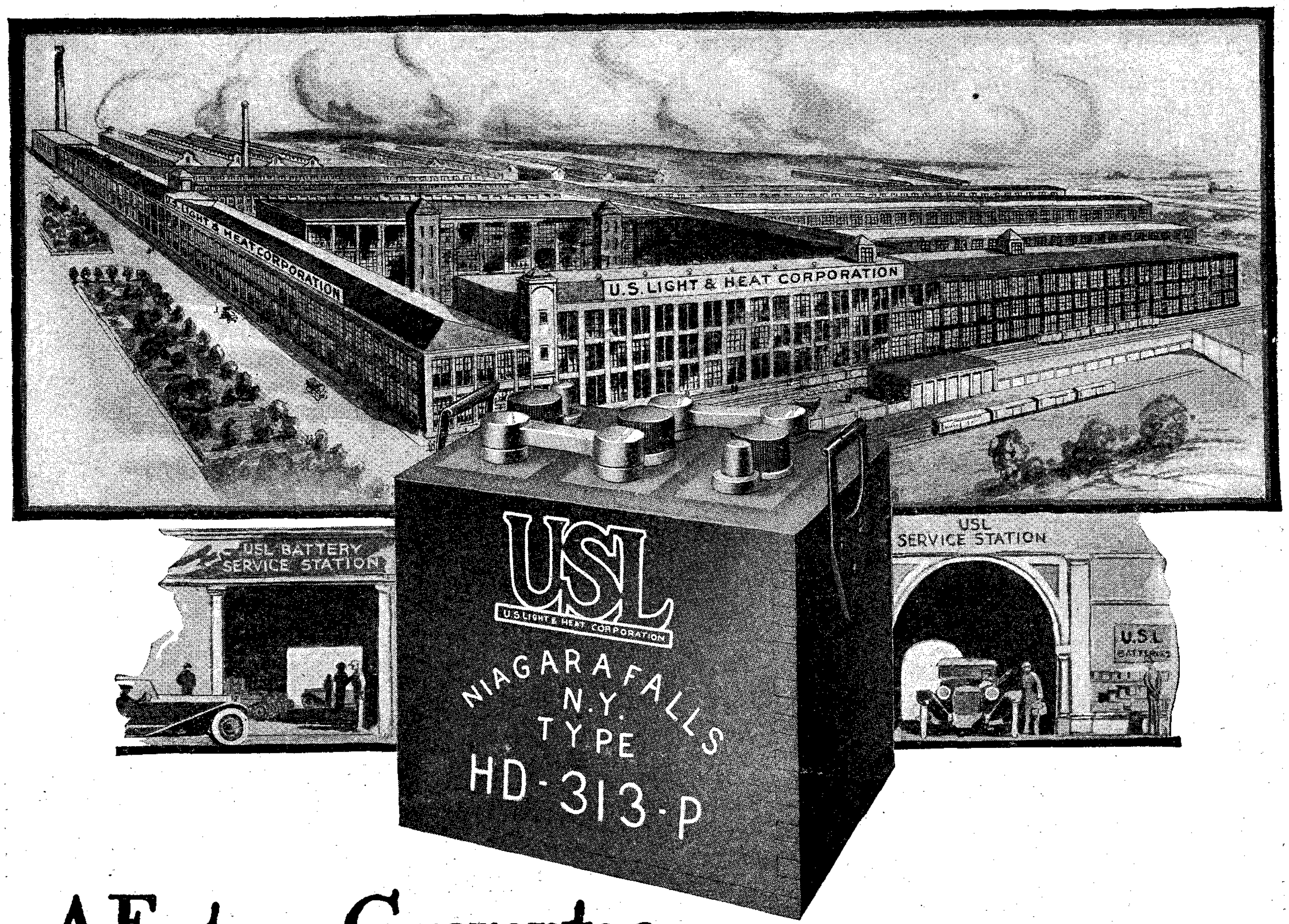
It was impossible under these conditions to heat the wards with the ancient hot-water radiators installed in one of them or with the still more archaic brick-and-cement stoves built in the emergency. The nurses and ward-attendants suffered frost-bitten hands and feet. The American patients shivered beneath extra blankets piled on in a vain effort to keep out the damp, penetrating, marrow-freezing cold. The Italian patients seemed not to suffer, or, at any rate, very little, being accustomed to the peculiar nature of the variety of cold found in the Italian mountains.

After their experience "Sunny Italy" does not exist for the Americans who were on duty with the Italian Army of "Monte Grappa and the Highlands," for in all the time of their stay—from September to April—they had scarcely six weeks of sunshine, most of that of a very weak and discouraged warmth, and most of them would give that as a most liberal estimate. As one disgusted non-com remarked in the nightly "cuss-fest" in the receiving-ward, they threaten "to bury in a cootie-nest the first misguided mortal that ever says 'Sunny Italy' to me again."

With the signing of the armistice battle casualties ceased coming to the hospital, but were succeeded by growing numbers of "flu" cases, and until orders came from Tappa, medical headquarters of the Sixth Army, also located in Vicenza, the detachment was busy caring for these and scores of miscellaneous cases. The orders to receive no more patients were received March 15 and within a few days all patients then remaining had been evacuated to other hospitals or discharged as cured.

Every true picture must give the shadow as well as the sunshine, and it would be absurd to claim that there were no shadows in the relations between our soldiers and those of our Allies. It is a strange fact of war that men who will gladly die for each other in battle will quarrel with equal vigor after the battle is over. Just one glimpse of this side of it will supply the proper shading and perhaps bring out replies. Private Edward D. Landels, of the A. E. F., writes:

> It is amusing for us who have been over here for some time to read the stuff that is being so freely written in the States concerning the *liaison* that we are told has grown to be so strong between the Americans and the French and English. We are startled to learn that the war has made the Sammy, the Tommy, and the *poilu* not only brothers in arms but brothers in spirit; that it has cast down long-standing prejudices, and that the American has learned to love and respect the Frenchman and the Englishman as never before.
>
> Nothing could be further from the truth. The average American soldier in the ranks dislikes the Englishman and despises the Frenchman. Such a state of affairs can not be overlooked by students of the war's effects in the realm of international relations. Perhaps it is a puzzle to many how this feeling between the Allied peoples and the American soldiers should have arisen.
>
> A private in the ranks has a much finer opportunity to study the mind of the soldier than has any officer, any "worker," or any correspondent. He obtains an intimate knowledge of his companions; he hears them when they talk among themselves, when they speak their minds freely and openly. Having been a "buck" private in the rear rank for nearly two years and having mixed from Verdun to Bordeaux with men in all branches of the service, I dare to write these few lines.
>
> The average American soldier has come into close contact with but two classes of the French people, the poor, war-ridden peasants of the northern provinces and the pedlers of souvenirs. Upon the basis of these two acquaintanceships alone he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IF you buy a USL Battery from a USL Service Station or Dealer, if it came with your Allen, Briscoe, Buick, Brewster, Chevrolet, Overland, Oldsmobile, Willys-Knight or other car, you are assured of at least fifteen-months' dependable service. If it doesn't make good, you need not go to the factory for an adjustment, for the USL Service Station is authorized to make an adjustment and make good the factory-guarantee.

This is a standard universal service of great value to every motorist; doubly appreciated by car-owners making summer tours.

"USL"—the "Dry-Charged" Battery with the exclusive Machine-Pasted Plates is sold on a fifteen-months' guarantee adjustment-plan.

U. S. Light & Heat Corporation, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

FREE *Our 50-cent Battery Book that answers every battery question. It's a book you can't afford to be without if you own or drive an automobile. It's free if you mention the make and model of your car.*

USL
U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION
TRADE MARK

storage batteries

has, consciously or unconsciously, formulated his opinion of the French people.

To these poor French every American soldier seemed a veritable millionaire. They soon discovered, too, that these "millionaires" were easy spenders. On the heels of their discovery little cafés and shops sprang up like mushrooms. Many an old French *madame* turned her dining-room into a miniature café, hung out a sign in outrageous English, spread a few tables in the street, and became rich. The wise old *madame* was just shrewd enough to double and triple her prices when dealing with the Americans.

When the Yankee boys learned how they were being overcharged on every side, some of them tried to "get even" by in turn defrauding the old *madames*. This gradually gave rise to a spirit of mutual distrust and animosity. It gave rise also to the American nickname "gypnes" for the French. The difference in language only aggravated these difficulties. If the *madame* remonstrated, it was, "*Oh! pas compri, madame!*" Again, if the soldier remonstrated, it was the *madame* who "*pas compried.*" These two words, "*pas compri,*" covered a multitude of sins. If a French conductor tried to collect a fare from an American, the soldier just shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed "*pas compri, pas compri,*" until the conductor gave up. In turn, if an American tried to obtain his full change the conductor just "*pas compried.*" And neither one could do anything but get angry, and that is precisely what they both did.

During the first year of his stay in France, the dough-boy saw only the poorest part of France, the mud, and the gray dreariness of the northern provinces. His contact with the large cities had been limited to a big, dirty seaport. The opportunity to see the better part of France has come too late. His impressions have been formed. He will return home ignorant of the high refinement and gracious culture of the better French. No, the American soldier has little love in his heart for the Frenchman, or, as he terms them, "the Frogs."

As to the English: Before coming over the average American's conception of an Englishman consisted of a queer individual who was a cross between the insolent Englishman of his school history and the sophisticated, monocled Englishman of the stage. A large part of the American boys came over in British ships, manned by British crews; good sailors, no doubt, but not particularly polite or accommodating to the "bloody Yanks." To be frank, our boys didn't like these sailors, and the fact that they served them salt with their oatmeal instead of sugar and served them fish with no salt at all only added insult to injury.

The ocean voyage over, the Yank met the Tommy. To understand the relations between the Yank and the Tommy we must remember that the Englishman looked upon America's entry into the war as an eleventh-hour confession. He never understood, and probably never will, why America stayed out of the war so long. He felt that for three years he had been fighting America's battle as well as his own. On the other hand, the American looked upon himself as one coming to England's rescue. It is a common thing to hear an American exclaim: "Why, if we had not come over to save her, England would have been knocked to hell!"

Is it surprizing that Tommy, who had stood knee-deep in Flanders mud for four long years should feel a little aggrieved toward the Yanks, who, coming over at the eleventh hour, had turned the scales of victory, and claimed the honor of the victory? At the same time is it surprizing that the Yank, considering himself the savior of England, should feel a little aggrieved when the Englishman failed to show any marked appreciation for what he had done. And all too often, too, the American mistook the Englishman's natural reticence for haughty indifference.

At Beaune, France, is located a university where many of the American dough-boys have been studying while waiting for their discharge. One of these soldier-students, Corp. R. L. Andrews, writes to his sister of his experiences there as follows:

They keep us pretty busy with our studies along with numerous drill and fatigue details. I am beginning to derive a great benefit from it all and become more and more pleased every day, as they begin to improve their system of management.

At first it was rather bad (mean weather, all work and no studies, and miserable chow). These conditions have all changed for the better, so I'm satisfied.

General Pershing gave us the once over the other day, kept us out in the cold about two hours, while he looked for undubbed shoes and bristles on the chin. Then he gave us a ten-minute powwow and left the field to "dampness and to us."

I am taking "Business Organization," "Law of Contracts," and "Foreign Trade." In the first two courses, I have live wires as teachers, but in the latter course there is a lack of ability to hold the interest. The text-books only touch the high spots, and the teacher seldom gets any lower than a mountain.

If hard luck keeps me here in France another three months, I am going to take Spanish and French, along with selling and salesmanship. I ought to have a pretty good working knowledge to get into the commercial game somehow with all this.

We have had a movie taken of us marching to college. Each little pupil had a book under his left arm and marched at the "position of a scholar." Quite cute and fetching. You might see it somewhere in America. It is great stuff to show how contented-looking the boys all are, and what wonderful steps the Government is taking in their welfare. They really are doing wonders. But you know how military discipline must pall on men who really know what freedom is, as we Americans do.

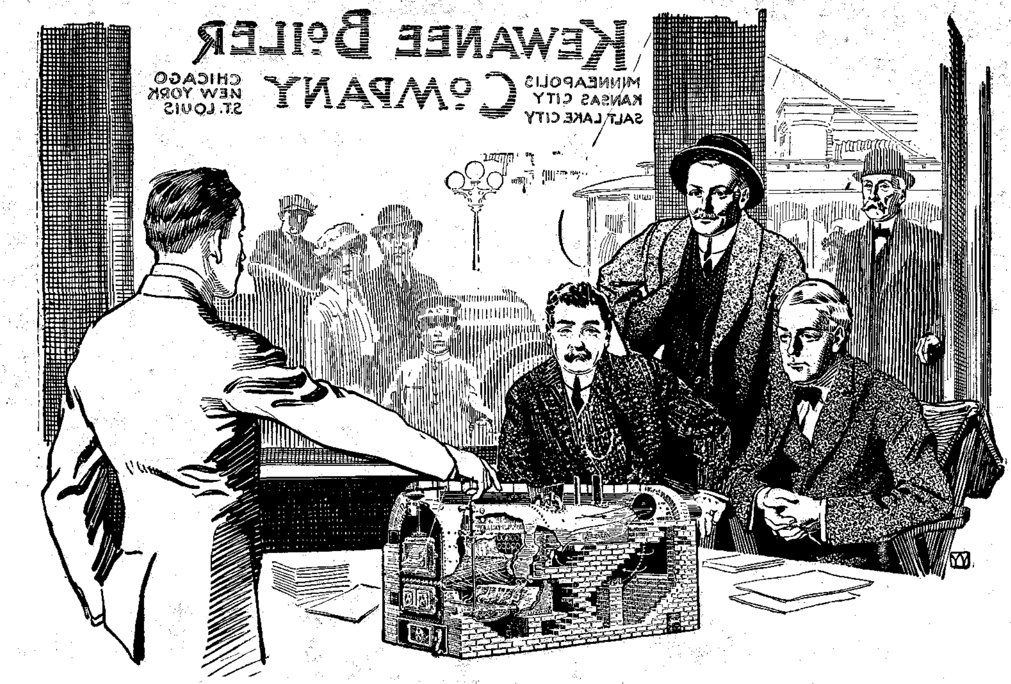
Beaune is a beautiful ancient town, with some buildings dating back to 1500. I saw a painting by Weyden that J. P. Morgan could not procure for 1,000,000 francs. It shows the souls entering into Paradise for judgment. Then it shows them in judgment before the Apostles. Then it takes those found wanting to the gates of hell, and then it shows them falling down the pit. The expressions of hope, fear, and then horror are simply wonderful, but the minuteness of detail is more to cause admiration. Tho the figures are not more than ten inches high, yet on the camel's-hair robe that one of them wears the hair stands out as naturally as the real thing. When looking at it through a magnifier the hair on the legs and arms is visible through the glass, tho not to the naked eye. You can even see the veins in the eyes of the horror-stricken figures. In fact, you can almost feel the heat from that pit yourself when looking at it.

My division seems to be booked to relieve some of the N. A. Division on the Rhine, so it will be ages yet before I get home. I see where they intend sending over volunteers to replace us, but the artillery quota is only 15,000 and there must be 40,000 of us, so you see the amount is inadequate.

It is not all mud and drudgery and monotony for the American soldiers still awaiting transportation home from France. We hear much of the hardships, but there are also pleasures and privileges of a kind quite beyond the reach of thousands of us "over here," and well deserved by the brave men who faced the German fire to make the world a safe place to live in. Here is a letter written to one of the editors by his brother, a boy in the Signal Corps, who has been "doing" the Riviera and is in a most cheerful mood:

I have just returned from Nice, where the sun does shine. Last July I played tennis with you. A week ago Sunday I played in Nice. Of course, I was away off my game. . . . My pass to Nice made me very well satisfied with the way my passes have worked out. Monaco was a country whose situation I had very uncertain ideas of. I arrived in Nice the afternoon of the 24th. That night I signed up for a motor-boat trip to Monte Carlo for the next day. It is about an hour's ride. The shoreline is most irregular, very few beaches, rocks coming to the water's-edge, and long, winding roads, châteaux, and light-houses, all of stately picturesqueness. Around a rectangular rocky point—on it the town of Monaco—into the harbor, on the right the town of Monte Carlo, also set on the rocks covered with foliage; up the hills into Monte Carlo, into the center of the town, and across one of the main streets a big old casino that is now a "Y." That is in France. The line marking the boundary between Monaco and France runs irregularly lengthwise through the street inlaid in white stone in the pavement. From La Turbina, the Roman ruins of about 17 A.D., the scene below seems fairylike and unreal. The advertisements and pictures of that section can not do it justice. A harbor beyond Nice is where the United States fleet anchored in their trip around the world. While I was there the destroyer *Gregory* anchored in the harbor. It was the only boat in the outer harbor. A long narrow streak of battle-ship gray, it looked like a painting on the still water. The night I saw it it was nearing twilight and the sea was smooth. I walked along the coast from that harbor town a few miles to Nice; every few minutes the scenery changed completely.

Perhaps you have seen pictures of the "Y" at Nice. It was a disappointment to me. Built entirely out over water, the most conspicuous part of it is the foundation structure, iron beams and sills running in every direction. The building is gaudy, of course, but at night it is a rare scene. The "Y" at Aix-les-Bains appealed more to me than any of the "Y" casino buildings. My time in the "Y" at Nice was most pleasantly spent. The second night there I fell into discussion with one of the "Y" girls on books. We discust Joseph Conrad, Noyes, and "The Way of All Flesh." It is so rarely that I come across one who has read the last-named that it was all very interesting. We tried to think of one of Butler's other books, but our minds had been on too long a vacation. She is a Smith



This Boiler Saves 50 Per Cent on Your Fuel Cost

THE use of ***soft coal*** in the Kewanee Smokeless Firebox Boiler is the absolute solution of the ***hard-coal monopoly.*** It will save millions of dollars that are being expended needlessly.

That hard-coal ***must*** be used, exists only in your imagination. You have never allowed yourselves to be shown the other side of the question, and you have thought there was no possible relief.

It may be that you have to use hard-coal ***in the boiler you have now,*** but can't you see that that is your own fault? You have thought the whole question depended on the coal whereas the solution of the coal question ***lies wholly in the boiler.***

The Kewanee Smokeless Firebox Boiler will burn any kind of fuel smokelessly — it will burn soft coal without smoke or soot —and it will produce as many heat units at about one-half the cost of hard-coal. So if you will install the Kewanee Smokeless Boiler, ***your coal troubles are at an end.***

This is the one all-steel boiler in the world that will burn any kind of fuel. It will burn hard-coal if you want to waste your money that way. Or it will burn soft coal if you want to ***save*** your money that way. Soft coal in the Kewanee Smokeless Boiler means a saving of 50 per cent.

These are surprising statements. If true, they mean American industry has been wasting millions of dollars through a misapprehension of the facts. Why don't you investigate and find out ***all*** the details?

Write today for a representative and find out how you can save half the cost of your fuel. This is something that is worth anybody's time.

These Boilers Are Not Adapted to Residence Heating

KEWANEE

KEWANEE BOILER COMPANY

KEWANEE, ILLINOIS

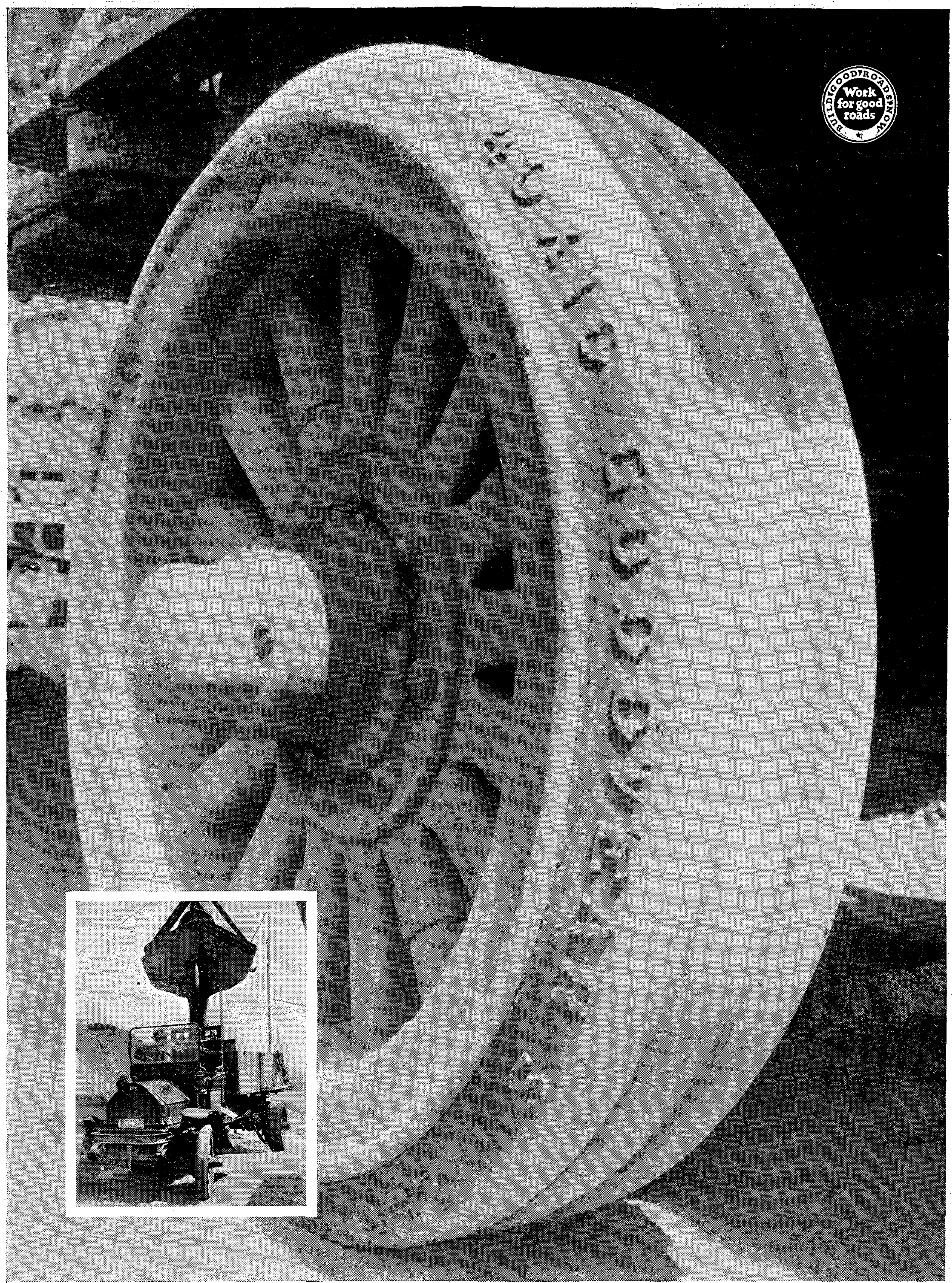
Steel Heating Boilers, Radiators, Tanks,
Water Heating Garbage Burners

ALSO
KEWANEE
RADIATORS

BRANCH OFFICES:

CHICAGO—Market and Washington Sts.
NEW YORK—47 W. 42nd St.
DES MOINES, 315 Hubbell Bldg.
KANSAS CITY—2014 Wyandotte St.
ST. LOUIS—1212 Chemical Bldg.
MINNEAPOLIS—708 Builders Exchange.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—534 Southern Bldg.
SALT LAKE CITY—Scott Bldg.
MILWAUKEE—Majestic Bldg.
PITTSBURGH—945 Oliver Bldg.
DALLAS—Southwestern Life Bldg.
DETROIT—1925 Ford Bldg.
LOS ANGELES—Baker-Detwiler Bldg.

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES—The Dominion Radiator Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Ont., Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont., St. John, N. B., Calgary, Alta., Vancouver, B. C.


Work for good roads
BUILD GOOD ROADS NOW
GOODYEAR

Un-retouched photograph of one of the wide single Goodyear Solid Tires which have increased rear wheel tire mileage for Mr. John Cassaretto, 345 Berry Street, San Francisco, California

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

They Come Up Smiling!

"HAULING crushed rock, sand and gravel is hard on truck tires—and it is especially so along the San Francisco waterfront. However, our Goodyear Solid Tires already have given us more mileage than any others which we have used and still look good for a year to come. The severity of this trucking seems to make the superiority of the Goodyears all the more conspicuous."—Mr. John Cassaretto, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Crushed Rock, Cement and Fresh Water Sand, San Francisco, Calif.

WHEN a motor truck runs 50 miles a day between supply bunkers on San Francisco wharves and construction work in the city, its tires encounter conditions that test all their staying powers.

So the dealer in gravel, cement and sand, whose name is signed to the statement above, naturally feels that his experience with Goodyear Solid Tires has been decidedly convincing.

Until a short time ago he regarded the service limit of solid tires, carrying heavy burdens over his routes, to be about 7,500 miles.

He had tried out different makes and compared them in the same arduous duty.

He had watched for tires that would overcome the various handicaps sufficiently to break through that 7,500-mile dead-line.

Now he has found them—in a pair of Goodyear Solid Tires of the wide single type built for rear wheel service on trucks making short hauls or running on irregular going.

For eight months these big dependables have been rolling over the biting rock and gravel strewn on the docks and over the cobblestones of city streets while making up to 20 trips per day with 5-ton loads.

Yet they are still burly-looking, still smooth and thick with live rubber, still like new tires.

The un-retouched photograph on the page opposite even shows that the raised letters, on the side of one of these redoubtable Goodyears, remain largely unscarred.

This photograph, then, offers visible evidence of the tremendous toughness of the tread rubber compound developed by Goodyear after years of ceaseless development.

It offers visible evidence of the well-known ability of Goodyear Solid Tires to resist cutting, chipping and shredding as well as separation from the base.

Grinding along on their unfavorable daily rounds, these particular Goodyear Solid Tires have traveled 10,830 miles and, as is plainly indicated here, they appear well able to travel that much more.

In contrast to their record is that of other tires on the front wheels of the same truck which, though applied three months later, are practically worn out.

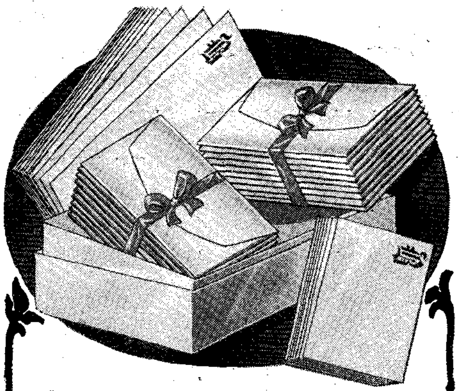
The user also refers to valuable attention received from a local Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station which began its good work by advising this type of solid equipment to satisfy fully his requirements.

Throughout the country are hundreds of such Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations which in each case recommend the type of Goodyear Truck Tire best fitted for the trucking conditions.

This is typical of the way in which Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations are assisting truck owners located in all directions to reduce hauling costs.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES



Send Only $1.00

This special offer made to introduce our beautiful Willow Linen Stationery with engraved initial or two-letter monogram in any color ink—blue, green, gold, silver, lavender, black. Send only $1.00 and we will send you 24 sheets—your choice of white, blue, pink, buff, green, gray, and 24 envelopes to match. (Multiples of 24 at same rate.) Pick style of lettering for initial or monogram from this advertisement.

Beautiful Initial Stationery

One of the first essentials for every woman. Gives dignity and refinement to social correspondence. And Willow Linen has the elegant quality which adds the final touch of daintiness. It is the last word in aristocratic stationery. Just enclose dollar bill with coupon or a letter and we will send the 24 sheets and envelopes which you select.

Style 35

FREE Jewelry Book

Send post card for this wonderful jewelry book. Thousands of beautiful articles in jewelry, watches, silverware and leather goods, toilet sets, handbags, fine cutlery, etc., priced to give you a considerable saving, from the world's largest mail order jewelry manufacturers. Order stationery at the reduced price NOW. Catalog accompanies stationery FREE.

Style 31

Baird-North Co.
Dept. 500, Providence, R. I.

Send me..........sheets and envelopes Willow Linen engraved.

Initial or Monogram ....Style No........

Style 34

Color of Initial........................

Color paper..........I enclose $......

Name...............................

Address...............................

....

Style 32

LABELS

The stay-stuck kind. All shapes, all sizes. Made special to your order. Million lots a specialty. No order too large—none too small. Largest exclusive gummed label manufacturers in the world.

FENTON LABEL CO.
506-512 Race Street, Phila., Pa.

ROUGH ON RATS

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

A United States Department of Agriculture bulletin says: "The best bait usually is food of a kind that the rats and mice do not get in the vicinity. The bait should be kept fresh and attractive and the kind changed when necessary." "Rough On Rats" mixes with any food. It rids premises of pests—quickly, thoroughly, cheaply. Get it at drug and general stores. "Ending Rats and Mice", our booklet, sent free; WRITE.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist Jersey City, N. J.

College girl from Seattle, Washington, and everywhere else.

The Army is a stupid life. When I went to Nice I was hungry for somebody to talk with. One gets that way and does not know what is the matter. Booze is a poor relief, and I do not put out for that anyway. I was corporal on guard last night and I am fast becoming a Dry. Yesterday was pay-day.

The promenade at Nice presents a varied scene, with uniforms of all colors, description, and combination. Were your Wesleyan colors red and black? The Algerians with their black faces and high red caps form quite a color scheme through the green parks. Are all the Russians big? They walk along the streets with high gray cap, dark-gray overcoats with wide unfinished leather belt of tan color, and black boots. Of course, most important of all, are the *demoiselles* with their knee-high dresses, high shoes, and either low neck or high fur protection covering most of their faces. And when it comes to fixing up their eyes—well, the eyes have it *beaucoup*.

For the last few days it has not rained here and the sun now shines even in Châtillon.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, a well-known New York woman, in an interview on the eve of her sixtieth trip to Europe recently, exprest disapproval of the sending of so many young women welfare-workers to France. "I think anybody who has any control over a young woman is doing very wrong to let her go to France and entertain soldiers, dance with them, and so on," Miss Marbury is quoted as saying. "The nurses were needed, but canteen workers and entertainers were not necessary. Hundreds of them went to get new sensations, but in my opinion it is most unsafe. Of course, soldiers like to have pretty girls dance with them and give them ice-cream. Human nature is the same on the Marne as on Broadway. I was sorry to see so many girls over there smoking. I would rather see them chew gum." Press dispatches of Miss Marbury's interview have appeared in the papers in France, where some of the dough-boys have read them and have been much "riled" as a consequence. In the following letter, Private Harvey C. Mappin, of the Army of Occupation, takes occasion to give vent to his sentiments on the subject, suggesting that he thinks Miss Marbury's opinions are based "more on hide-bound Puritanic ideas than on facts." Says Private Mappin:

We wonder just how much Miss Elizabeth Marbury knows of the life of a soldier in the A. E. F., not only during that time that the A. E. F. was quite busy strafing the Hun, but in the period that followed as well—the period of joyously going home for some of us; of standing by waiting to go for some more of us; and of marking time, being kept busy doing nothing and getting nowhere, hoping we might go, yet having nothing to lose, that happens for the rest of us. This last *us* is the *us* that we are mostly concerned about; while we are here on that famous river the Germans rave about so much in poetry and song, during the time which is neither war nor peace, the time which the Heinies spoke of as "*Waffenstillstand*," but which the ordinary buck private with more directness and simplicity calls "H——."

We have read with interest your discussions in the columns of "Personal Glimpses" on the many things pertaining to the soldiers, from "the proposed project to supply us with brightly colored tops and other nursery toys" to the more serious questions. And while Miss Marbury's opinion either one way or the other on the Y. M. C. A. entertainment question is probably not of enough weight to have any effect whatsoever so far as the present A. E. F. is concerned, still in all fairness to the "Y" women now serving here, not to mention the army forces, we believe it raises a question of opinion and should like to see an open and non-partizan discussion in THE LITERARY DIGEST.

We wish Miss Marbury could live the life of the American dough-boy on the Rhine for some four or six months, a life almost as thoroughly isolated from feminine influence and companionship as is life in the trenches, for we defy any one to show us any feminine traits in the buxom (that word expresses it perfectly, I think) Heinie *Fräuleins*. Imagine the delightful impression of the feminine as conveyed by the morning greeting one receives from the overplump, strong-armed daughter of the house where he happens to be billeted, when he awakes from dreams of the not-yet-forgotten homeland and comes downstairs to tackle a new day of drill or police duty. It sounds something like this to the untrained ear: "*Guten morgen, mine Hair, haben zee goot geshdafen?*" Every time I hear this language it reminds me of the "*Gott mit uns*" they were so fond of displaying on their soldiers' belt-buckles, helmets, and on their own money, literature, etc. And then after four or five or six months of this (a week would be enough to convince you), try to imagine the grand and glorious feeling of getting a liberty to a leave center where there are real American girls to talk to, or, if one is lucky, to dance with; or better still to have one or two assigned to your own battalion canteen, where one sees and talks to them every day, and thereby is kept constantly reminded of the fact that there really is a United States where honest-to-goodness people live and have their being, in spite of all our impressions to the contrary. I leave you to judge as to whether the presence of these girls was not necessary, as Miss Marbury contends.

Answering another of her objections, I have yet to see my first "Y" woman smoke a cigaret, and tho I have questioned quite a few other fellows in the battalion I have not found one who has.

And tho I've listened to many a weird story told in the dusk of a front-row billet and have heard my buddies tell of their experiences, from the time the Second Division landed in France, early in 1917, I have never heard one of them speak disrespectfully of an American girl doing her bit over here, nor do I know of a single soldier who would not defend the character of the women, giving up all the comforts and pleasures of home to give us a few of those same comforts here, with the same fine chivalry that he would "stick up" for his sister.

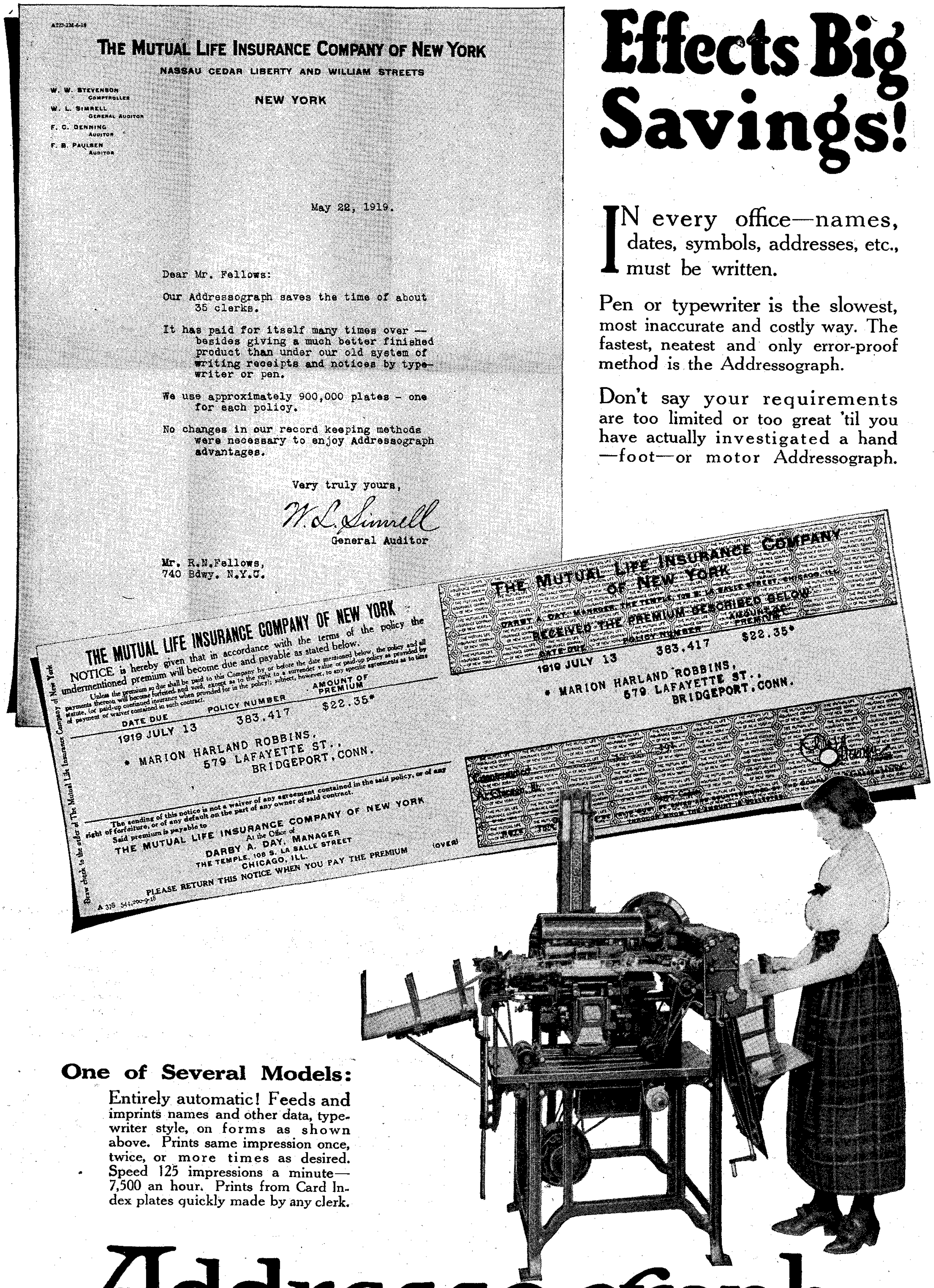
We resent Miss Marbury's publicly exprest sentiments, which we feel to be based more on hide-bound Puritanic ideas than on fact. The young woman worker is as necessary in the canteen as the Red-Cross nurse is in the hospital, and we are first, last, and always for both of them.

Effects Big Savings!

IN every office—names, dates, symbols, addresses, etc., must be written.

Pen or typewriter is the slowest, most inaccurate and costly way. The fastest, neatest and only error-proof method is the Addressograph.

Don't say your requirements are too limited or too great 'til you have actually investigated a hand—foot—or motor Addressograph.



A723-3M-6-18

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
NASSAU CEDAR LIBERTY AND WILLIAM STREETS
NEW YORK

W. W. STEVENSON
COMPTROLLER
W. L. SIMRELL
GENERAL AUDITOR
F. C. DENNING
AUDITOR
F. B. PAULSEN
AUDITOR

May 22, 1919.

Dear Mr. Fellows:

Our Addressograph saves the time of about 35 clerks.

It has paid for itself many times over — besides giving a much better finished product than under our old system of writing receipts and notices by typewriter or pen.

We use approximately 900,000 plates - one for each policy.

No changes in our record keeping methods were necessary to enjoy Addressograph advantages.

Very truly yours,
W. L. Simrell
General Auditor

Mr. R.N.Fellows,
740 Bdwy. N.Y.C.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with the terms of the policy the undermentioned premium will become due and payable as stated below.

Unless the premium so due shall be paid to this Company by or before the date mentioned below, the policy and all payments thereon will become forfeited and void, except as to the right to a surrender value or paid-up policy as provided by statute, (or paid-up continued insurance when provided for in the policy); subject, however, to any specific agreements as to time of payment or waiver contained in such contract.

DATE DUE	POLICY NUMBER	AMOUNT OF PREMIUM
1919 JULY 13	383,417	$22.35*

* MARION HARLAND ROBBINS,
579 LAFAYETTE ST.,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The sending of this notice is not a waiver of any agreement contained in the said policy, or of any right of forfeiture, or of any default on the part of any owner of said contract.

Said premium is payable to
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
At the Office of
DARBY A. DAY, MANAGER
THE TEMPLE, 108 S. LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO, ILL.

(OVER)

PLEASE RETURN THIS NOTICE WHEN YOU PAY THE PREMIUM

Draw check to the order of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

A 378 544,200-9-18

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
DARBY A. DAY, MANAGER, THE TEMPLE, 108 S. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
RECEIVED THE PREMIUM DESCRIBED BELOW

DATE DUE	POLICY NUMBER	AMOUNT OF PREMIUM
1919 JULY 13	383,417	$22.35*

* MARION HARLAND ROBBINS,
579 LAFAYETTE ST.,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

One of Several Models:

Entirely automatic! Feeds and imprints names and other data, typewriter style, on forms as shown above. Prints same impression once, twice, or more times as desired. Speed 125 impressions a minute—7,500 an hour. Prints from Card Index plates quickly made by any clerk.

Addressograph

TRADE MARK

PRINTS FROM TYPE

Chicago **New York**

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1919 by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

RIP a couple of planks off your smokeplatform when you feel like you must fiddle the Lost Chord down behind t-h-e o-l-d c-o-w s-h-e-d! For, its smoke-sunshine *you* need—the glad and joy'us kind Prince Albert bales-out-by-the-bucket!

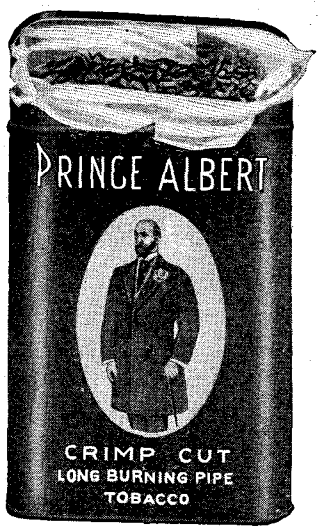
Every tidy red tin of P. A. you ever dropped an eye on is just fairly bursting with tobacco happiness—and eager to hand out such generous flavor-fragrance-coolness you'll get wise you've been swimming with your boots on!

And, the more P.A. you fire-up, and the faster you go at it, the more testimonials you'll want to put in writing! For, Prince Albert is made by our exclusive patented process that frees it from bite and parch! Just isn't any smoke limit when you pal-it with P. A.!

Gee, man, you'll want to be the early bird—the party who bangs-the-buzzer for the sun to rise—when you and Prince Albert pace-the-pipe-pike together! You'll hanker to get that old pet jimmy of yours stoked-up before the robins roll out of their hammocks!

Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



WE SHALL ALL BE RIDING IN AIRPLANES PRETTY SOON NOW

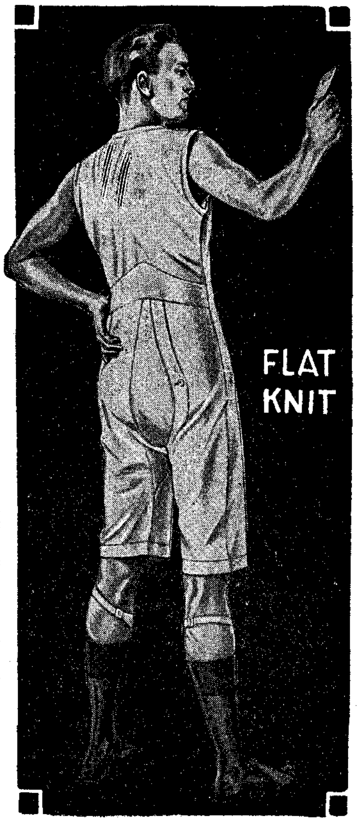
IT'S hard to astonish American boys these days. "Look, son, there's an airplane!" said a naval officer, home on leave, to his seven-year-old a few days ago as the youngster was harnessing his dog to a cart. "Oh, yes," replied the son, without looking up, "that's only the mail-plane." "Shades of the old-time circus and county fair!" exclaims a writer in the Minneapolis *Tribune,* who tells the story, as he sees the old-fashioned balloon-ascension paling into insignificance. Everybody's doing it now, and almost every day there is a report of a new use to which somebody is putting the airplane. Thus we hear of the air-cop, or modern fly-cop, who keeps a watchful eye on sundry miscreants in out-of-the-way places as only angels were formerly supposed to do. Then there is the air-cowboy whose scope of activities is much enlarged by his being perched on the seat of an airplane instead of on the back of a horse. The forest rangers out West are said to be using airplanes to enable them to detect fires more readily. Then there are all kinds of scientists who are planning great things in the way of discovery by means of the flying-machine—explorers in the polar regions or in the tropics, persons who are anxious to learn about the air and weather conditions, others who are curious about the laws of gravitation, and still others with pet forms of inquiry in relation to which they yearn to be more specifically informed. Many of these things, of course, have not as yet materialized, but exist merely as plans in human brains. It is said, however, that the Curtiss Company has sold more than thirty-five machines to individuals since the first of the year, many of which are to be used for novel purposes. Among these, according to a writer in the New York *Tribune,* are the following:

> Dr. Frank Brewster, of Beaver City, Neb., purchased a *J. N. 4D2* biplane to use in making calls on his practitioners.
>
> B. L. Brookins, of Oklahoma, has purchased two of the new *Orioles,* one small scout machine, and two *J. N. 4D2* machines for distribution among oil men in that State to make trips around their holdings.
>
> H. S. Spiesberger, of Chicago, a clothing manufacturer, purchased two *J. N. 4D2* planes for delivery purposes. Sidney Chaplin, of Los Angeles, has bought two *MF* flying-boats and two *Orioles* for passenger-carrying purposes between Los Angeles and the Catalina Islands.
>
> Maj. J. E. Stevenot, of Manila, P. I., has made a similar purchase for transportation purposes between the Philippine Islands.
>
> The development of the *Oriole* type as a commercial vehicle arose from the requests of I. B. Humphreys, of Denver, Col., who asked for two especially built aeroplanes for high altitude work. A man was sent to Denver and, as a result of his observations, W. L. Gilmore, one of the Curtiss engineers, designed the *Oriole,* which won a prize of $650 on its first flight.
>
> The Glenn L. Martin Company is completing four modified twin-engined aeroplanes of the *Martin Bomber* type for passenger-carrying service between San Diego and other California cities. This service will be inaugurated by a flight of all four machines across the continent from New York. Other machines will be added as the service grows.
>
> One order that has just been placed calls for machines to carry material to and from the mahogany and rubber plantations in Bolivia, where railroads are scarce. At present the mahogany logs are floated down the twisting course of the Amazon and other rivers, a lengthy and difficult operation. With airplanes it is expected to speed up this work by delivery of drest lumber in one-thousand-pound lots. The same plan will be adopted for rubber.

"Even the airplane salesman is on his way," says Arthur Halland in the Minneapolis *Tribune.* He continues:

> Oh, there isn't any doubt about it! The airplane is at our door, and the listening ear can almost hear the "Home, James."
>
> In fact, the aero-limousine is a fact, something this side of to-morrow. It isn't in general use just now, but one was exhibited not long ago by an airplane manufacturing company and the order-books have many entries.
>
> The mail-plane to-day is an old story. It is accepted along with the mail-train, the mail-wagon, and the mail-man. People living in the territory over which the mail-planes pass scarcely give them a passing notice.
>
> The aerobus is making regular trips to-day abroad, and similar busses are already built and doing trial trips here in America. During the entire time of the Peace Conference aerobuses were used to carry officials from London to Paris and the other way around. These busses carried from twelve to twenty passengers and were called "ferries."
>
> The airplane was successfully used as an ambulance during the war, and it will undoubtedly come into general use for the rapid transfer of patients from country and outlying districts to city hospitals in cases where operations are imperative and the sufferers must be taken to skilled surgeons with the loss of as little time as possible. Or it will be used by the doctors to get to the patients in cases where the removal of the patient to the hospital is out of the question. Not long ago two army surgeons flew to an island off the Atlantic coast to perform an operation in an emergency case.
>
> And speaking of doctors, we note that one of the Southern States has been looking into the question of using the airplane in the fight against the mosquito. In fact, the head of the State Board of Health has gone so far as to make inquiry of airplane experts as to the best type of machine for use in searching out mosquito-breeding swamps. That certainly will be fighting the mosquito in his own way—flying to him and biting him in his own home.
>
> But hunting the mosquito isn't the only kind of hunting that is or is to be done with an airplane. Men have already hunted ducks in them, flying after the flocks and shooting them down at close range with the well-known, common, forest and field variety of shotgun. And a story recently came over from Coblenz, Germany, of aviators in that section hunting deer in the Rhine forests with former war-scout machines. Deer are

LASTLONG
TRADE MARK
FEATHER-WEIGHT · FLAT-KNIT
Union Suits



THE man who has never worn Lastlong **Flat-Knit** Union Suits is invited to avoid much discomfort during the warm spell by wearing them.

They are knitted from yarn so fine that an athletic style, size 40, weighs but six ounces and yet they are durable.

This means cool comfort because this flat-knit fabric allows perspiration to evaporate—no damp, clammy feeling.

Those who know, prefer inexpensive Lastlong flat-knit suits instead of expensive imported underwear.

Made in ankle length, three-quarter and athletic styles for men and boys.

If your dealer hasn't them in stock, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

Booklet and sample of the fabric sent on request.

Lastlong Underwear Co.
349 Broadway, New York
Dept. 3

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"

"Here's real health." And truly spoken. There is rejuvenating, strength-giving energy in a glass of Welch's.

Just the pure juice of premium Concord grapes, with all the richness, flavor and healthfulness of the fresh fruit.

1919 Fiftieth Year of National Service Welch's

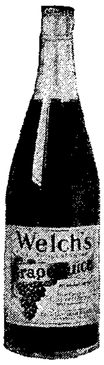
Serve Welch's cold, diluted with plain or charged water. Added to lemonade or punch, it gives body and character. Ask for Welch's at the fountain and at your club. Buy it in bottles from grocers and confectioners.

Welch Ways, a Book of 99 recipes free on request

Welch's Grapelade

A pure, smooth grape spread that has been delighting the soldiers in France. Now you can get it at home. In 15 ounce glass jars, 35c; in 8 ounce tumblers, 20c.

Ask the Fountain Man for a Grapelade Sundae



The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

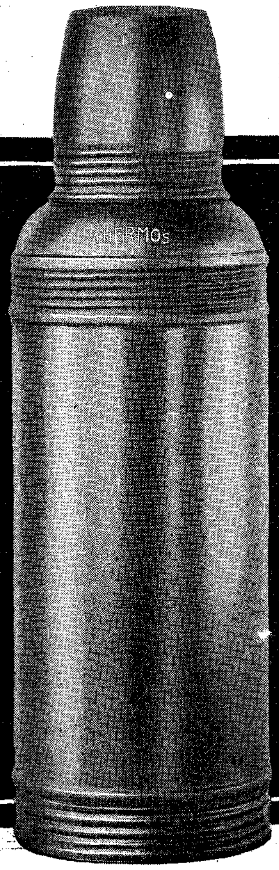
Awarded Grand Prize at all International Expositions.

CAUTION: *The trade name* THERMOS *is the exclusive property of this Company. Plainly stamped on every genuine* THERMOS *article, it is your guarantee against substitution.*

THERMOS

Turn to it every day for comfort and economy

HOT OR COLD



At home, at the office, in the factory, at work or play, traveling or tramping, afield or afloat, a boon to hunger, a blessing to thirst, the backbone of a picnic—

"THERMOS"

the mainstay of the race, ready at a second's notice, now or later, daytime or night-time, work time or good time, to spread before you the steaming riches of the oven or the frigid collations of the ice-box!

Keeps food or drink hot as it should be and cold as it can be.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
35-37 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
FACTORIES: Norwich, Conn. Toronto, Canada

always hard to get up to. They can scent a man farther than they can see, and are off before a hunter can get within gunshot, but, according to an American sergeant with the Army of Occupation in the Rhine country, "they don't pay any attention whatever to what is going on over their heads," and it is easy for the airmen to swoop down on a herd and bag two or three with machine guns before the animals can scurry to cover.

One of the most unique and exciting sports of the airmen, however, is that exemplified in the recent experience of a marine flier in the North Atlantic. This flier was covering a patrol in his hydroplane when he sighted a large whale floating on the surface of the sea, sunning himself and spouting away with all of the feeling of safety and contentment of a seal in a zoological park. It may have occurred to the airman that here was a chance to start something beside the whale—a new sport, a new industry maybe—and not being of the sort that is held back by the old English deterrent, "But they're not doing it, y'know," he glided low down and opened up with his machine gun on the loafing leviathan. He was a good marksman and his shots went true. To-day there is only water in the ocean where the whale used to be, for the new hunter not only killed the big fish, but attracted a trawler to the spot and the great carcass was towed to port and converted into oil and whalebone.

While it appears from these accounts that interest in aviation is wide-spread and constantly increasing, it quite naturally centers at just this time on flying across the ocean. One machine has accomplished the feat, and three others have flown more than a thousand miles over the tempestuous waves, proving that transatlantic flying is possible, and indicating that in all probability regular air-lines across the Atlantic will be established in the near future. With these things in mind, flying experts have been particularly interested in the recent ocean flights. To Jack Binns, representing the New York *Tribune*, Glenn H. Curtiss, inventor of the first flying-boat and the first aircraft to rise from a body of water, exprest the following views regarding what has been learned about transatlantic flying from the trips of these daring ocean fliers:

"The terrible weather conditions off the Azores, which almost marred the flight," he said, "have taught us more than we would have learned had all three flying-boats made the flight without incident. The performance of Commander John H. Towers's seaplane division has taught us many things of great importance in the development of aeronautics. The flight has been worth more than a thousand times its cost.

"From it we gain four outstanding facts:

"1. The flying-boat is the correct type for transatlantic service, owing to its ability to alight and continue its trip upon the surface of the ocean.

"2. The flying-boat has proved its ability to weather the worst conditions existing at sea.

"3. The ocean can be crossed in direct non-stop flight by larger aircraft of the flying-boat type within two days.

"4. The need for a marine screw in the hull to propel the boat while it is on the surface, as the air-screws use too much fuel for surface navigation.

"It is not only the performance of the *NC* seaplanes which prove the flying-boat to be the correct type for transoceanic flight, the unfortunate result of Hawker's gallant attempt emphasizes it completely.

"The remarkable experiences of Commander Towers and his crew aboard the flag-ship *NC-3* form one of the most heroic stories in the history of man's fight against nature. But over and above this they teach us valuable scientific lessons.

"They show the design of the *NC* hulls to be scientifically correct, and vindicate us in the foreshortened hull with which they are equipped. The fact that these ships primarily were designed for war-purposes solely makes their flight all the more remarkable.

"With light, strong, steel construction, built in compartments, the hulls will withstand any seas and make the transatlantic flight one of absolute safety despite fog. Should the ship be compelled to alight near a coast because of heavy fog she will be able to proceed on the surface under her own power at far greater speed than any other surface craft.

"This fact has been demonstrated by Commander Towers. In his case, however, there was one drawback—the fact that he had no marine propeller fitted in the hull of his ship.

"Had his boat been equipped with a small marine engine and marine propeller he would have been able to have completed his trip in less than twelve hours at the moderate speed of sixteen knots an hour, with less damage to his plane. The marine engine, too, would have been more economical in its use of gasoline, leaving sufficient for him to take the air again at the first available opportunity. 'Taxying' along the surface with the air-propellers would have used up the gasoline supply too quickly, and that is the reason he 'sailed' his boat into port at an average speed of four knots an hour.

"Naturally as soon as Commander Towers sends in his detailed reports the lessons taught by the trip will become more apparent. From the reports so far received, those that I have outlined stand out clear."

Mr. Curtiss is of the opinion that both airplanes and dirigibles will have a place in the air-service that will be established. He says:

"Both types have their relative spheres. There is no better way, perhaps, to explain them than by the comparison between canals and railroads. Canals are slow means of transportation compared to railroads, but they are very necessary in the economic life of a nation. They carry the huge, bulky and heavy freight it would be impossible for a railroad to carry.

"The same is true of the airplane and dirigible. The dirigible has the property of sustaining its load in the air all the time, even when landing. With a heavy load the airplane lands on the ground very hard, hence the need of good hard landing-grounds and heavy running-gears. That is, of course, so far as land airplanes are concerned; the situation with flying-boats is slightly different.

"On the other hand the dirigible sustains its load in landing, which, coupled with its slower speed, makes it an ideal carrier for heavy freight. There is another peculiar feature so far as dirigibles may be compared to land airplanes. The larger the airplane gets the wider field it needs

G&G
SWING
BAIL
CAN

Model A with Automatic Gear Shifting Brake Device & Silencer

Ever see Three or Four Men Struggling with Ash Cans?

The same job can be done by *one* man with the

G&G TELESCOPIC HOIST

Compare the one-man operation of this Model A Hoist with a gang of men banging cans and spilling ashes all over the sidewalk!

Five Hoist Models, manual or electrical, delivering to sidewalk or directly to truck. Easily put in without building alterations. Its installation means the economical, cleanly and quiet removal of ashes and rubbish, also minimum labor in handling tires, barrels, ice, and other materials within its scope.

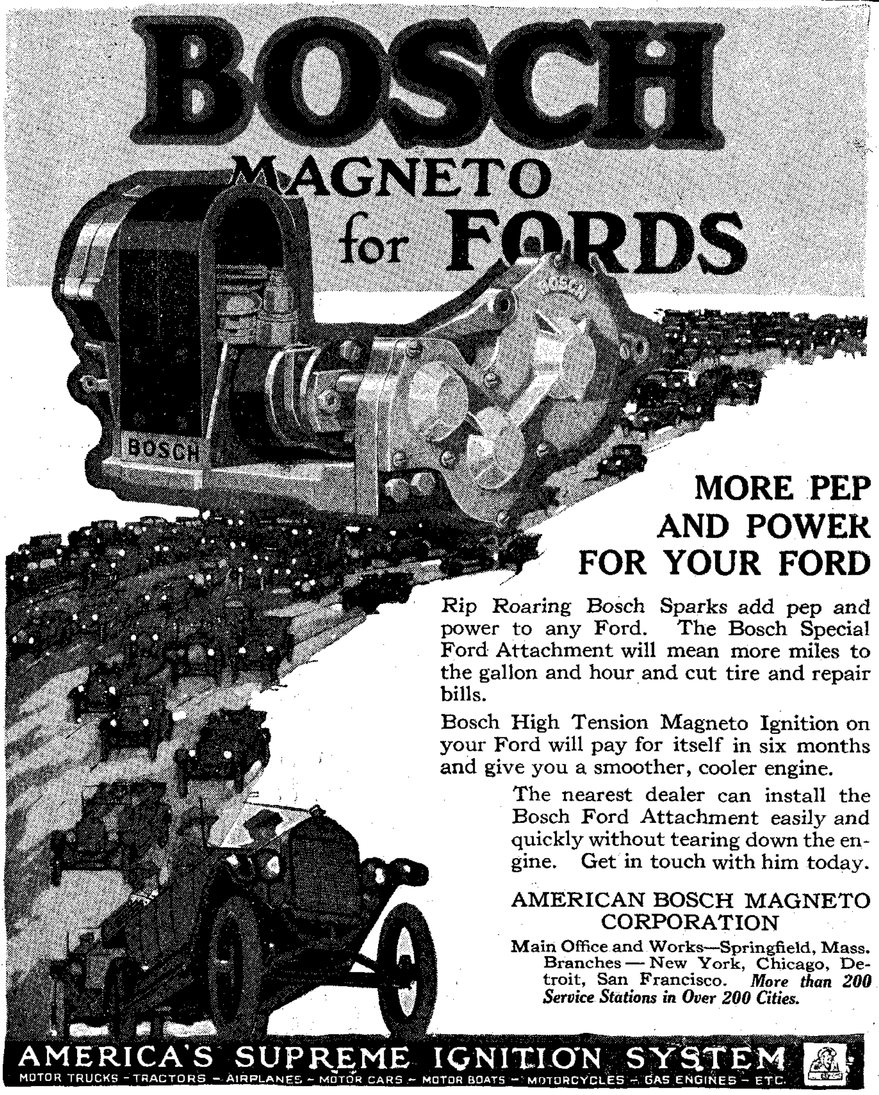
When not in use the entire apparatus *telescopes* below the sidewalk. The G & G Sidewalk Doors close over the hoistway *level with the grade*. These doors open, close and lock automatically.

Please tell us for what you desire to use a G & G Hoist. We will determine the most suitable model, and take pleasure in mailing pamphlets illustrating the wide use of G & G Hoists in buildings of all types.

GILLIS & GEOGHEGAN
Established 1866
530 West Broadway New York

Canada: Sherbrooke, Que.
Agencies in Principal Cities

the G&G Telescopic Hoist with Automatic Gear Shifting Brake Device and Silencer



MORE PEP AND POWER FOR YOUR FORD

Rip Roaring Bosch Sparks add pep and power to any Ford. The Bosch Special Ford Attachment will mean more miles to the gallon and hour and cut tire and repair bills.

Bosch High Tension Magneto Ignition on your Ford will pay for itself in six months and give you a smoother, cooler engine.

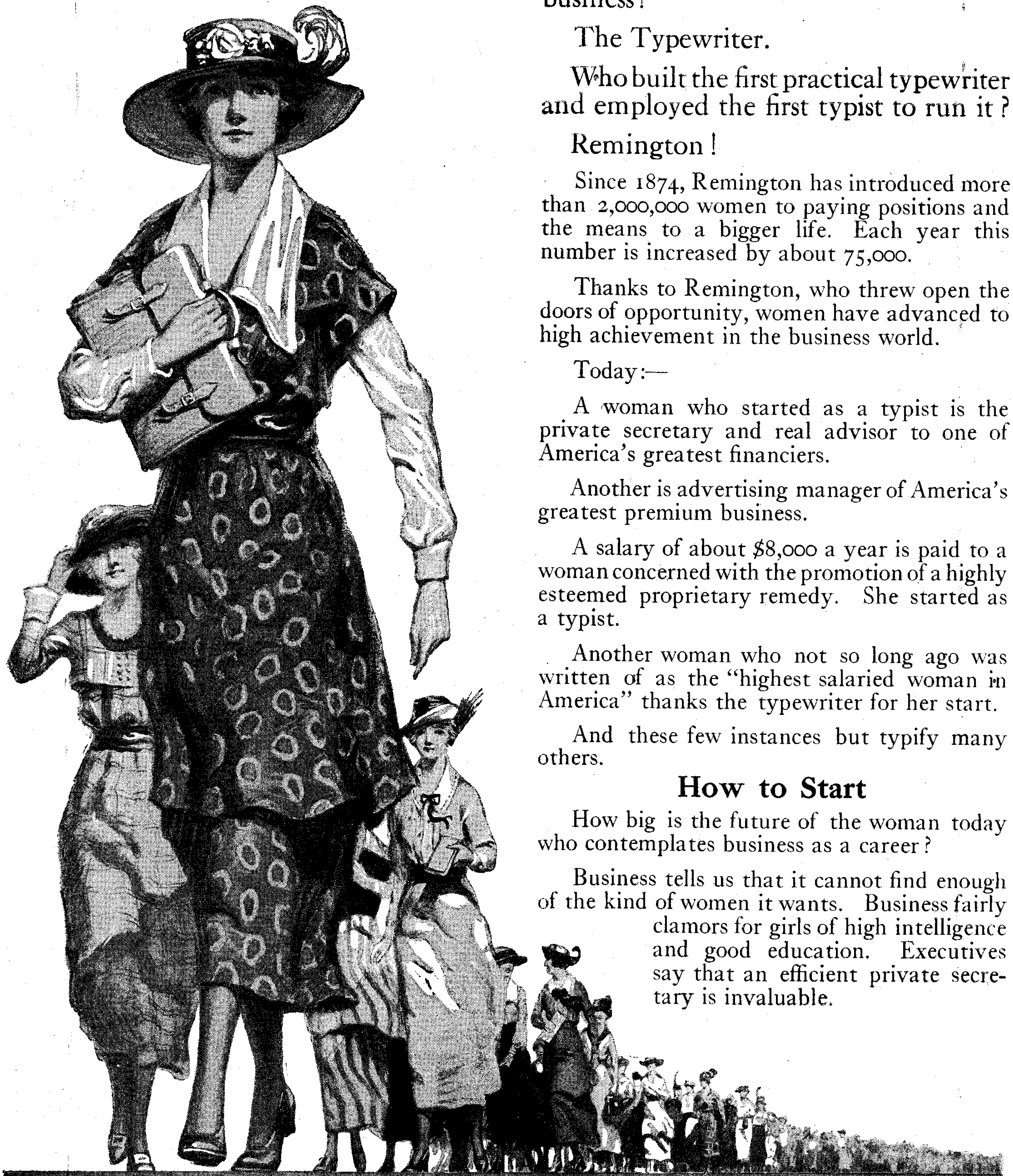
The nearest dealer can install the Bosch Ford Attachment easily and quickly without tearing down the engine. Get in touch with him today.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works—Springfield, Mass.
Branches — New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco. *More than 200 Service Stations in Over 200 Cities.*

AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM
MOTOR TRUCKS - TRACTORS - AIRPLANES - MOTOR CARS - MOTOR BOATS - MOTORCYCLES - GAS ENGINES - ETC.

The Woman in Business
—*how big is her Future?*



What first projected women into business?

The Typewriter.

Who built the first practical typewriter and employed the first typist to run it?

Remington!

Since 1874, Remington has introduced more than 2,000,000 women to paying positions and the means to a bigger life. Each year this number is increased by about 75,000.

Thanks to Remington, who threw open the doors of opportunity, women have advanced to high achievement in the business world.

Today:—

A woman who started as a typist is the private secretary and real advisor to one of America's greatest financiers.

Another is advertising manager of America's greatest premium business.

A salary of about $8,000 a year is paid to a woman concerned with the promotion of a highly esteemed proprietary remedy. She started as a typist.

Another woman who not so long ago was written of as the "highest salaried woman in America" thanks the typewriter for her start.

And these few instances but typify many others.

How to Start

How big is the future of the woman today who contemplates business as a career?

Business tells us that it cannot find enough of the kind of women it wants. Business fairly clamors for girls of high intelligence and good education. Executives say that an efficient private secretary is invaluable.

REMINGTON

And how can women hope to achieve in business the greatest immediate gain and the largest ultimate opportunity?

Experience answers "The Typewriter." It is the surest ladder to your business success.

To women who intend to enter business the Remington Typewriter Company will be glad to give the benefit of its helpful experience. In over 100 American cities you will find Remington employment offices.

Be sure to talk with the nearest office. That will assure you helpful advice on the qualifications for the work and your introduction to the best school in the neighborhood.

And it will guarantee that the Remington office will do what it has always done—help you when qualified to get the kind of position you want.

But just one word of warning—

The kind of woman Remington hopes to attract will realize that she cannot jump to the higher rungs of the ladder. She realizes that the larger success will come as the result of application and actual experience.

How Remington Service helps Business Men

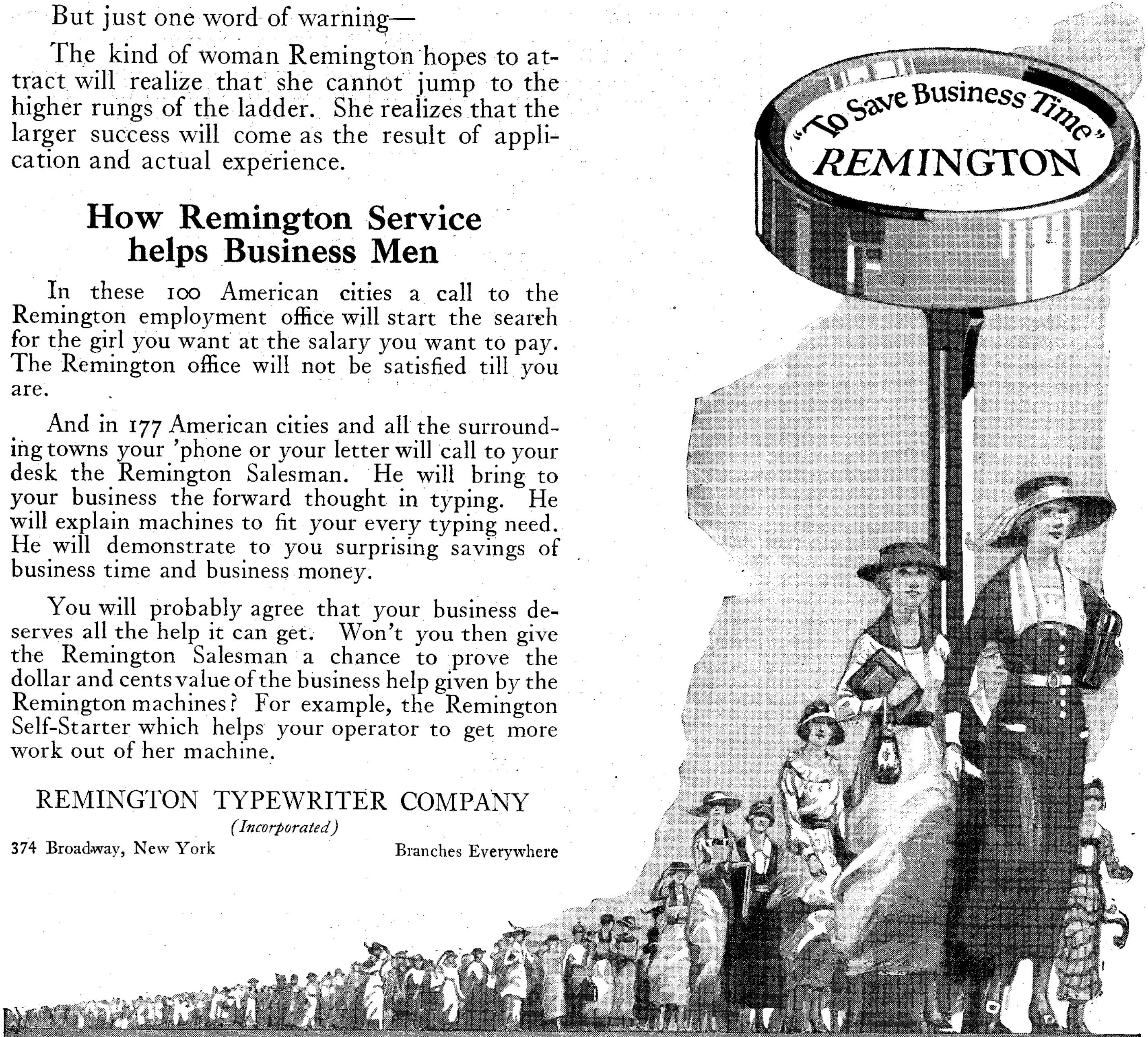
In these 100 American cities a call to the Remington employment office will start the search for the girl you want at the salary you want to pay. The Remington office will not be satisfied till you are.

And in 177 American cities and all the surrounding towns your 'phone or your letter will call to your desk the Remington Salesman. He will bring to your business the forward thought in typing. He will explain machines to fit your every typing need. He will demonstrate to you surprising savings of business time and business money.

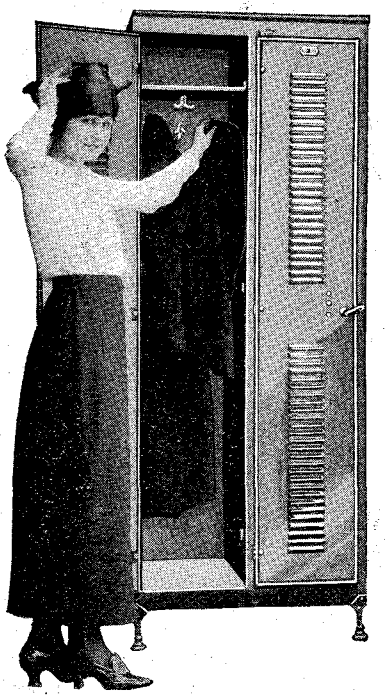
You will probably agree that your business deserves all the help it can get. Won't you then give the Remington Salesman a chance to prove the dollar and cents value of the business help given by the Remington machines? For example, the Remington Self-Starter which helps your operator to get more work out of her machine.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
(Incorporated)
374 Broadway, New York
Branches Everywhere

We have openings in our sales force for men returning from overseas who have been "over the top" and have the qualifications to make Remington salesmen.



TYPEWRITERS



Courtesy Pays

Your employes take pride in their personal belongings. They want to keep them safe and clean during working hours. To provide each worker with an individual steel locker is an act of courtesy that is appreciated—and that pays dividends in increased loyalty, fidelity and co-operation.

MEDART
STEEL LOCKERS

In design, construction and finish, MEDART Steel Lockers possess many points of superiority. Made of smooth sheet steel with welded joints and richly enameled. Lock in three places with one turn of the key. Fire- and theft-proof. Made in standardized units and easily installed.

Send for Booklet

It illustrates and describes various styles of MEDART Steel Lockers for offices, factories, stores, clubs, schools, etc.

Fred Medart Mfg. Co.
3507 De Kalb St. St. Louis, Mo.

Also Manufacturers of Playground Equipment and Gymnasium Supplies.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

ECONOMY
renewable FUSES

insure maximum safety and minimum cost in safeguarding electrical circuits against the fire and accident hazards of overloads and short circuits. An inexpensive "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency. The Economy is the pioneer renewable fuse. As compared with the use of one-time fuses, it cuts annual fuse maintenance costs approximately 80%.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Kinzie and Orleans Sts., CHICAGO, U.S.A.
Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the 100% Guaranteed Indicator.
Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal

for landing, while the larger a dirigible is made it is only in length that it increases in size.

"These factors will make the flying-boat an ideal means of rapid transportation across the ocean for passengers, mail, and valuable express freight, while the dirigible will be utilized for the heavier and slower freight."

Mr. Curtiss thinks transatlantic flying is so vast an undertaking that it should be engineered by the Government rather than individuals. He suggests that there is still much development work to be done which will involve heavy expense. Furthermore, he says the plans should not be hurried, in this connection calling attention to the fact that the first crossing of the Atlantic by a steamboat, which took place just a hundred years ago, preceded by more than fifty years the establishment of the first regular steamship line. Says Mr. Curtiss:

"We must not expect too much, nor be pushed too hard. It is rather interesting that this month is the centenary of the first crossing of the Atlantic by a steamship. That historic event offers us a great lesson, because it was more than fifty years after the *Savannah* steamed from Savannah, Ga., to Liverpool, that the first regular steamship service was inaugurated.

"Mechanical knowledge and development was not very advanced in those days; that is the reason I am convinced the air-service across the Atlantic will be inaugurated within the next few years. Like the steamship development it will be gradual, but I think more rapid."

"YOU CAN'T SOMETIMES ALWAYS TELL BY THE LOOKS OF A FROG HOW FAR SHE WILL LEAP"

A WRITER in the Sioux Falls (S. D.) *Press* gives an account of a "sissy" he knew who waded in and showed that, "sissified" tho he might be, as a soldier in the big war he was a regular bear-cat, mussing up all kinds of Huns, getting gassed, and pulling many other stunts entirely incompatible with "sissiness." So surprized is the *Press* man over all this that he heads his story, "Well, Don't That Beat the Dutch?" We are under the impression that this is only a sample of a large number of narratives of exactly the same kind that might be told of things that took place in the war. Nearly always the boys who are considered "mollycoddles" by their boyhood companions in later life figure prominently in exploits that make the blood run cold, while the embryo "roughnecks" develop into spineless creatures in mortal fear of getting a grease-spot on their garments because of the dire effect it may have on the uncertain temper of the women who in an unguarded moment married them. With all these things in mind, we submit the *Press* man's yarn as follows:

Once upon a time when we were doing newspaper guard duty in a little town we knew a fellow who had what you might call feminine peculiarities. He had "great big beautiful eyes," and a sort of girlish complexion, and pretty hair, and he didn't walk like a man, nor talk like a man.

He associated with men, but the rest of the inhabitants thought it was not by choice. He had the prettiest clothes! Regular dreams, with lots of embroidered stuff on them. And we all thought he was sorry he couldn't wear laces and other frilly things. He knew all about quality when it came to ladies' raiment. He knew what it meant to be cut on the bias—we guess he had his own clothes made that way. If he hadn't had a pretty good job we are sure he could have qualified as an expert salesman in a corset department—many of us were willing to bet that he wore one himself. When tatting broke out, he was interested, and it was the gossip of the village that he put in rainy evenings tatting.

He wasn't a bad sort of a guy. He wanted to make himself agreeable. He even endured the ordinary cigaret, tho the rest of us had a sneaking notion that he would have preferred the scented kind. In a pinch he would drink his—er pop out of a bottle. But it shocked the others to see him do it and made 'em uncomfortable, and they always managed to have some kind of a glass for him the second time 'round. He even went to baseball games—but he did not play, those lily-white hands would have been sunburned. We always thought that the violent crack of the bat against the ball distrest him terribly. Had he been compelled to attend a game every day and listen to that fearful noise, we know he would have become a nervous wreck from the shell-shock.

The other day we picked up a newspaper, as we sometimes do. From about the center of a page we saw a pair of "great, big beautiful eyes" taking us in. "Huh!" quoth we, and "Huh, whom is she going to marry—or divorce?" A closer look and a shavetail on the upper lip, "more closer" and we see a uniform, and then the name of this fellow we had known back in that little town where we had once been doing newspaper guard duty, and ahead of hi name was a handle designating him as a commissioned officer of the United States Army.

Above the picture there were words that called him a veteran of the world-war.

And then we read that he had gone into this thing early in 1917, that he had been at Château-Thierry and Argonne and in about every other fight along the Western Front in which American troops had participated. We read that he was a regular dashing devil, that he shot often and always with a purpose, that he made it miserable as everything for every Hun and every bunch of Huns who got within a hundred yards of him, that he was gassed and didn't remember whether he had eve been hit by a bullet or not, that he was going to rest a day or two, smoke a cigaret or two, and go back to work just where he left off the day he volunteered.

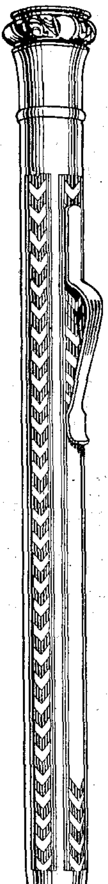
"Well, don't that beat the Dutch!" quoth we, as we read it all. It does and it did.

Every Excuse Works Once.—The hote manager hopped on a bellhop for whistlin in the lobby.

"Don't you know it's against the rule for an employee to whistle while on duty?" he demanded sternly.

"Ain't whistling, sir," protested the boy. "I'm paging Mrs. Blank's dog."—*Bosto Transcript.*

Eversharp Sold Everywhere Used Everywhere—and Why



"Sold by better dealers everywhere" is not a mere formal advertising phrase as applied to Eversharp, the wonderful pencil that is always sharp—never sharpened.

Such a statement means exactly what it says. For Eversharp has established a sales record absolutely unique in the entire realm of pencils. You find it on sale at the great city store and small country shop alike. Eversharp dealers are an enthusiastic and wide-awake lot.

And, wherever writers gather—on the train, at the club, in the office, 'board ship, or in the schoolroom, there you will see Eversharp pointedly making its way in the best of hands. You know this to be so, for you see Eversharp everywhere.

Eversharp carries eighteen inches of lead, enough for a quarter million words, and provides a clean point for every word. Every vestige is used as it should be used—*for actual writing*—no waste.

A quarter replenishes the lead supply—enough for another quarter million words—ten thousand words one cent. Filled in a jiffy. There's an out-of-sight eraser, and a built-in pocket clip, too.

Made with jeweler precision and beauty inside and out. In various lengths, for pocket, chain, or lady's bag. Prices, $1 and up. If your dealer should be out of Eversharp he will get one for you. Or, write for descriptive literature to aid in selection direct.

THE WAHL COMPANY, 1800 Roscoe St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

EASTERN OFFICE: Astor Trust Bldg., 501 5th Ave., New York

BERT M. MORRIS CO., 444 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Western Representatives for Eversharp Pencils and Tempoint Fountain Pens

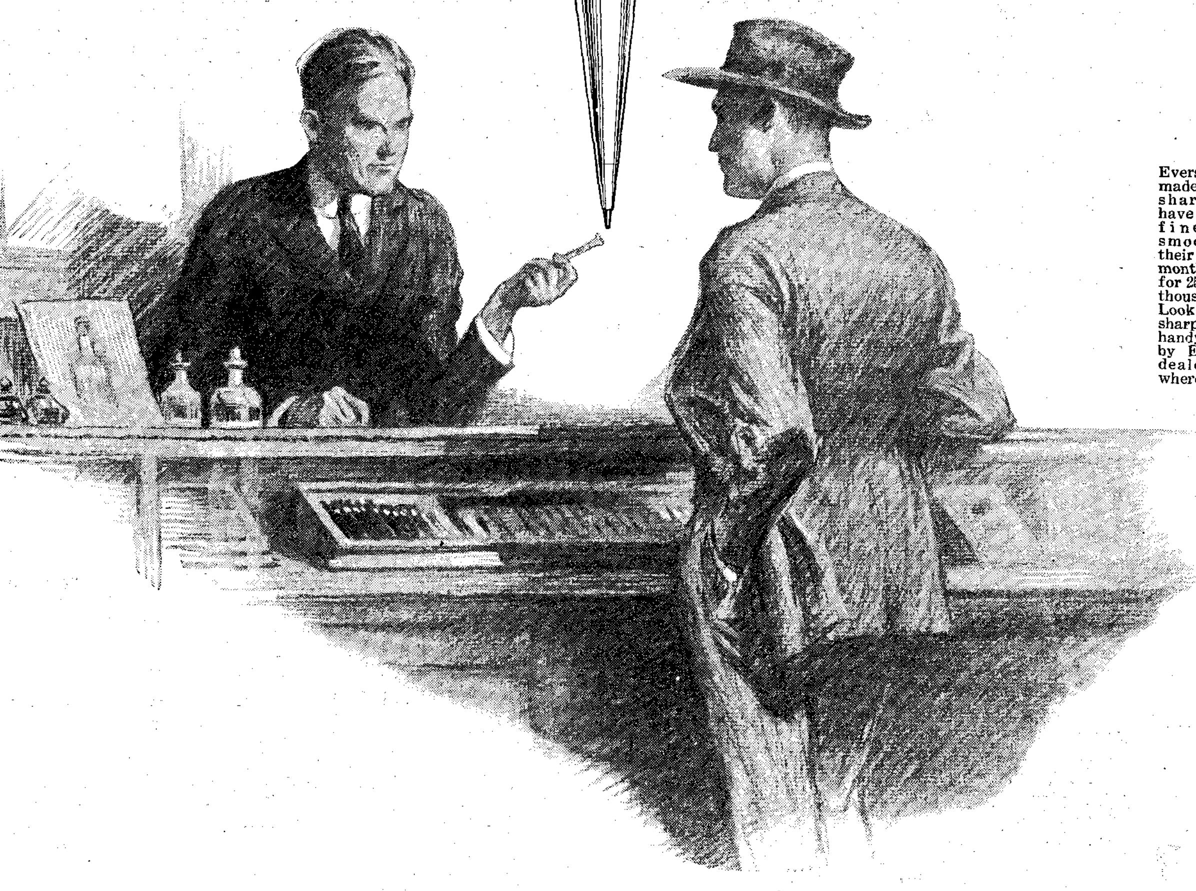
CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES:
Rowland & Campbell, Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba

DEALERS: Write today for catalog and interesting proposition on Eversharp and Tempoint

The symbol of perfect writing—the mark of the Eversharp Pencil and Tempoint Pen.

1 DOZ
EVERSHARP
LEADS

Eversharp Leads made for Eversharp Pencils, have a firmness, fineness and smoothness all their own. Many months' supply for 25c—1c for ten thousand words. Look for the Eversharp label on the handy box. Sold by Eversharp dealers everywhere.

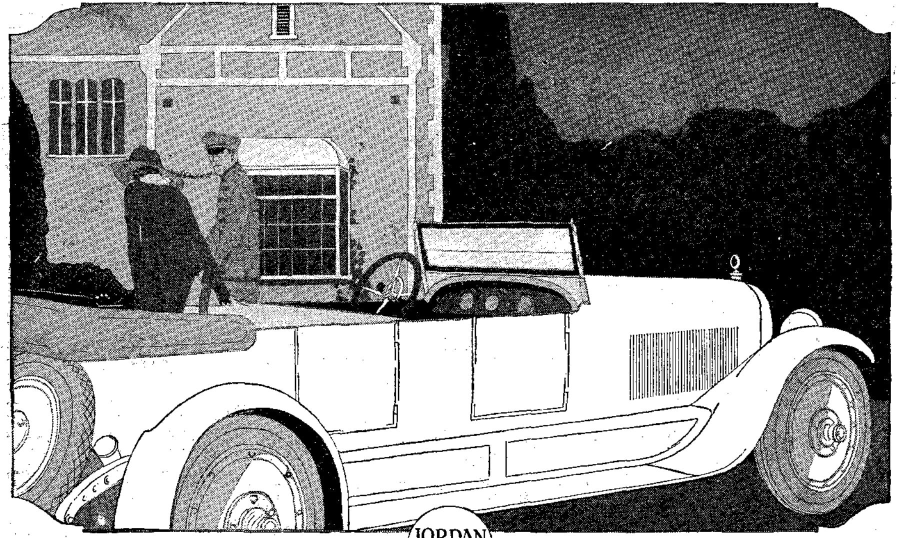


EVERSHARP

ALWAYS SHARP—NEVER SHARPENED

Right-Hand Mate to the famous Tempoint Pen

JORDAN



You cannot afford to carry extra weight

THE extremely light car of short wheelbase vibrates up and down.

The extremely heavy car, whose wheelbase also is short considering its weight, cannot escape the wear and tear of side sway.

You cannot afford to carry extra weight. Yet who would sacrifice it at the cost of jerky up and down vibration?

The Jordan Silhouette has banished both difficulties forever.

It is the lightest car on the road for its wheelbase.

Yet it possesses that peculiar *balance* which cannot be attained in cars weighing twelve to fifteen hundred pounds more—nor in extremely light, short cars.

Its whole tendency is toward forward movement.

It is a new kind of a car. And heralding the new, it has naturally marked the passing of the old.

Picture the perfectly balanced chassis of finished mechanical excellence equipped with this new custom style all-aluminum body.

Picture the new European wide-opening doors—the rectangular mouldings—the smart French angle at the dash—the cocky seat cowl—the perfectly straight flat top edge—the distinctly different fenders—the tall hood with twenty-nine louvers—the slanting sport-type wind shield—the gun metal instrument board—the artistic hardware—the floor rugs of velvet texture—the tailored top—the cordovan leather boot and saddle bag built into the tonneau.

Imagine stepping into this car—sinking down at a perfect comfort angle with knees not too high, wheel and pedals just where you want them, arm rests just right—and slipping away—with no bouncing—no jouncing—no side sway.

Such is the new Jordan Silhouette.

Built in both four and seven passenger. Optional colors Brewster Green and Burgundy Old Wine.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *CLEVELAND, OHIO*

THE BLINDED POET

(Continued from page 30)

of Craonnelle, with the clear starlit heaven of the Marne between.

"Is it of that he thinks, if it be that, in such a moment, he can think of anything except the safety of his men?

"Confused movement on the plain—on his right frantic silhouettes which stand bolt upright, whirl about, collapse; another section of his company engaged on the same side is caught on the flank by machine guns set up in a sort of blockhouse behind a mound, in front of a pile of ruined huts. Without hesitating, with the firmness of decision which never abandons him in the most critical circumstances, Lemordant gets his men together, rallies the fugitives, and throws himself on the blockhouse—the battery of machine guns is put out of action. But Lemordant, climbing the slope, receives a bullet point-blank which goes through his right knee.

"It is his fourth wound of the day, and his men wish to carry him off; he refuses, feeling that his presence is more necessary than ever, and having no non-coms to whom he can turn over his command, he merely has his leg set in splints, then, fortifying the positions on the side toward the enemy, he sends a runner to Major Bernard to keep him in touch with his advance and to call for supports. The man is killed on the way. Another meets the same fate, and in the interim the German counter-attack breaks loose.

"It is launched by a whole company, and it is terrifying to see this gray wave rolling over the plain, rising, sinking, rising again, and growing at each rush which brings it nearer the mound. Lemordant, by rigid demand, compels his men not to fire, to control their nerves. The charge gets within twenty meters of the mound, where it gathers itself up to come over in a single mass with the cry '*Vorwärts!*'

"' . . . Rapid fire—fire at will!' roars Lemordant.

"The charge vacillates, stops. Our men leap out of the trench to charge in turn. Lemordant, tho wounded in the hand, in the forehead, on the head, and in the knee, charges with them, supported by a young soldier of his section. Chance brings him face to face with the *Oberstleutnant*, who commands the counter-attack and whom he seizes by the throat; just then a fifth bullet strikes him over the right eye, breaking the frontal bone. It seems to him that his head has burst and that his eyes have spurted out into space. He falls heavily. It is all over!

"How was he finally saved? He does not know yet. Wounded within the enemy's lines, left for dead, he lay there four full days without care and for forty-eight hours he was unconscious. When he came to himself it was difficult to collect his thoughts. He did not know where he was. Around him was total darkness, and it did not pass away. He heard the groans, the death-rattle of the dying, the voices of the wounded who called to him. He dragged himself in their direction and asked them questions. Why did the night last so long? They answered that it was broad daylight—and he understood.

"'. . . I had thought of everything,' he said to me. 'Of death, of the most horrible wounds, but not of that!

"'. . . But as long as that too was necessary!'

"Yet his martyrdom was not finished, and the worst of all perhaps remains. How shall I tell of that fearful suffering in wretched lazarettos, in the dung-heaps where the Germans laid our wounded in the villages behind the front! Most of them stayed there forever. He, with greater vitality, was carried to Cambrai, and from there stage by stage was transported to a hospital in Bavaria.

"Melancholy journey! If he saw nothing, at least in the railway-stations he heard the yells of the mobs which crowded on the passage of the French wounded to gloat over their sufferings. Eventually his condition improved a little; his eyes, one pushed out of its socket, the other driven back in his head by the breaking of his frontal bone, had been put back in place; he began to see, he could even draw a few lines and make out large characters. But the idea of escape mastered him; two unsuccessful efforts had sent him to the guard-house; on the third he was ordered to a reprisal camp; his departure was fixt for the next day. Calm and serene as ever, he wished before going to finish the series of addresses on the history of painting which he had undertaken for his fellow prisoners. In the course of the conference Lemordant wished to run over his notes; he could no longer make them out! A halo danced in front of him, obscuring everything! He had such a sense of anguish that he had to stop. But by a concentration of the will he mastered himself and improvised the rest of his address in a voice in which there was only the slightest trembling. At the end of the address the battalion chief leapt to the platform and took Lemordant in his arms.

"'. . . What has happened to you?' Then when he learned: 'Ah, my poor friend, surely in your condition they can not send you to a reprisal camp; courage, you shall go to France!'

"The commander of the guard-house himself, feeling a sense of pity when he learned what had happened, offered to telephone to the camp commander and ask for a cancellation of the order. Lemordant refused; he wished to owe nothing to the destroyers of his country. He started for the reprisal camp. But there his blindness classified him almost immediately among the severely wounded who were listed for exchange. Switzerland received him for a time. At last arrived the moment when he could cross the French frontier.

"He had waited for that moment with a sort of religious ecstasy. Blind, wounded in the back and side, with a broken knee, and a high fever, he hoped for a miracle, but expected one only from himself, from the power of his own will. He had asked the Red-Cross nurses who had charge of him to tell him the moment when the train crossed the frontier. He would see it—see at least something belonging to it, no matter what—a hedge, a length of rail, a pebble, a tuft of grass. They did what he asked, took him to the door of the compartment, and there he exerted all his strength, all his will-power.

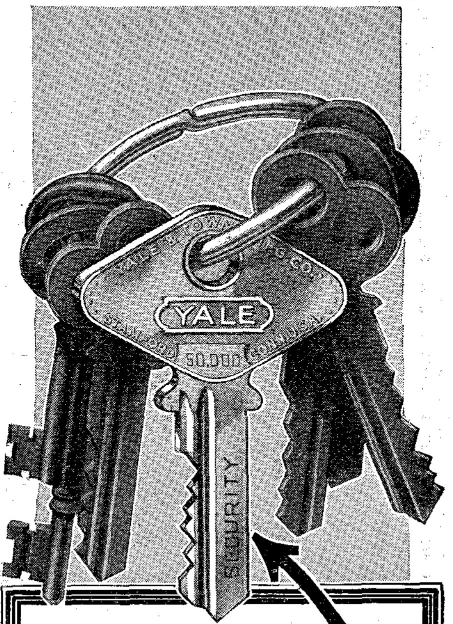
"The frontier was left behind; he fell back fainting—totally blind!"

Dropping a Passenger. — TRAVELER (on the aerial express)—" I want to drop into Hickville, conductor !"

CONDUCTOR (looking at watch)—" Strap on your parachute—you walk the plank in seven minutes !"—*Buffalo Express.*

The Poor Rich Girl.—" So Edith married a wealthy man. Is she happy?"

" I hardly think so. She's so rich that she can't enjoy bargain hunting."—*Boston Transcript.*



One key does it all

With the Yale Cylinder Master Key System any number of individual Locks—*each with its own individual key which will pass that lock and no other*—are placed under the control of a *single* Master Key.

THE Yale Cylinder Master Key gives the responsible director of the modern office building instant and complete control of *every* lock—on entrance and interior doors; storage compartments; engine rooms; in fact the control of every lock through which the building owners may properly have access.

The convenience, security and economy of a Yale Cylinder Master Key System will be at once apparent to every executive concerned in the maintenance and operation of the modern office building. And whether it is a new building or an enlargement of an established building, in planning a Yale Master Key System, provision is made not only for immediate needs, but for future possible extensions.

Our technical staff is at your service for a survey and recommendation for your building. Correspondence is invited if more detailed data will interest you.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 East 40th Street New York City

The Yale Cylinder Master Key System is the perfected development of the makers of Yale Night Latches, Door Closers, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware, Bank Locks and Chain Hoists.

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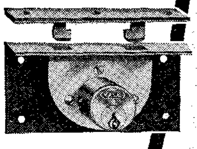
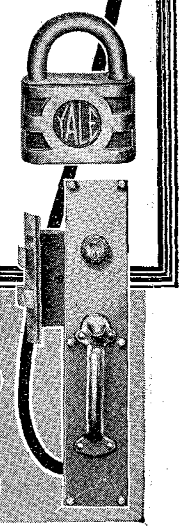
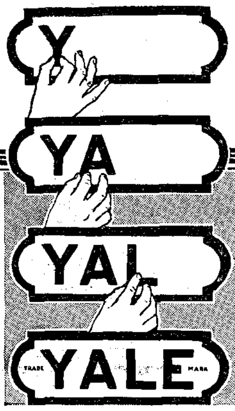
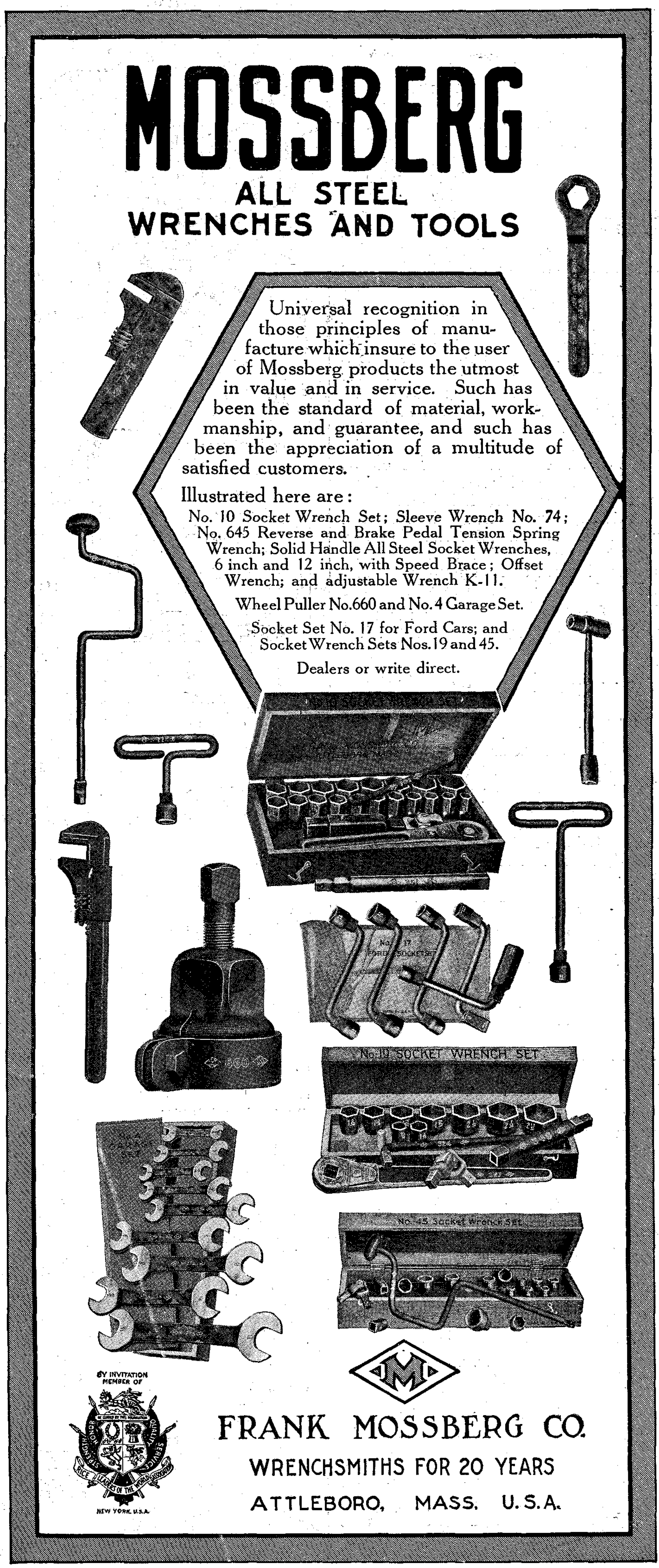







MOSSBERG
ALL STEEL
WRENCHES AND TOOLS

Universal recognition in those principles of manufacture which insure to the user of Mossberg products the utmost in value and in service. Such has been the standard of material, workmanship, and guarantee, and such has been the appreciation of a multitude of satisfied customers.

Illustrated here are:
No. 10 Socket Wrench Set; Sleeve Wrench No. 74; No. 645 Reverse and Brake Pedal Tension Spring Wrench; Solid Handle All Steel Socket Wrenches, 6 inch and 12 inch, with Speed Brace; Offset Wrench; and adjustable Wrench K-11.

Wheel Puller No. 660 and No. 4 Garage Set.

Socket Set No. 17 for Ford Cars; and Socket Wrench Sets Nos. 19 and 45.

Dealers or write direct.

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF
NEW YORK U.S.A.

FRANK MOSSBERG CO.
WRENCHSMITHS FOR 20 YEARS
ATTLEBORO, MASS. U.S.A.

NOT TOO MANY DOCTORS

EVERY seven hundred Americans have a doctor all to themselves. Are seven hundred persons too many for one doctor to care for, or are they too few? In view of the fact that one German physician has to take care of 2,124 persons and one English physician 1,537, it might be thought that their American brother is comparatively idle. Indeed, the opinion was quite wide-spread in this country before the war that the medical profession in the United States was badly overcrowded. This idea, says Dr. I. M. Rubinow, director of the New York City Bureau of Social Statistics, "received a sudden jolt" under the influence of war-demand. Writing in *The Medical Review of Reviews* (New York, April), Dr. Rubinow reminds us that when the Government announced its need for 20,000 physicians to take care of the Army and to relieve shortage among the Allies, there was no rush of unemployed physicians to obtain lucrative positions. And when the demand began gradually to be met it was accompanied by a marked shortage of physicians in many of our cities. He proceeds in substance:

"Hospitals found difficulty in obtaining recent graduates for work as interns and physicians to take care of the dispensary patients. In many municipal and State boards of health fairly remunerative positions go abegging. When, in addition, medical students were included in the first draft, the Government quickly recognized the serious character of the situation by providing for the exemption of the medical students.

"In view of this, isn't it at least possible that the American people have overestimated the overcrowding of the medical profession—that it saw the increase in the number of medical men but failed to appreciate the tremendous increase in the demand for medical work?

"About a year ago—long before the sudden increase for medical workers was even expected—the writer of these lines was requested by the American Medical Association (the largest medical organization in the world, and including in its membership some 40 per cent. of all the physicians in this country) to make a statistical survey of the medical profession. The result of that investigation is a pamphlet of some one hundred pages full of statistical tables that do not make very interesting reading; but the conclusions to be derived from those tables are such that they throw an entirely new light upon the problem of medical aid in this country.

"We in America seem to have twice as many physicians as the European countries. What are the possible explanations of this? Some of them are quite obvious.

"It has always been easier to become a physician in this country than in Europe. The course in the medical schools was shorter and easier, the number of medical schools was very much larger. In addition, a certain powerful influence was exercised by that intelligence of the American people

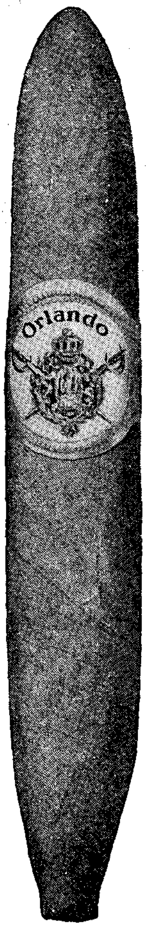
High Sign
No. 9

The High Signs of Orlando

Get that sign! O—o. Did you notice 'em—the big "O" and the little "o"? That's the order of Orlando—the first and last of a good cigar.

This man is one of the exalted grand sachems of the perfect puff. He registers the highest degree of contentment—that's what they all do when they have the secret of the Big Smoke.

It's easy when you know how. Just go to the nearest United Cigar Store—say "Orlando" to the salesman and you'll become a life member in good understanding.



Favorita size, 11c. Box of 25, $2.75. Fifty, $5.50

Orlando

The Sign of a Good Cigar

Orlando is the very smoothest of smokes—mild, mellow and fragrant—a ripened, seasoned, tempered cigar. When you have learned the secret of Orlando — the enjoyment of this uncommonly good cigar—you will know real smoke value and pass the good news to your friends. That's appreciation, part of the creed of the Order of Orlando.

Orlando comes in ten sizes—10c to 15c. Little Orlando 6c. Ten sizes enable us to use a fine grade of tobacco without waste—the secret of high quality at low prices.

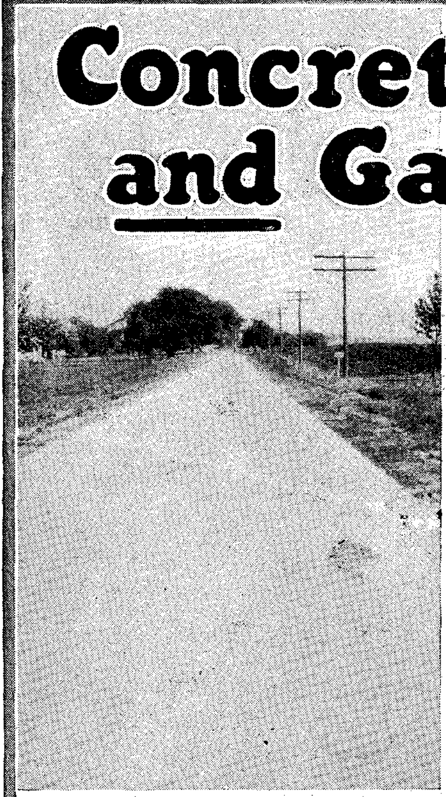
Sold only in United Cigar Stores and United Agencies—*"Thank You!"*

CIGARS UNITED

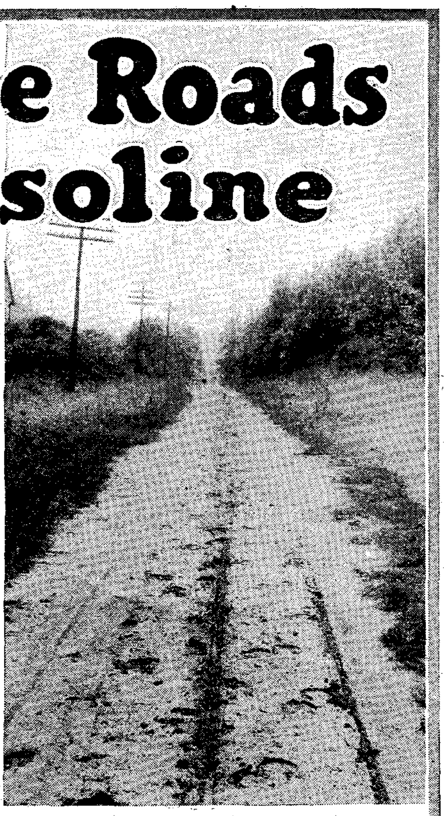
UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

Over 1300 Stores and Agencies in Over 500 Cities. General Offices, 44 W. 18th St., New York

Concrete Roads and Gasoline

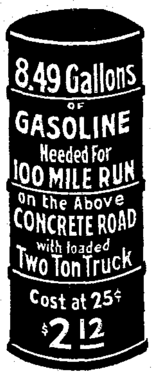


11.78 miles per gallon of gasoline on this concrete road. This is over double the mileage obtained on the earth road opposite.



5.78 miles per gallon of gasoline on this earth road—less than half the mileage obtained on the concrete road opposite.

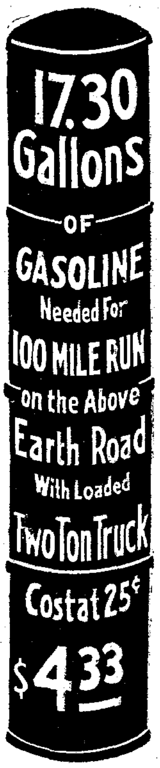
Why Spend $2
$1 Will Do



Tests made last September at Cleveland, O., with five 2-ton White Trucks carrying full load, showed that on an earth road in fair condition, gasoline consumption was twice that on a concrete road.

The diagrams to the left and right illustrate the relative quantities of gasoline and its cost, used by one truck in making a 100-mile run under the same condition of load over the two roads pictured above.

Think what 5,000,000 motor vehicles would save in gasoline alone if they always traveled on concrete!



Since one gallon of gasoline will carry you twice as far on a concrete road as it will on an earth road, why waste the other gallon?

You pay the price of good roads whether you get them or not, and if you pay for **concrete roads**, they **pay you back.**

Let's Stop this Waste!

Illinois, Pennsylvania and Michigan have voted big, road bond issues to do away with the mud tax. Many other states and counties are going to do the same thing.

When You Think of Roads—Think of Concrete; When You Ride—Ride on Concrete.

Write our nearest District Office for free copy of "*Concrete Pavements Pay for Themselves*" and "*Facts About Concrete Roads.*"

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PAVE THE ROAD—DOUBLE THE LOAD

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

which prompted them to apply more frequently for medical aid, and by that higher prosperity which enables them to pay for more medical aid. And now I am going to make a statement which will seem to contradict all the accepted notions on the subject:

"Notwithstanding the ease of entering a medical college, and obtaining a diploma in this country, notwithstanding the apparent increase in the number of medical shingles in every large and small city, and even in the smallest hamlets, the number of physicians in this country in proportion to population has not increased from 1850 and until 1910. On the contrary, it has decreased.

"In 1850 there was one physician for every 569 persons in the United States. In 1880 there was one for every 585, and in 1910 there was one for every 602. Evidently the supply has not overrun the distinctive American standard of demand.

"The situation is in reality even more startling than this would indicate. Take, for example, the forty-year period after the Civil War, 1870 to 1910. Population during those forty years has increased by 138 per cent., and the medical profession by 142 per cent., or in about the same ratio. But during the same forty years the number of lawyers has increased by 200 per cent., the number of clergymen by 205 per cent., the number of teachers by 396 per cent., of dentists by 410 per cent., and of music-teachers by 770 per cent.

"Perhaps this curious condition was, to some extent, due to the fact that it was harder for a physician to make a living. But that was not the only reason. The dominant reason probably was the constantly increasing difficulties attendant upon the achievement of a medical diploma as the State governments gradually began to recognize the importance of controlling the medical schools and the conditions of admission to medical practise.

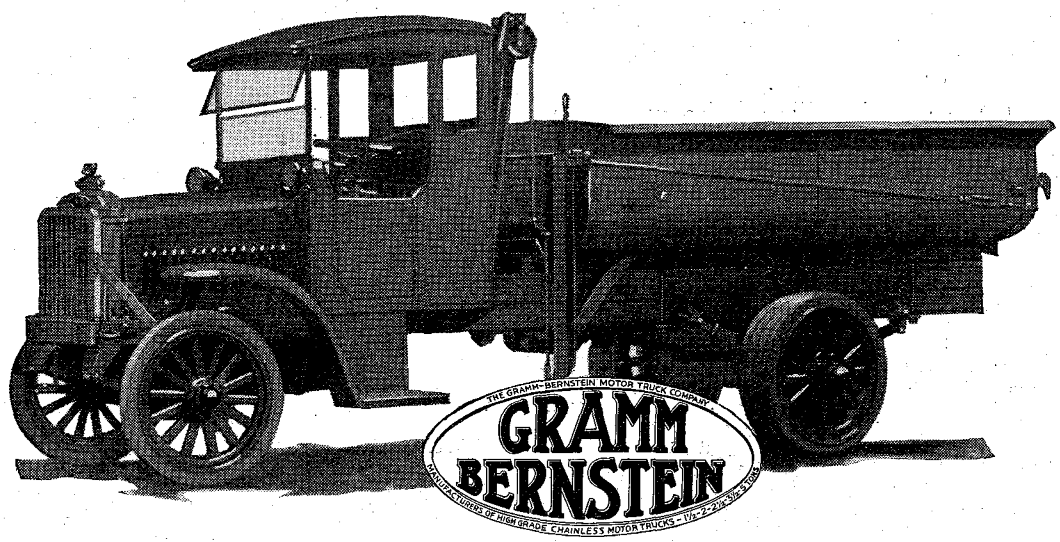
"And now what has been happening in the profession since 1910? During the five years 1910–1914 the number of graduates was 19,765, or less than 4,000 per annum. At present it is scarcely over 3,500 per annum. The American Medical Association collects and publishes annually statements of mortality among physicians. In 1914 it accounted for 2,205 and in 1915 for 2,450 deaths. Manifestly the record is incomplete. Every year some old physicians must retire from practise. It is highly probable that the actual number of physicians in this country is declining. And it is quite certain that it is declining in proportion to population, which is increasing by some 2,000,000 a year in this country.

"What other professions can show a curious record like that?"

Basing his calculations on certain German data for sickness insurance—there seems to be a total lack of such data in the United States—Dr. Rubinow calculates that a community of 800 persons will require annually some 8,250 "pieces" of medical work, including office and home visits, operations, etc. This means twenty-eight such "pieces" every working-day in the year. Says the Doctor:

"Just try to imagine what twenty-eight patients a day must mean to the average

This Transmission Avoids 60% of All Truck Troubles


THE GRAMM-BERNSTEIN MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
GRAMM
BERNSTEIN
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE CHAINLESS MOTOR TRUCKS - 1½-2-2½-3½-5 TONS

Gramm-Bernstein is particularly well situated to furnish dump trucks for use in road-building, public works and general building operations because of its power take-off patents. The power take-off necessary for operating a dump body, winch, or log roller, is easily applicable to the transmission. Dealers and others, in purchasing trucks and passenger cars having any kind of power take-off for operating hoist, winch, log roller, tire pump, etc., should assure themselves that such device does not infringe upon B. A. Gramm's basic patent No. 1194994.

THREE outstanding facts about the Gramm-Bernstein transmission are of very great importance to business men and truck buyers:

It avoids fully 60 per cent of truck troubles.

No Gramm-Bernstein owner has ever replaced a complete transmission for any cause, not even accident.

Forty cents per truck was the average replacement cost, over a carefully recorded period of fifteen months, on all the Gramm-Bernstein transmissions in use, aggregating several thousands.

These facts *are* facts because this is the one transmission which is proof against every trouble, and which therefore eliminates a source of very heavy truck expense.

Large operators of motor trucks figure that 60 per cent of layups are due directly to transmission difficulties.

The gears in the Gramm-Bernstein transmission cannot be stripped. They are always in mesh.

They are wholly proof against a driver's carelessness or ignorance.

Speed changes are made by means of patented dog-clutches.

The gears cannot get out of alignment. They are assembled on six-spline shafts, without the use of a single nut, bolt, stud, set-screw, key, pin, or anything else which could possibly work loose and fall out.

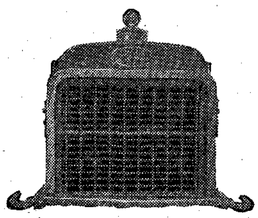
This transmission is an exclusive feature of the Gramm-Bernstein line of heavy-duty, worm-drive trucks, now sold completely equipped.

Capacities include 2, 2½, 3½ and 5 tons.

All complete and ready for the body. Not an extra to buy.

The Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Company
Lima, Ohio, U. S. A.

Pioneers Since 1901—Builders of the First Liberty (U. S. A.) Truck



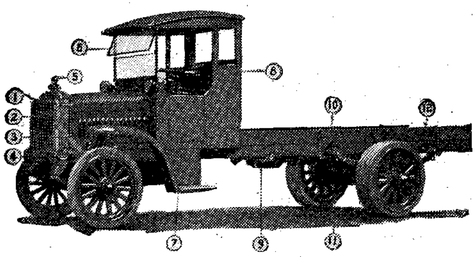
Gramm-Bernstein radiator, showing radiator shutter open, radiator guard, pig-tail towing hooks and motometer.

First Line of Heavy Duty Trucks Sold Completely Equipped

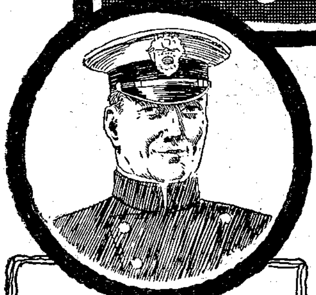
Equipment now supplied with Gramm-Bernstein heavy-duty worm-drive models listed below. Illustration shows 2-ton, worm-drive truck—$2700

This price is under the average asked, for 2-ton chassis without equipment, by 61 manufacturers.

(1) Sturdy radiator guard, attached to frame independently of radiator — the Gramm-Bernstein type adopted for Liberty Trucks.
(2) Radiator shutter operated from dash.
(3) Rear radiator shroud devised by B. A. Gramm, and adopted for Liberty Trucks, to promote cooling efficiency.
(4) Pig-tail towing hooks at front end.
(5) Motometer, to indicate temperature of engine.
(6) Exceptionally rugged ventilating windshield.
(7) Front fenders and steps.
(8) Standard Gramm-Bernstein cab, with doors and winter curtains.
(9) Transmission, patented Gramm type, with gears always in mesh.
(10) Body sills of seasoned ash, ready for mounting the body.
(11) Patented wick oilers on all spring bolts.
(12) Spring drawbar at rear end, supported by extra cross member.



How These Bumpers Pay For Themselves



"It's Criminal"
—that's what it is—to drive a good car without protecting it, front and rear, with the best bumpers you can get.
"They're mighty cheap insurance."
JEM COE
The Traffic Cop

EVEN the most careful driver is sure, sooner or later, to injure his fender or lamps in collisions—if his car is not guarded by bumpers.

Heretofore, however, the motorist has always felt that his bumpers would not withstand a really severe shock—they would save the car, perhaps, but by sacrificing themselves.

Now all this is changed, for you can safeguard your car with bumpers that will come through practically any collision without injury.

Blows Bounce Off

In these new Gemco Bumpers, curved springs take up the shock. These live, supple springs protect both car and bumper from injury, and are practically unbreakable. Perfected Gemco attachments make rattling impossible.

Modern Traffic Demands Them

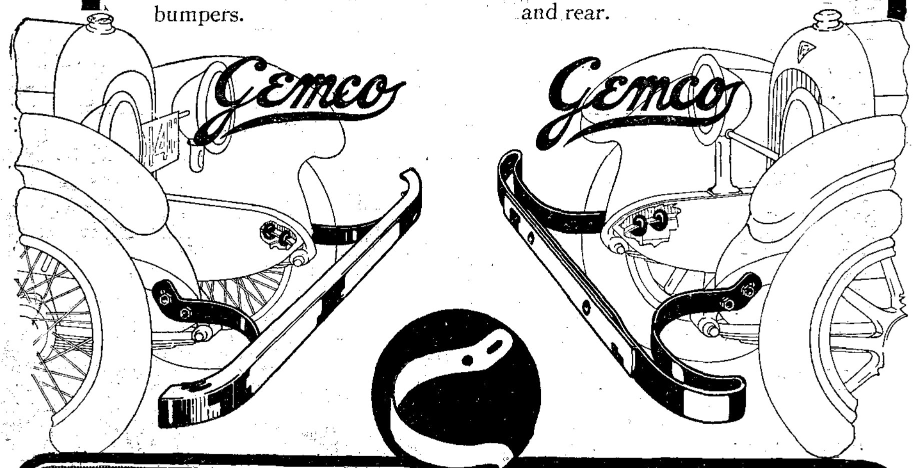
Your brakes and tail light are not more necessary than efficient bumpers in these days of motorized traffic. One collision made harmless to fenders, lamps or rear gas tank will pay for your Gemco Bumpers many times. And the feeling of security adds much to the pleasure of driving.

Your dealer can fit your car with these new Gemco Collision-Proof Bumpers. If not in stock, write us for illustrated catalog.

GEMCO MFG. CO., 785 So. Pierce St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Gemco Spring Channel Bumper
(Patented)
Brackets are high-grade, oil-tempered, flat steel springs. Attaches to standard cars in front and rear.
Bumper bar, 2 inch channel, finished in hard-rubber, black enamel or nickel.
The dressiest of all efficient bumpers.

Gemco Spring Bumper
(Universally Adjustable)
Made of two heavy, high-carbon, oil-tempered, steel springs, with looped ends. These springs overlap for adjustment and strength. Reinforced and secured by a front plate of spring steel. Main bars finished with special, hard-rubber, black enamel. Reinforcing strip is nickel-plated or black.
Fits standard cars in front and rear.



A Curved Spring Absorbs the Bump

physician. Men, women, and children with all possible forms of ailments, some slight and trivial, others undoubtedly grave. Twenty-eight different complaints with all the suffering that these entail. Twenty-eight anxious families to be consoled, reassured, or warned, and in every case instructed; work in the office, and still more strenuous work in the homes of the sick. Work at all hours of the day or night, under all conditions of weather. Many problems, some of them dealing with life and death, will arise, requiring close study in the physician's library. If all of this must come in every day's work of every physician then the medical profession is a difficult one, indeed, to practise. And if the average doctor has to do that much work, how can we speak of too many physicians in the country?"

SAVING THE WASTE AT ARMY-CAMPS

HOW our cantonments have availed themselves of modern methods of garbage-disposal, which might well be copied by municipalities, is told in *Municipal Journal and Public Works* (New York, May 3) by F. C. Bamman. In editorial comment this journal calls attention to the fact that while the most sanitary way to dispose of garbage is to burn it, this is also perhaps the most expensive of all methods in common use, and destroys many matters that could be recovered and utilized. The editor goes on:

"The Army has in the past used incineration almost, if not quite, exclusively for disposing of garbage at its barracks, forts, hospitals, and other points of occupancy, probably because this matter has been in the charge of physicians, and they are, as a class, temperamentally inclined to consider sanitation as the sole consideration. From 1900 to 1907 there were, our records show, ninety-seven incinerators built in the United States, and thirty of these were built by the Army and Navy. Altogether they have installed more than fifty plants.

"But with the infusion of civilian blood into the management of army matters in 1917, and the asking of advice from experts and business men, incineration was entirely abandoned for utilization, with the result that, directly and indirectly, millions of dollars were saved, and pork and glycerin produced to meet an urgent need. And Mr. Bamman says that there is nothing to indicate that this gain has been offset by any injurious effect upon the health of any one, in camp or out.

"Conditions in camps are vastly different from those in cities, and because utilization succeeded from apparently every point of view in the one is no certain indication that it should be adopted by all municipalities. But it has at least been demonstrated that the system is feasible and not detrimental to public health, and that it should be considered in every study of the problem of waste disposal by our cities."

In his article Mr. Bamman says that the amount of pork and other valuable materials available through the utilization of

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

army garbage can not be definitely determined, but he remarks:

"Experiments have shown that an average daily ration of twenty pounds of camp garbage will produce a gain of one pound per day in the hog. The average wastage for 1918 can certainly be assumed as one pound per man per day. For the year, this assumption would give eighteen pounds of pork as the production from the garbage of one man.

"The daily average number of men in camp during 1918 was approximately 1,500,000. This figure at eighteen pounds per man would give the pork as produced as 27,000,000 pounds for the year.

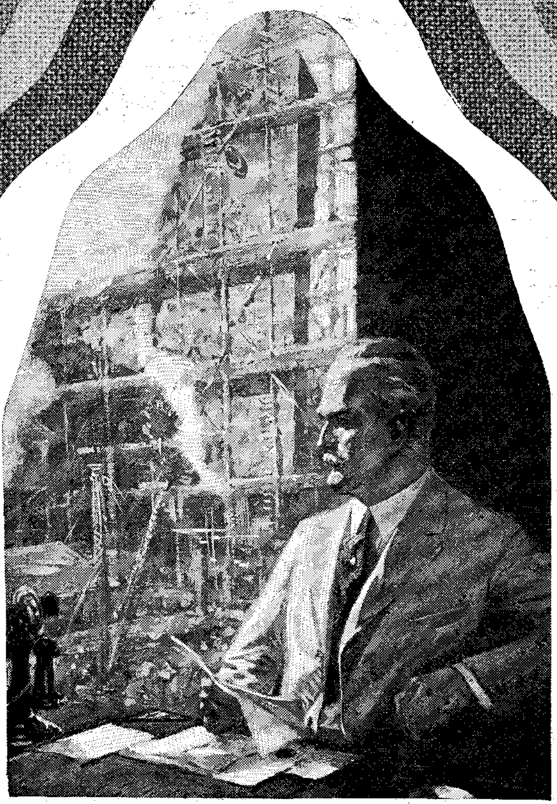
"It is very doubtful if the actual production even reached half of this amount. The above estimate makes no allowance for pigs dying, uneaten garbage, and numerous other factors, all tending to diminish the output. It is more than safe to assume, however, that 40 per cent. efficiency was attained or that nearly 11,000,000 pounds of pork raised on camp-garbage was sold during 1918. With the need of fats and pork products, this was in no sense a small contribution. . . . . . .

"The Army's experience with the utilization of camp-wastes is one that many municipalities can study with much interest and profit. While the details of the army methods may hardly be practicable with the conditions usually found in civil life, the fundamental facts that utilization need not be injurious to health, that it need not cause nuisance, that it is less expensive of operation than other methods, that it is of economical importance to the community and to the nation—these facts hold for civilian 'camps' as well as those of the Army."

CURING WOUNDS BY EDUCATION

THE Medical Department of the United States Army has gone into the technical school business—so we are told by Dr. Ernest E. Irons, Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.A., commanding the base hospital at Camp Custer, Mich. The army doctors have done this, he explains, because they find that these activities have a very practical value in the treatment of the disabled soldier. Education enables him "to make his head replace his legs," to cut out worry, become cheerful, and acquire an appetite. His wound, if he has one, heals more rapidly. He gets well with speed and certainty. Hence, Colonel Irons points out, there is actual, practical curative value, not only in academic study, but in making a bead necklace or a rug, which trains the brain as surely as geometry or Latin. All these things help the disabled man to get back into the game of life, and to do it, too, with a normal, cheerful outlook on things. Writes Dr. Irons in *Carry On* (Washington, May):

"A large proportion of returned soldiers in Middle West hospitals came from the farms, and are going back to the farms better farmers by reason of what they have learned in army hospitals. They are being taught scientific stock and poultry



"No one should wantonly choose Discomfort——"

SOME men rave at the closed window, and then solemnly choose clothes that shut out the air.

Some men cast off woolen underwear with the first glint of Spring, only to retain their woolen outer shells through the dog days of July.

Some men fret and fume at the climbing mercury, when it's their choice of attire that makes the day a sticky abomination.

Wise men choose suits of PALM BEACH—designed for Comfort; worn for Style.

Wise men are also careful to inquire for the Genuine—and only when they see the trademarked PALM BEACH label (shown below)—are they completely satisfied.

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Look for this Label—your safeguard against imitation

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COOL
Sealpax
Sanitary, Athletic Underwear
Cool
and
Clean

Sealpax
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A Better Athletic Underwear
Sold in a Cleaner Way

First*—*Sealpax is a better Athletic Underwear,—better in fabric, better in fit, better in construction and better in finish.

Next*—*Sealpax is sold in a cleaner way—in a sealed, sanitary envelope—crisp and spotless, just as it comes from the laundry.

Finally*—*Sealpax costs no more, yet you get a great deal more of quality and comfort—to say nothing of protection. Ask your dealer for ***Sealpax.***

THE SEALPAX COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Also makers of Lady Sealpax Athletic Underwear

Lady Sealpax

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

raising, the use of farm tractors, the qualities of grains and grasses and methods of their culture, the construction of farm buildings, the rudiments of bookkeeping and accounting, and dairying. Courses in motor mechanics, telegraphy, telephone repairing, carpentry, mechanical drawing, typewriting, are some of the many other branches that are provided.

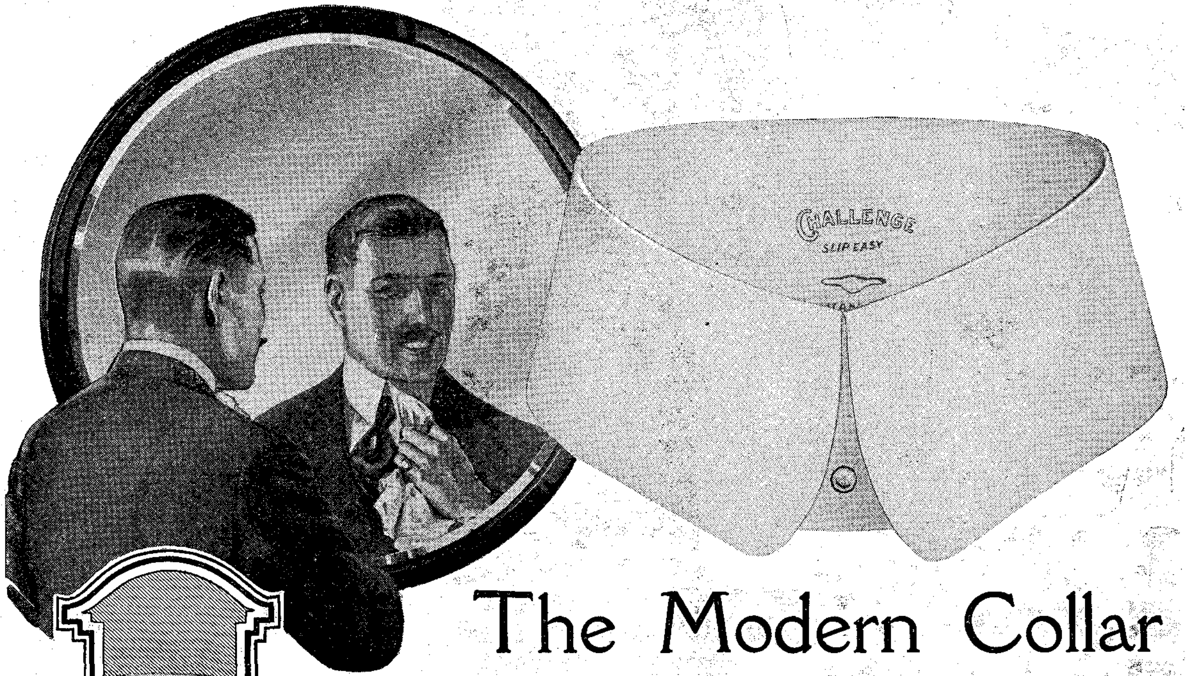
"But why should the Medical Department of the Army go into the technical school business? Because all of these activities have a very practical curative value in the treatment of the disabled soldier. To appreciate how true this is, one must talk with the returned soldier, get his point of view, and then observe the effect of the workshop and tractor-running and arithmetic—medicine, in conjunction with appropriate surgical, medical, and dietary treatment. Our soldier has been through several hospitals on his way back from the front. Perhaps his wounded arm is healed, but the joints are still stiff and useless, or further operation may be necessary before complete healing is to be expected. But, no matter what is physically wrong, his one great overwhelming desire is to go home. He is willing to risk deformities and disability, if only he can get home. And when he looks forward to a month or six weeks or longer treatment before his cure can be expected to be complete, the outlook seems to him indeed dreary. Some way must be found whereby he may be retained happy under medical care until his physical restoration is as complete as possible.

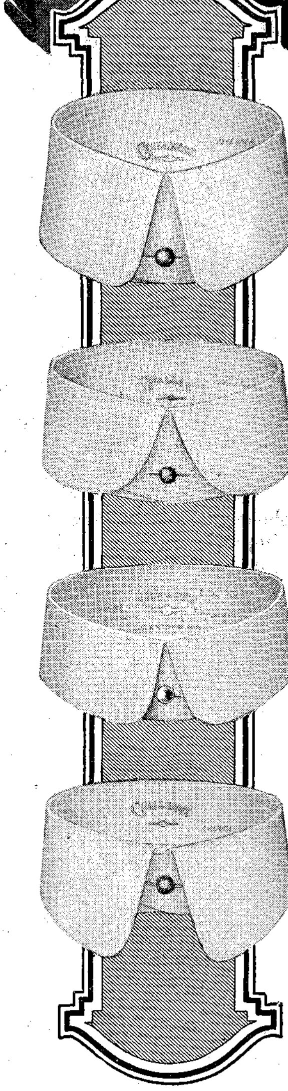
"Each soldier presents a problem all his own. Joints stiff from long disuse or severe injury may require massage, and it is marvelous to see motion return under the skilful manipulation of the Reconstruction Aids. The excellence of the work of these patriotic young women of the Medical Department can not be too highly commended. As soon as some motion is obtained, this may be rapidly augmented by voluntary effort on the part of the patient. If he is instructed to close his hand ten times each morning the chances are that he won't do it, but if he is interested in planing a board to fit in a cabinet he is anxious to complete, he will grasp the plane many times ten, and in an incredibly short time his hand becomes again a useful member. Even a player-piano can be used to secure motion in a stiff ankle, and stiff fingers are quickly loosened by exercise on a typewriter. And so employments are found which require the voluntary use of any combination of muscles desired.

"But still it may not be clear how academic studies can have any curative value. Again we must talk to our soldier. Perhaps he is confined to bed with an injury which, when he recovers, will leave him handicapped upon his return to his previous occupation. No wonder he becomes deprest and perhaps peevish as he looks forward to what seems to him a dark future. Here is where education along lines previously neglected will enable him to make his head replace his legs. He soon realizes that he is being helped to a place in the community even better and more useful than he had before; he stops worrying, becomes cheerful, his appetite improves, and his wound heals more rapidly.

"To one of strictly utilitarian turn of mind, it may seem even more difficult, if not impossible, to show any curative value

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES





The Modern Collar

Men everywhere are flocking to the new Challenge Cleanable Collar. It is priced a trifle higher than the ordinary collar but it saves you from $15 to $20 yearly.

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(A Du Pont Product)

eliminate constant collar costs and laundry. They give you all the style, snap and comfort of "linen" collars with the added advantages of being instantly cleanable. They won't wilt and when soiled a little soap and water will clean them in a jiffy.

Look them up. If your dealer can't supply you write us. State your size and favorite style and enclose 35 cents for sample or $1.05 for three—a six months' supply.

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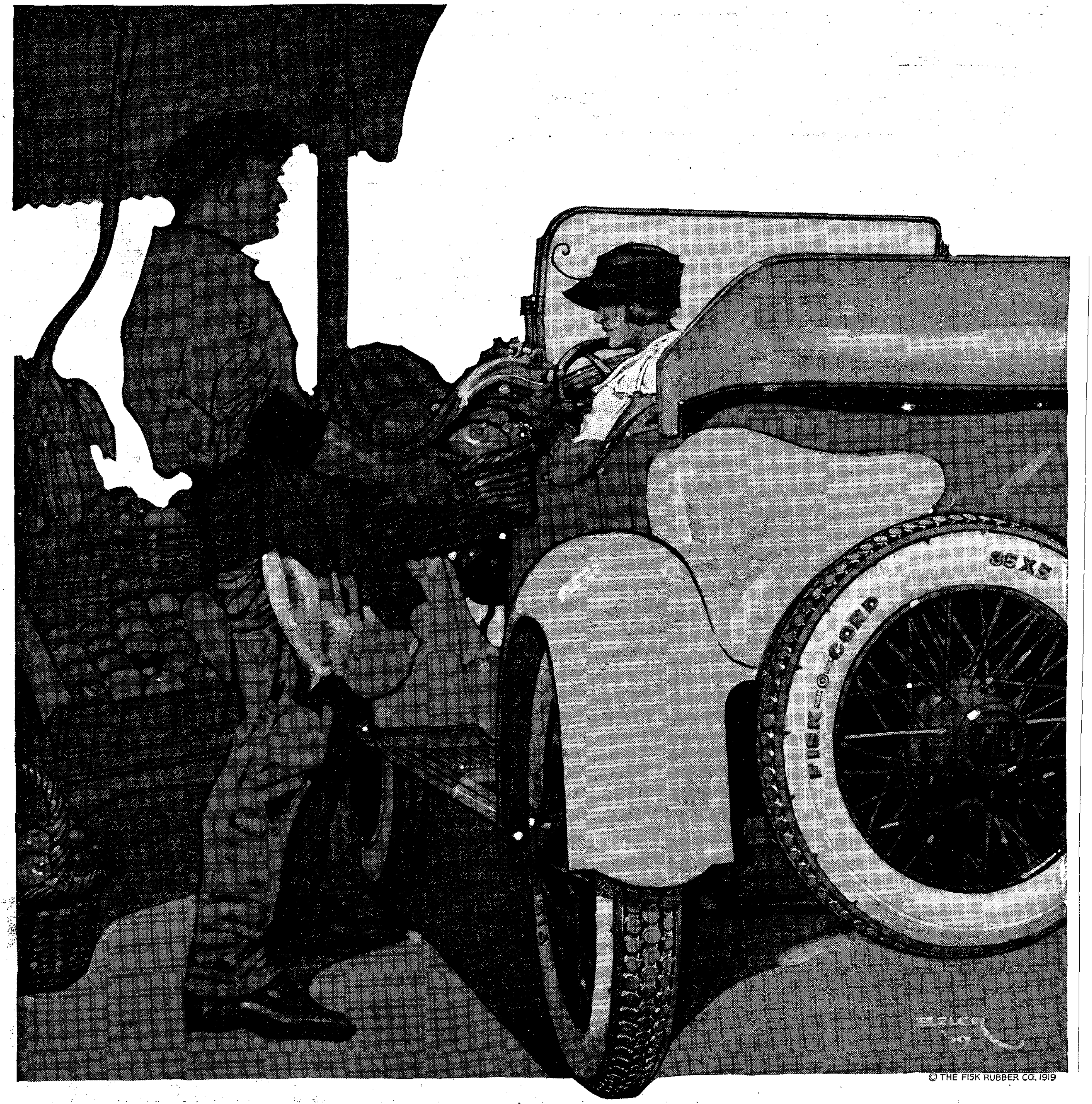

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THERE IS A NEW CLASS OF MOTORISTS today—keen, alert, practical men and women who put their motor cars to very practical use in securing for them the good things of life—in securing better values in the things they use.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

Fisk Cords made with Ribbed and Fisk Non-Skid Treads

PRACTICAL MEN AND WOMEN all over America are buying automobile tires with the same good sense and sound judgment that they use in the selection of any other article of practical use.

THE TREMENDOUS GROWTH in Fisk business is in direct proportion to the increasing number of discriminating motorists and the growing tendency to buy tires on a more critical basis.

FISK CORD TIRES are big, sturdy tires that retain their thoroughbred appearance. They are remarkably resilient, smooth-riding and economical of gasoline.

AS AN ENLIGHTENED MOTORIST you want to get tires that you can feel sure of—that give you surplus mileage, riding ease and real tire economy.

Next time—BUY FISK.

FISK CORD TIRES

in the making of a bead necklace or the fashioning of a whipcord belt or the weaving of a bag or rug. But ask the boy who has made one, whether he wants to make another. He has spent many pleasant hours, which otherwise would have hung heavy on his hands, and besides, in making something beautiful or mechanically accurate, there has been awakened in him the pride of accomplishment. Incidentally, stiff fingers have become limber in picking out his beads and drawing taut his knots, and he soon is ready to pass from this sedentary occupation to the more active work in the shops.

"The curative value of the many-sided reconstruction program is thus derived from physical effort entailed in the various projects, from the substitution of hope for discouragement, and from the diversion afforded by occupations not in themselves productive.

"The disabled soldier does not know in advance all the ways in which his dose of reconstruction medicine will benefit him. He does know, however, that it is easy to take and he feels its good effects, and one day suddenly realizes that his whole view of life has been altered from one of discouragement to an ardent desire to get back into the game, where the opportunities are greater than he had ever thought possible."

HOW HIGHER WAGES SAVE BABIES' LIVES

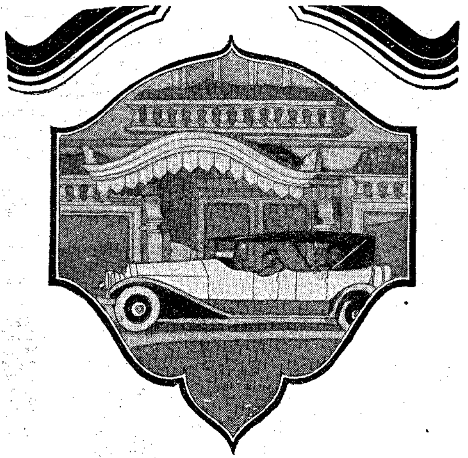
THE higher wages you have, the more likely your baby is to live. Doubling the father's income, where it is low enough, also doubles his babies' chance of life. Miss Julia C. Lathrop, Chief of the Children's Bureau, of Washington, D. C., upon whose investigations the above statements are based, believes them to indicate the necessity of an "irreducible minimum living standard," sustained by a minimum wage, and perhaps by other expedients. At present she believes that we do not give every child a fair chance to live. The three things that lessen a baby's chances are insufficient wages, bad housing, and a mother who is obliged to help earn the family income. The studies of infant mortality carried on by the Bureau have been conducted for six years past in eight cities, ranging from 50,000 to 500,000 in population. They include a "steel city," Johnstown, Pa.; two textile cities, Manchester, N. H., and New Bedford, Mass.; Brockton, Mass., a center for the manufacture of high-grade shoes; Saginaw, Mich., a manufacturing city with no one predominating industry; Waterbury, Conn., chiefly given over to the manufacture of brass; Akron, Ohio, a rubber-manufacturing center, and Baltimore, Md., a large cosmopolitan city. In addition, rural studies of maternal and infant welfare have been made, with especial reference to showing the amount and quality of care obtainable for mothers and babies in the remoter and newer country areas. Writes Miss Lathrop in a paper read before the Public Health Association and printed in *The American Journal of Public Health* (Boston):

"Income is important for what it buys. Its adequacy may be tested, for example, by housing. A comparison of rent paid with infant-mortality rates in Manchester, N. H., shows the general tendency of infant-mortality rates to fall as housing conditions improve. According to the report of the Children's Bureau on infant mortality in that city, there were 175 homes of live-born babies where the rental paid was less than $7.50 per month, and the infant-mortality rate among babies in these homes was 211.4, or more than double the census figure for the registration area in 1915 of 100 per 1,000 living births. The largest number of babies, 703, was found in homes where the rent paid was from $7.50 up to $12.49. The rate for this group was 172.1. There were 300 babies in the next class, where the rentals were from $12.50 to $17.49, and the infant-mortality rate among them was 156.7. Only 62 babies belonged to homes with a rental of $17.50 and over, and six deaths occurred among them. Here the rate was about 1 in 10 or the equivalent of the census figure for 1915. The parents of 186 babies owned their homes, and the infant-death rate was still lower, 86 per 1,000. The Johnstown report says: 'In homes of 496 live-born babies where bathtubs were found, the infant-mortality rate was 72.6, while it was more than double, or 164.8, where there were no bathtubs. . . . In a city of Johnstown's housing standards, the tub is an index of a good home, a suitable house from a sanitary standpoint, a fairly comfortable income, and all the favorable conditions that go with such an income.'

"Income plays a chief part in determining the location of the home as well as the kind of home. The report for Waterbury, Conn., shows that the infant-mortality rate for children born in houses located on the street was 120.6, while that for children born in houses placed on the rear of a lot or on an alley was 172.0.

"Overcrowding is another housing condition that accompanies low income. The report on Manchester, N. H., says: 'The infant-mortality rate showed a steady increase according to the number of persons per room. It was 123.3 where the average was less than one; 177.8 where the average was one but under two; and 261.7 where the average was two but less than three.' It is significant that in Brockton, where wages, taken by and large, were better than in any other city studied, and where the infant-mortality rate was markedly low, there is no acute housing problem. Yet in Brockton, as in the other cities, the infant-mortality rate was highest in the most crowded homes. In houses where there was less than one person to a room, infant deaths occurred at a rate of 86.5 per thousand births; where there was more than one person to a room that rate rose to 110.2. Only 32 out of 1,210 Brockton babies were born into homes where there were more than two persons to a room. . . . . . .

"Another test of the adequacy of income is the employment of the mother. The Johnstown report says: 'The infant-mortality rate is higher among the babies of wage-earning mothers than among the others, being 188, as compared with a rate of 117.6 among the babies of non-wage-earning mothers. Wage-earning mothers and low-wage fathers are in practically the



Where to Stop

WOULDN'T it add immensely to the pleasure of your motor trips to know all about every desirable hotel en route—where you can enjoy excellent service, good food and a good bed? You will find most of them recommended and described in

THE AUTOMOBILE BLUE BOOK

The Standard Road Guide of America

Drop in at the next bookstore, supply store, garage, or news-stand and examine a copy. Price $3.00, or sent postpaid on receipt of $3.15.

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PORCH SHADES

How to get the most out of your porch—

IT can be made the favorite gathering place for all the family—a delightful outdoor room —if it is made cozy and attractive by proper use of Porch Shades. Our free "Book of Porches" tells you how to do it, shows you how others have beautified porches of all kinds and sizes with Aerolux Porch Shades.

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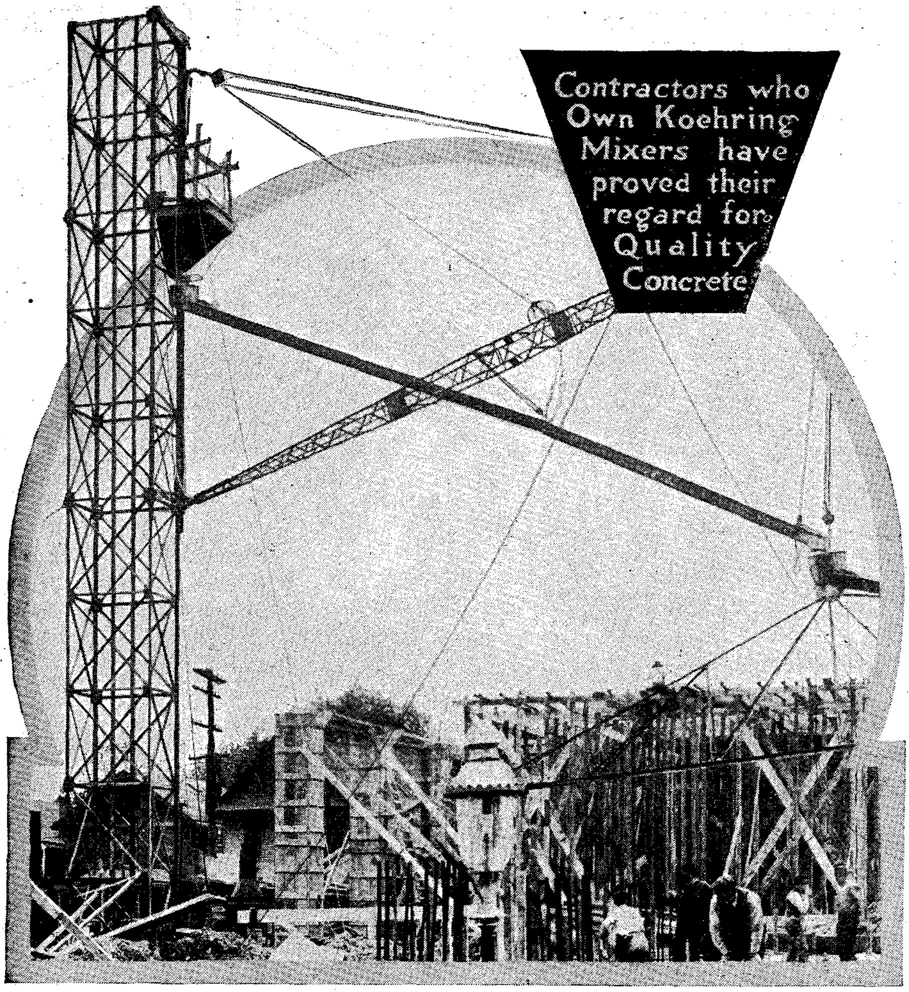
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CONCRETE—fluid rock—is handled by methods that give greatest speed to construction. Well mixed, it "*sets*" as solid as the rock of the everlasting hills—holds back the mighty pressure of the world's greatest dams—bridges the world's rivers—opens highways to the traffic of the world—houses the world's industry. It is the living rock serving civilization's greatest and humblest needs.

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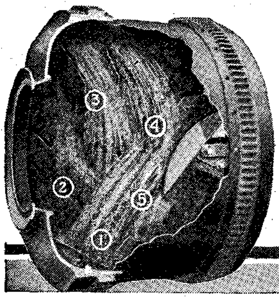


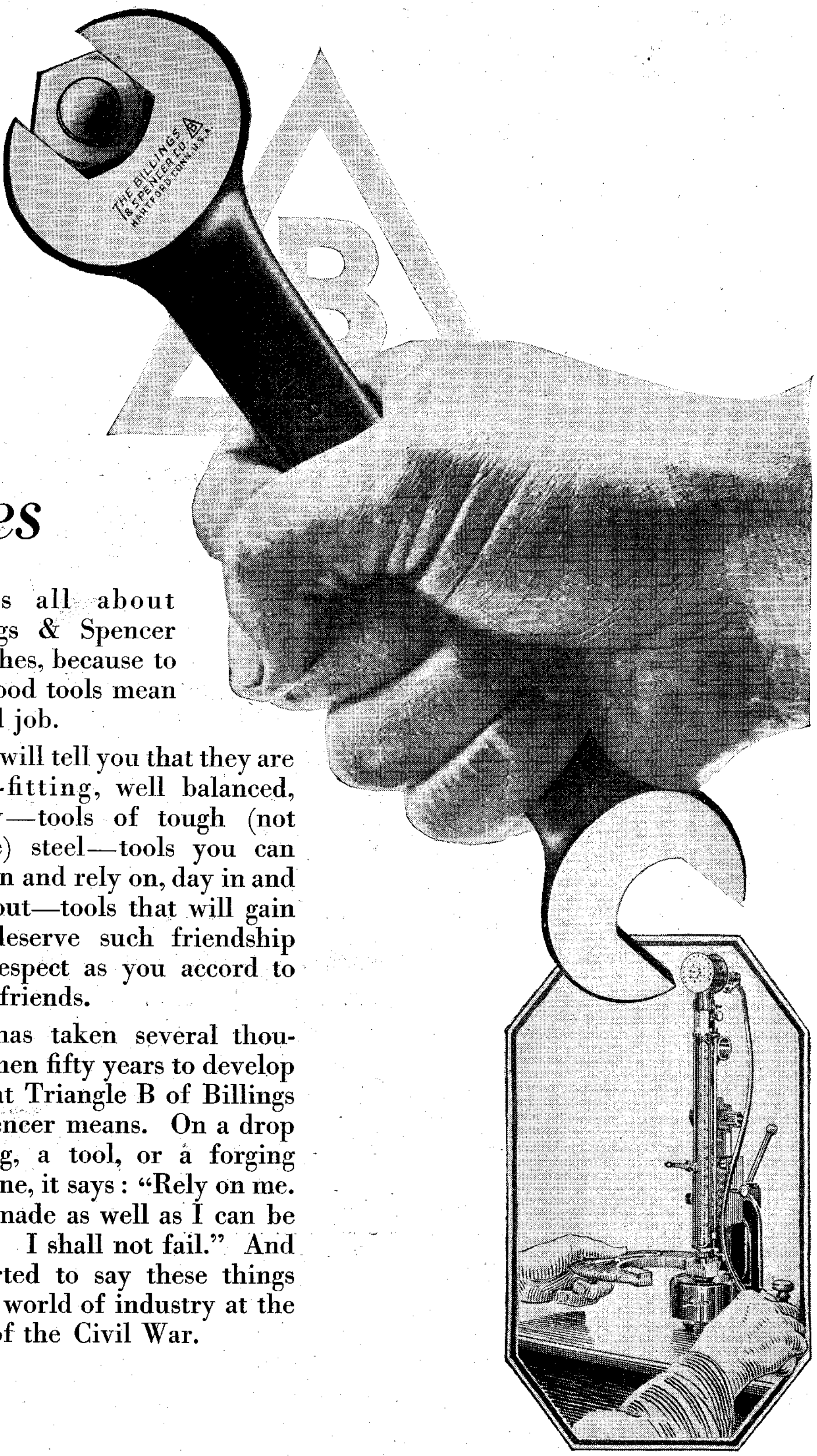
SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

same groups, and it is difficult to secure an exact measurement of the comparative weight of the two factors in the production of a high infant-mortality rate.' In Johnstown, no woman-employing industries were found, but many of the poorest foreign mothers kept lodgers and boarders, the percentage of mothers contributing to the family income varying from 47.6 per cent. in the lowest wage group to 2.0 per cent. in families where the father earns $1,200 or more. In the case of this type of working mothers, altho there is severe toil, the baby profits because there is not the necessity for artificial feeding which exists when the mother is away from the child during working hours. In Manchester, N. H., where there is a great demand for women workers in the textile trades, 679 mothers of babies were employed during the year following their baby's birth, 353 in the home, 326 outside, and 885 were not employed. While the rate for the babies of mothers at home and with no employment save that of caring for their households was 122.0, that for mothers employed outside the home was 312.9."

That mothers do not choose to go out to work leaving young babies at home is shown by the lessening proportion employed as the husband's wages increase In Manchester, 65.7 per cent. of the mothers whose husbands earned less than $550 were gainfully employed during the year following the baby's birth, while only 9.5 per cent. of the mothers whose husbands earned more than $1,250 were so employed Miss Lathrop regards the facts that the infant-mortality rate increases when the mothers go out leaving young babies at home, and that the number of mothers so employed rapidly decreases as the father's wages increase, as an impressive demonstration of the connection between income and infant mortality. She goes on:

"Poverty may be accompanied by ignorance. Altho it is not possible to gage the relative ignorance of the care of children according to income, it is clear that poverty takes away the defenses by which the effects of ignorance may be evaded. Sir Arthur Newsholme, Medical Officer of the English Local Government Board, offers a spirited defense of the working-class mother in this connection. He says:

"'Maternal ignorance is sometimes regarded as a chief factor in the causation of excessive child mortality. It is a comfortable doctrine for the well-to-do person to adopt; and it goes far to relieve his conscience in the contemplation of excessive suffering amd mortality among the poor . . . There is little reason to believe that the average ignorance in matters of health of the working-class mother is much greater than that of mothers in other classes of society. . . . But the ignorance of the working-class mother is dangerous because it is associated with relative social helplessness. To remedy this, what is needed is that the environment of the infant of the poor should be leveled up toward that of the infant of the well-to-do and that medical advice and nursing assistance should be made available for the



Barked Knuckles

A set of barked knuckles will teach you more about a wrench than a course in mechanics.

A round shouldered nut you can't get a grip on will add to this knowledge more than a year in a factory.

That's the way you learn that one wrench slips and the other grips—that one nicks its sharp edges under pressure while the other holds true—that one wears out and the other endures. Yes, there is all that difference between such simple things as one wrench and another.

They may look somewhat alike. But the wrench that fits and holds and endures is marked—for you—with Triangle B.

Ask your mechanic. He knows all about Billings & Spencer wrenches, because to him good tools mean a good job.

He will tell you that they are hand-fitting, well balanced, sturdy—tools of tough (not brittle) steel—tools you can lean on and rely on, day in and year out—tools that will gain and deserve such friendship and respect as you accord to tried friends.

It has taken several thousand men fifty years to develop all that Triangle B of Billings & Spencer means. On a drop forging, a tool, or a forging machine, it says: "Rely on me. I am made as well as I can be made. I shall not fail." And it started to say these things to the world of industry at the time of the Civil War.

The scleroscope tests hardness of steel by the rebound of a diamond tipped weight. Modern and scientific forging countenances no guesswork.

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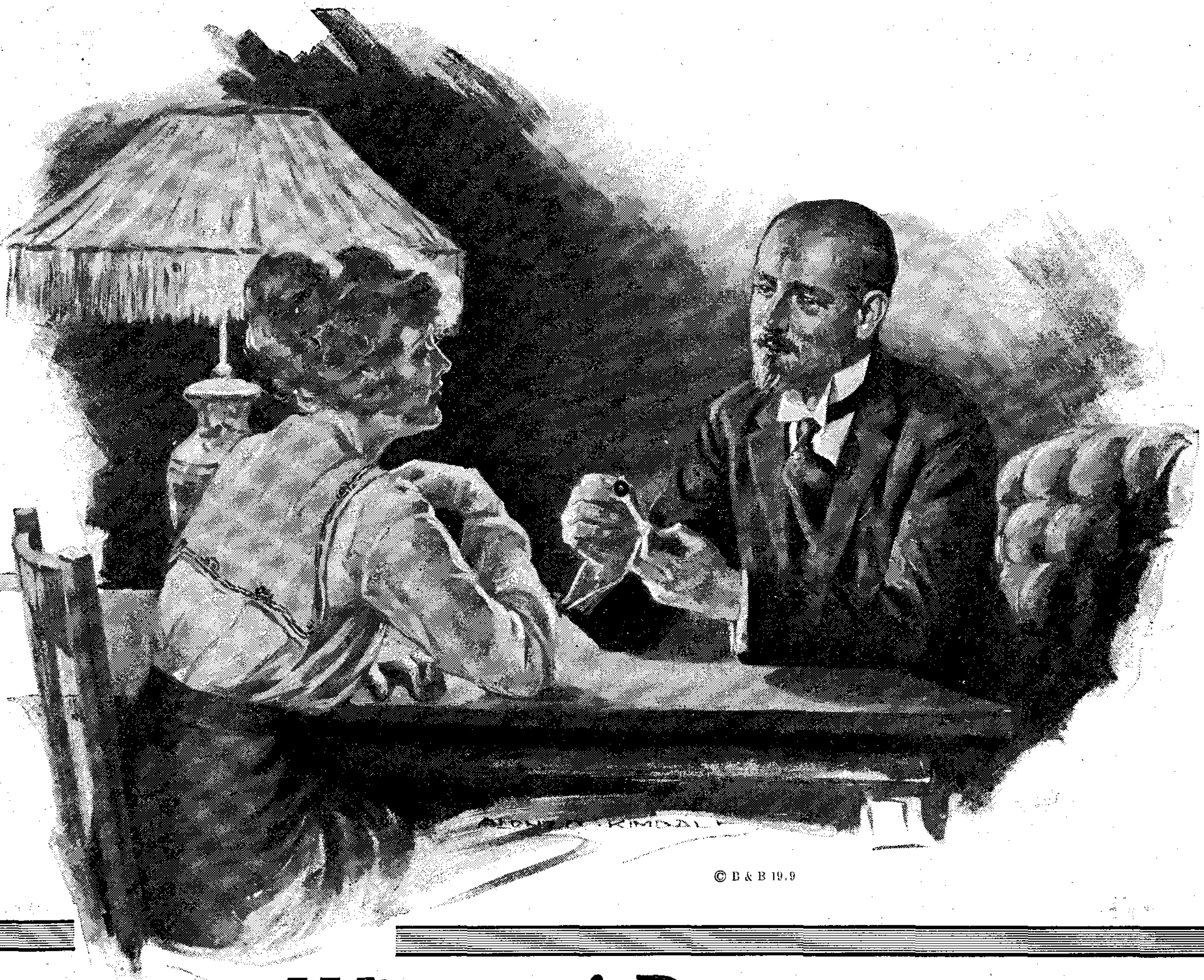
Hartford

The First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America



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Wives of Doctors

Don't Have Corns

Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

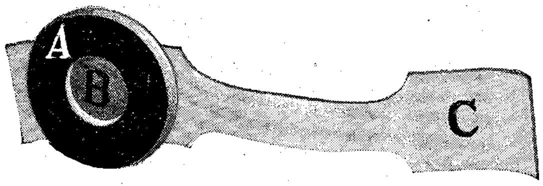
Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way. When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

B&B **Blue-jay**

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely

25 cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

[987]

poor as promptly as it is for persons of higher social status.'

"Among the essentials of a lowered infant-mortality rate are:

"1. Medical and nursing care at the service of all mothers and infants in this country, a policy which has been discust in the Fifth Annual Report of the Children's Bureau with reference to foreign experience and the setting forth of a plan for rural provision in the United States.

"2. Adequate teaching in the normal hygiene of maternity and infancy made available for all girls and women.

"3. Community responsibility for decent housing and sanitation.

"But finally, and fundamentally, a general recognition throughout the country that a decent income, self-respectingly earned by the father, is the beginning of wisdom, the only fair division of labor between the father and the mother of young children, and the strongest safeguard against a high infant-mortality rate.

"We still cling to the shaken, but not shattered, belief that this free country gives every man his chance and that an income sufficient to bring up a family decently is attainable by all honest people who are not hopelessly stupid or incorrigibly lazy. The fathers of 88 per cent. of the babies included in the Bureau's studies earned less than $1,250 a year; 27 per cent. earned less than $550. As the income doubled the mortality-rate was more than halved. Which is the more safe and sane conclusion! That 88 per cent. of all these fathers were incorrigibly indolent or below normal mentally, or that sound public economy demands an irreducible minimum living standard to be sustained by a minimum wage and such other expedients as may be developed in a determined effort to give every child a fair chance?"

THE KAISER PSYCHOANALYZED

FOR the simplest explanation of the Kaiser's personality one must go to the most complicated of sciences, psychoanalysis, according to a writer in *American Medicine* (New York, April). His interview, given out in a querulous moment and retracted in the panic that followed, must remain, we are told, as a psychologic monument for all time. The Kaiser was always "a garrulous old paranoiac," the writer goes on to say, and the generals who conducted his pathetic career knew what they were doing when they assigned Karl Rosner to him as a press-agent and let him talk his heart out over tear-stirring violets and such-like things for the benefit of a public to which Wilhelm had successfully played for thirty-odd years. We read further:

"His interview granted to Harold Begbie was very much in character, but for once the Kaiser spoke honestly, and immediately afterward he regretted it. His denial that he ever gave an interview to any one is of no avail; any student of character knows that the strange things he uttered were so genuine a product that it could not have been manufactured. To those who knew the man only as a boastful,

Coat Collars and

DANDRUFF!

IF dandruff has a way of becoming disagreeably familiar with coat collars, we can tell you a way to check this unpleasant familiarity.

Yes—Packer's Tar Soap. But of course even "Packer's" will not down dandruff without help from *you.* It is a "fifty-fifty" partnership, so to speak, and your co-operation should be persistent to be effective.

You should use your cake of pine-tar "Packer's" *regularly,* according to directions. Lather your head thoroughly, then massage the lather into your scalp with your finger-tips, rinsing it off with warm water.

Repeating the shampooing process before the final rinsing enables "Packer's" to do its best work. The first lather loosens and removes the dandruff flakes, while repeating the shampoo gives the scalp all the benefits of the healthful pine-tar lather.

This simple treatment spells discouragement to dandruff and, if persisted in, offers freedom from a most distressing scalp condition.

It is well worth your while to write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," 36 pages of practical information. Sent free on request. For sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap send ten cents.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

"Pure as the Pines"

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp — keeping the hair soft and attractive. Liberal sample bottle 10c.

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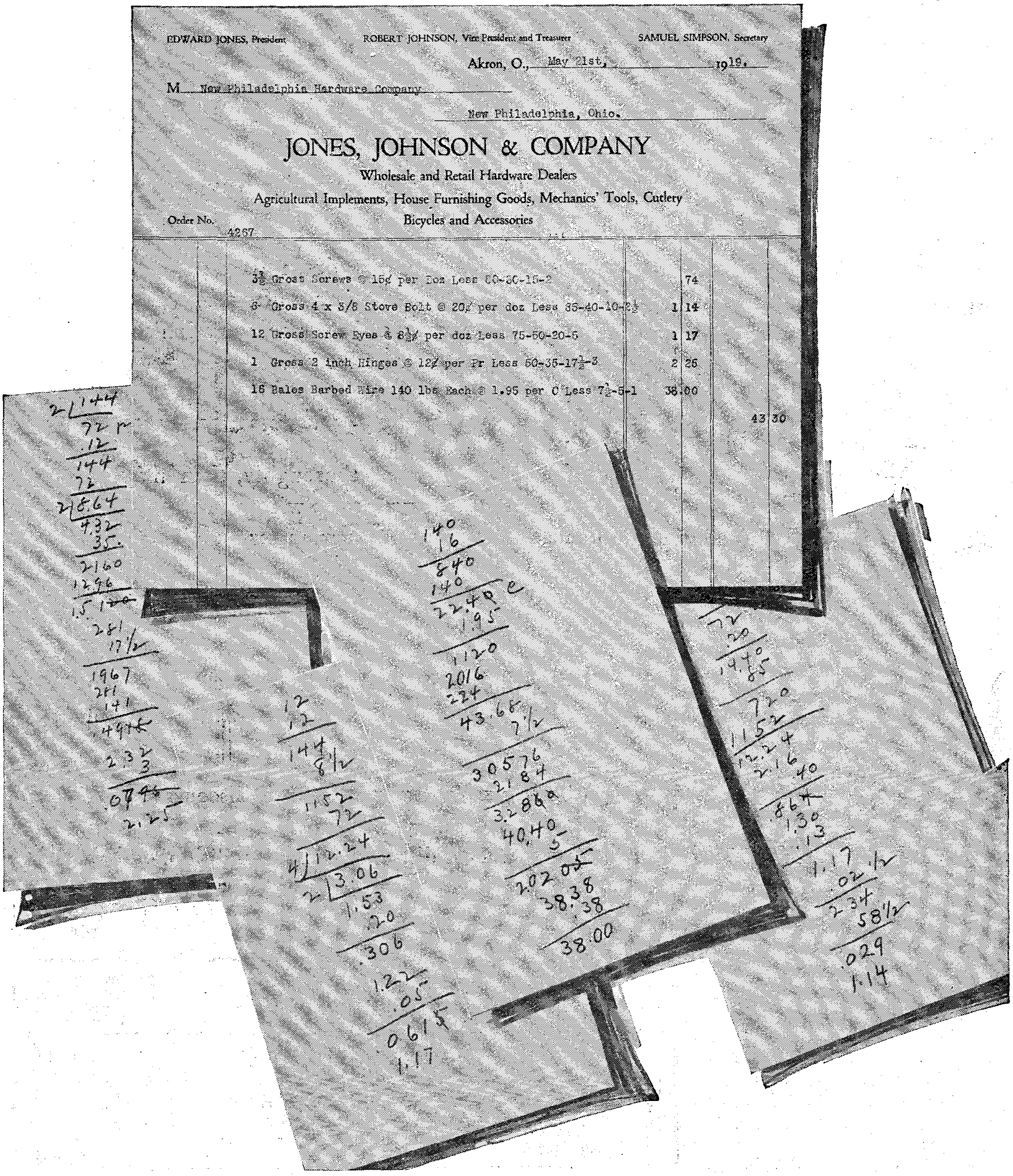
The Long Way—

Round Robin Hood's Barn



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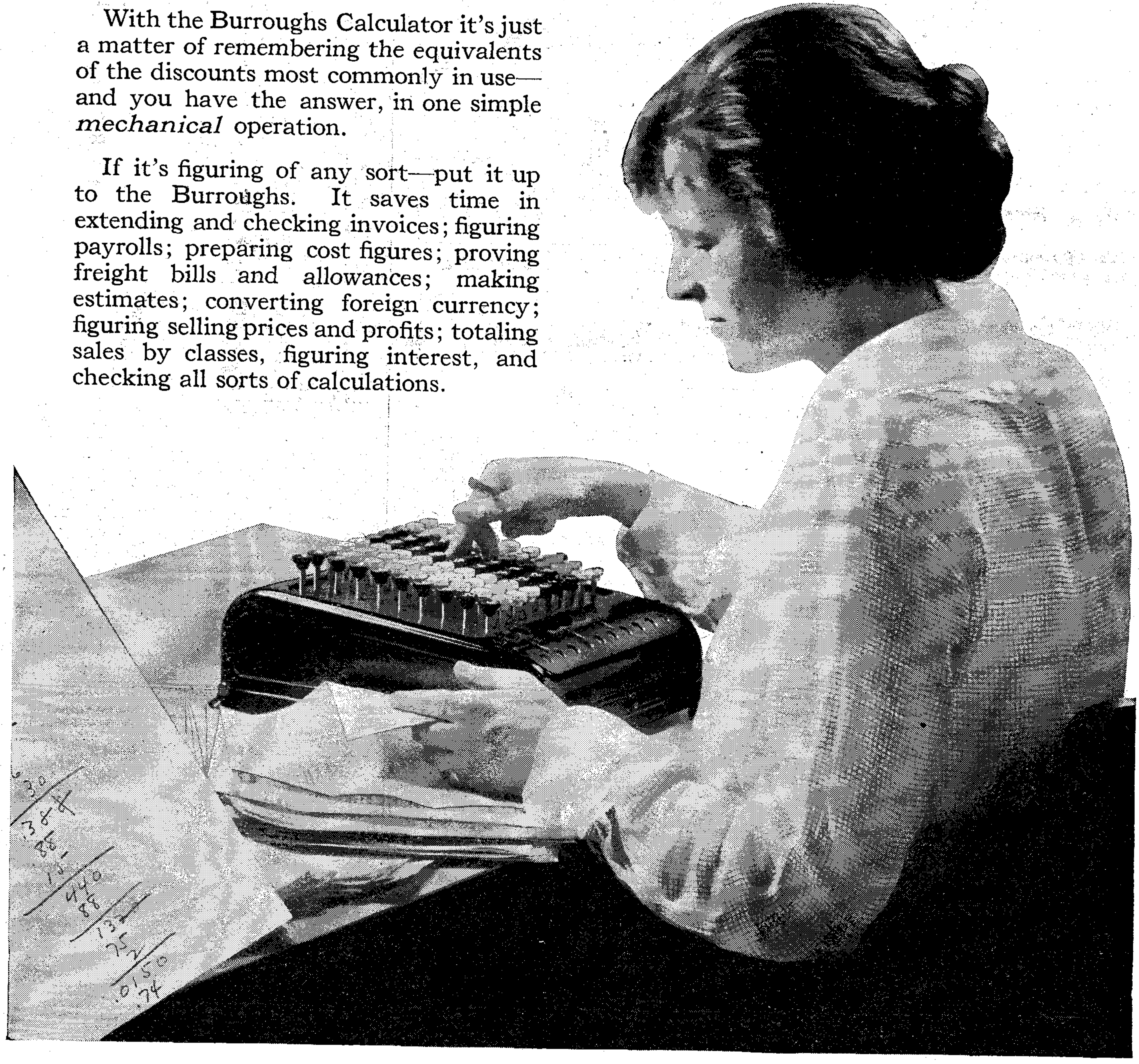

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Your Ford *needs* a Speedometer

OTHER accessories may be in the luxury class, but a reliable speedometer is a necessity to economic and efficient motoring.

Unless you know how far you go, how fast you go and what your gas, oil and tire cost per mile is, you are operating your car under a very great disadvantage and probably with considerable waste.

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Mounted on a handsomely-finished instrument board with adjustable end brackets that assure a snug, *non-rattling fit to any open model* Ford car. Also special model for Sedan Fords. A high grade instrument in every essential, giving perfect accuracy on season, trip and speed indicators. Johns-Manville Service and Responsibility stands behind your satisfaction.

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Automotive Equipment

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

swashbuckling, blood-and-thunder imperial hero, the whimpering, sniveling nature of his message to the world must have come as a surprize; but to the psychoanalyst the man who acknowledged a partnership only with Gott (and Gott the junior partner) was never a puzzle. Long before the interview was made public, a well-known disciple of Freud set him down as suffering markedly from an inferiority-complex, and it is this inferiority-complex which is at the basis of all the Kaiser ever said, thought, or did.

"It is common knowledge that Wilhelm Hohenzollern is a cripple, and it is almost as well established that he came into the world under the handicap of inherited disease. This scion of a great imperial house, destined to become the ruler of an aggressive, masterful race of Nietzschean blond beasts, was in no wise suited for the rôle destiny had imposed on him. His shrunken arm, his pathetically puny figure, his whole unheroic and unprepossessing make-up were a constant source of humiliation to him. Realizing this, the one aim of his life was to deceive the world, to draw attention away from these shortcomings, to impose himself on the public as a giant, physically and intellectually, as a colossus of courage and ability, as the perfect symbol of perfect kinghood. And every utterance of his career, every act of his rule, was designed toward this end. Charity might betray weakness; he must not be charitable. Kindness might betray a desire for sympathy; he must not be kind. An inclination toward peace might indicate cowardice; he must become known as the greatest war-lord of all time. Hence his coalition with the heartless war-party of Germany in the effort to build up the vast war-machine which drained the resources of Germany; hence his famous Hun speech to the German troops who were dispatched to China during the Boxer rebellion; hence his periodical, blustering challenges to the world at every crisis in which his country was involved. And in time the world began to believe that the man was really modeled after a heroic pattern. Many able observers were deceived. Even such a shrewd judge of character as the late Colonel Roosevelt was taken in. But the great test came when Germany lost the war and the Kaiser had to flee the country. His career had come to an end, he was a failure, he was found out. And what defense did he offer to an undeceived world? What justification did this fearless hero offer for the course he had pursued so confidently for three decades? His famous interview is the answer. Robbed of his glittering entourage of impressive uniforms, of the camouflage of royalty that always protected him, he stands revealed for what he is and always was—a maudlin, quaking, whimpering weakling. And, cowering under the lash of the world's accusation, he tells more of himself than the public has ever suspected.

"'Don't blame me!' he cried. 'It wasn't my fault. I didn't do it. My generals are responsible. I didn't want the war. I was a lover of peace. My generals and my diplomats wanted war, and I was thrust aside without any consideration. My generals did as they liked and they never told me anything. I was only a figure-head. When an important message arrived at headquarters I was shoved out of the room, so they could take it up among themselves. They tacked Karl Rosner on to me, and sent me around the country making pretty speeches—anything so long as they had me out of the way. Those nasty diplomats were the ruin of me. If it were not for them, I'd still be a great man in the eyes of the world. I didn't dare open my mouth to protest. I was a puppet in their hands. Don't blame me. I couldn't help it!' All of which is so amazingly interesting because it is amazingly true. The Kaiser was nothing but a puppet in the hands of the German war-makers. He acknowledges it now. Trapt by defeat, he frankly admits the inferiority which it had been his life-work to conceal. Robbed of his pose, he cringes and squirms and begs for mercy. He didn't do it! Fearing punishment at the hands of the English, he goes to great lengths to assure his English interviewer that he has always loved the people whom his *Zeppelins* murdered in cold blood. Fearing French retribution, he effusively insists that he has always been an admirer of French culture. Fearing the vengeance of the deceived German people, he swears that he has always tried to lead them into the ways of peace. Fear is the key-note of his whole confession. For the first time in his career, he utters the truth; and then, aware of how much he has revealed, he grows alarmed, and retracts the confession. He didn't do even that! There never was a more clear case of inferiority-complex."

A HOSPITAL LIKE A HOTEL

WHY not? A hospital, like a hotel, is a building for housing temporarily large number of persons. Unlike a hotel, t must include certain features dependent n the fact that its inmates are undergoing eatment for injury or disease. But so far s its living-quarters for patients are conerned, why should it not be patterned after n up-to-date hostelry? Asa S. Bacon, uperintendent of the Presbyterian Hosital of Chicago, answers this question by roposing a type of hospital looking on the utside exactly like a hotel or an apartnent-house. The proposed type, Mr. acon thinks, is both more efficient and conomical than that with which we are amiliar, and is especially adapted for the atient with a moderate income. Writes Mr. Bacon in *Hospital Management* (Chiago, May):

"It is often said that our hospitals are or the rich and the very poor. There is no edium accommodation for the great iddle class. For the average patient, the resent private rooms are too expensive, nd his nervous, sensitive condition rebels gainst the ward. And yet the man in oderate circumstances, unable to pay for n expensive room, should find a haven of uiet, peace, and rest in the hospital. hese people are in the majority. They eserve consideration, for they are the ackbone of the community. . . . . . .

"All of the large industries in the past w years have devoted a great deal of time the study of efficient production and the mination of lost motion, with the end in ew of cheaper and better products. In any cases this has led to some very

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Certificate of Guarantee
This Gilbert clock is treated with "Luna" a Radium Luminous Compound which we guarantee to contain genuine Radium. It will be visible in darkness for at least five years.
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Clock illustrated above is MOONLITE—RADIUM DIAL, has a one day time movement, in polished mahogany case, 5 inches high, with 3 inch dial.

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"Make Night *Time* Plain as Day"

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Select yours from several fascinating models at your dealer's.

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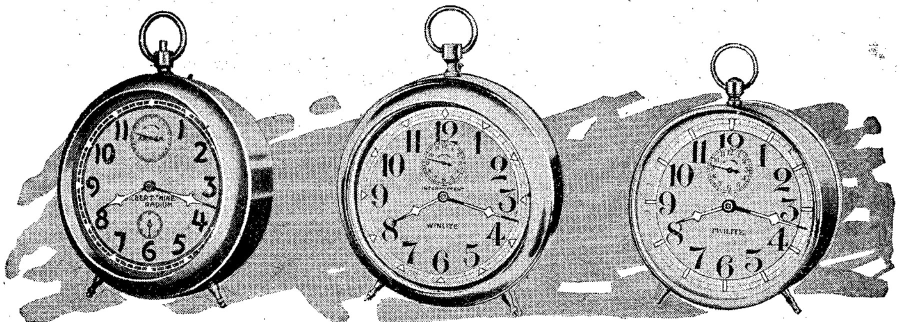
Dealers: *The market for Gilbert Radium Clocks has come to you. Supply it. Write for attractive proposition.*



GILBERT NINE—RADIUM DIAL
Nine day clock with automatic alarm, 7 inches high

WINLITE—RADIUM DIAL
Intermittent alarm—one day movement, 6¾ inches high

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"The World's Right Arm"

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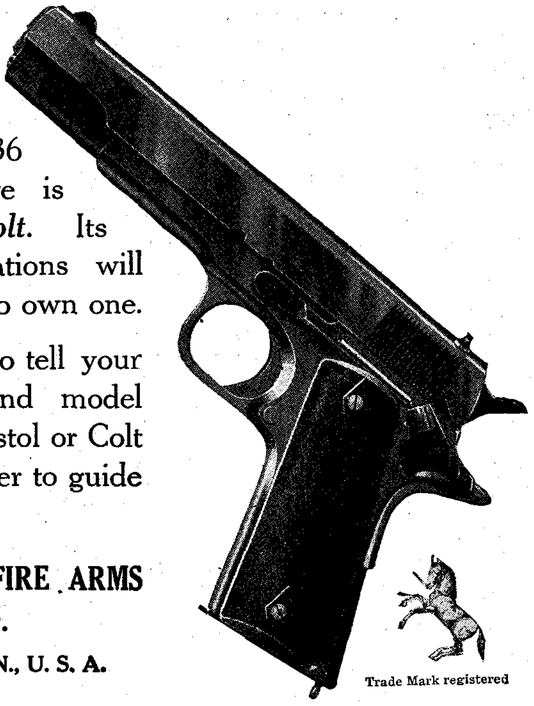
STRENGTH! Might sustained by right. The Huns backed across the Rhine facing two million straight-shooting Yanks.

To supply Colt's Firearms to the gallant boys who went over there was our business. To *use* them right was theirs. Did they? THEY DID.

And *now* we are making COLTS so *you* can own a Colt Automatic Pistol or Colt Revolver.

Do not accept "the next best." You want *Colt* protection for your home. For accuracy, dependability and safety—every world struggle since 1836 has proved there is nothing like a *Colt*. Its glorious associations will make you proud to own one.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Manufacturers of

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radical changes, not only in methods of administration, but in the abandonment of present plants and the building of new ones, simply because the physical arrangements of the old were beyond remodeling, and hopeless.

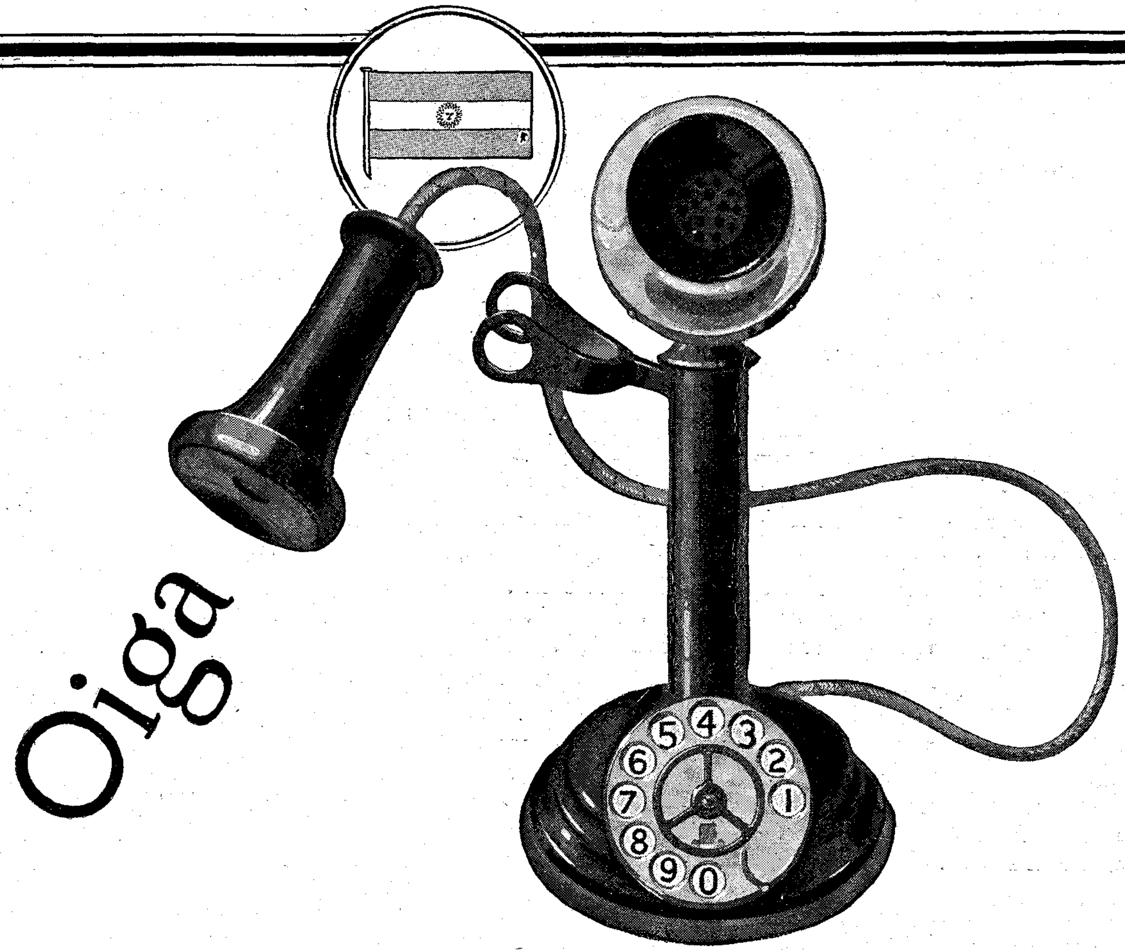
"Hospital superintendents have been watching this evolution and have gained many hints, applying them in their operation of the old hospital buildings, but it has been a repairman's job, and has only helped out to a small extent; enough so, however, to prove convincingly that, if given a chance, efficiency methods would do as much for hospitals as they have done for industries and business where competition is keen and the dollar talks. . . . . . .

"With these thoughts in mind, there has been evolved a hospital plan which, it is believed, will provide for the sick of a community the same efficient, but at the same time economical, service that business demands, and will meet the need, long felt, of caring for the large, independent but moderately financed class of people who are now but poorly accommodated by our hospitals.

"In working out this plan certain fundamental principles of construction and organization have been found to be imperative. These are the abandonment of large private rooms and wards and the substitution of small private rooms; the abandonment of special-duty rooms and general lavatories and the substitution of toilet and lavatory with each patient's room; the abandonment of floor diet-kitchens and serving-rooms and the substitution of one large central kitchen and serving-station; the abandonment of floor linen-rooms and the substitution of one central linen-supply room; the abandonment of long corridors, necessitating the carrying for long distances of food, linen drugs, and supplies and the substitution o dumb-waiters direct from the centra supply-rooms to each floor section; th abandonment of telephoned requisition and the substitution of pneumatic tube carrying written requisitions from eac floor to the central supply-stations."

Of all the advantages claimed for th new plan, the separate and individua room for each patient comes first. Th private room in practically every hospita is now a luxury. But in the new arrange ment the retirement of service-rooms to th basement and the utilization of the spac thus gained make possible a moderat priced hospital. Further comfort is pro vided by the installation of a complet utility equipment with each room, mad possible by economies in personal service Mr. Bacon goes on:

"The private room for each patient wit its complete utility equipment not onl provides comfort, but absolutely solve many problems. The question of con tagion is eliminated: each room complet in itself, needing no service which is com mon to any other. Or, a patient, d veloping some contagious disease at a lat date, does not have to be moved at possibl the most critical time because of dang to others. Again, the room tempera ture can be kept at the degree best suit for each patient, or the room can be turn into a solarium if desired. Better examin tions can be made and histories taken tha



"Oiga" is Spanish for "listen" and is used as the telephone greeting in prosperous, progressive Argentina. This land of opportunity in South America looks to the United States for the best in modern business methods. It was only natural then, that the Automatic Telephone has been adopted as the sole means of telephone communication in several of its largest industrial centers.

So it is in England, France, Hawaii, Cuba, Canada, Australia and elsewhere. Business men everywhere are learning how the speedy, accurate, inviting service of the Automatic Telephone provides a method of communication in keeping with the progress of the Twentieth Century.

Even where the Automatic is not yet serving city systems, private business is getting the benefit of Automatic speed, economy and efficiency by installing the P. A. X.—the Private Automatic Exchange—for interior calling of all kinds.

For Instance

Private business everywhere is finding that one telephone service, designed for city use, can not carry the burden of interior telephoning without congestion to out-going and incoming calls. Two telephones are needed: the one exclusively for city service, the other the Automatic Electric Service of the P. A. X. The latter is used for a new kind of telephone service, a service so definitely profitable that many pay for it out of the saving it makes.

The thousands of establishments now using these business telephones find the P. A. X. active, alert, automatic, every hour of the twenty-four. They find in the economy, efficiency and excellence of its services, qualities which adapt themselves to so many phases of their business—telephone, watchman, paging and fire alarm service, etc.—that installations increase an average of 30% during the first year of use.

An oil company in Oklahoma increased from 25 Automatics to 80 the first year. A Louisiana lumber firm started with 26 Automatics—now it has 76. A Chicago concern increased from 154 to 251. A New York trust company doubled its P. A. X. system from 75 to 150.

Write for "Saving With the P. A. X." It gives facts and figures of actual experiences of a number of organizations.

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Dependable

Unfailing dependability is a characteristic inherent in every SERVICE Motor Truck.

Wm. Greenabery, in charge of transportation for one of the large department stores of the middle west, speaking from a broad experience, says:

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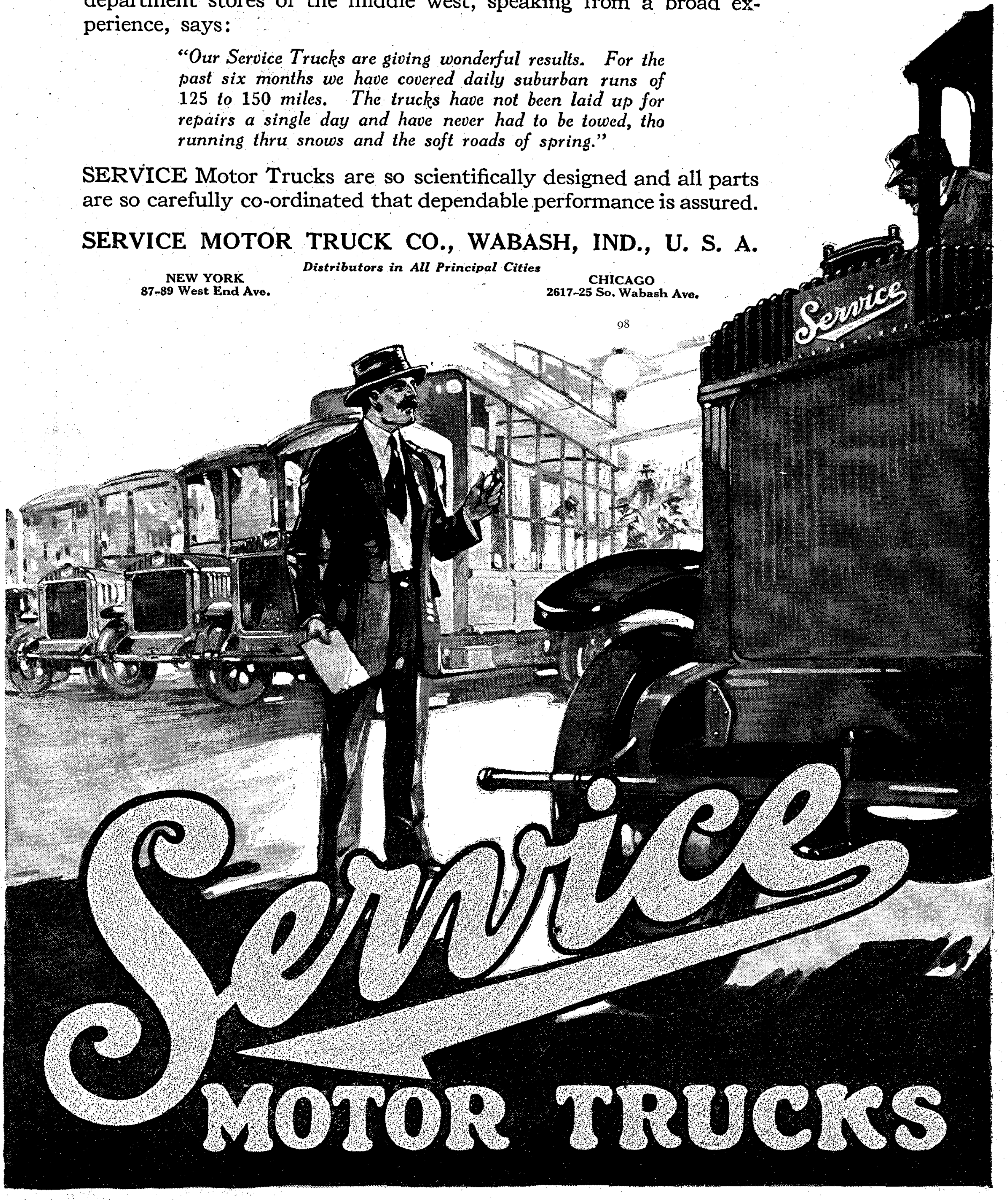

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

in a ward, and they may be made at odd hours which might otherwise disturb others. Hospital visiting-rules can also be allowed to fit the individual patient and not fret the patient for the sake of a rule. It also allows the occupancy of all the beds at all times.

"Every institution is judged by its ability to satisfy the people who patronize it and by the actual results obtained from the energy expended. This energy may be money or personal effort on the part of employees. If it be money, the present form of hospital will suffice. If it depend upon personal effort of employees, a more efficient and economical plan must be worked out. This the 'New Efficient Hospital' expects to accomplish."

ARCTIC STOCK FARMS

ARCTIC Alaska is capable of producing seven times as much meat as the entire present mutton output of Canada. The meat, however, would not be mutton, but venison from herds of reindeer. The statement just quoted was made by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer, to the Canadian Parliament, before which has been placed a plan for exploiting Canada's arctic regions—once believed to be economically valueless, except for the furs of its wild creatures. Stefansson bases his opinion on the success of the American reindeer herds in Alaska. Our only mistake, he says, has been our modesty in experimenting on such a small scale. His advice to Canada is to go into the arctic meat-raising business in a way that will enable her to feed a large part of the world and pocket the proceeds. Our quotations are from an article in *The Evening Post* (New York, May 6). We read here:

"Mr. Stefansson's ideas were recently placed before Arthur Meighen, Minister of the Interior, whose department administers the natural resources of the North, and it was thought advisable to have the explorer address Parliament. His project involves introducing large herds of reindeer and domesticating and developing great herds of musk-ox. Both animals would furnish milk and meat supplies, and the musk-ox would afford also a wool supply.

"The Canadian North, Mr. Stefansson said, could be utilized to help solve present and future food-shortages, and development of his project would expedite the opening of mineral and other resources of the North. He estimated that there were from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 square miles of land available for grazing in a climate too severe for cattle, but where reindeer and musk-ox could exist the year round.

"'About twenty years ago,' Mr. Stefansson said, 'the American Government introduced 1,280 domestic reindeer into arctic Alaska. From the point of view of the Government this was a sort of charity, for the sole aim was to give a possibility of economic independence to the Eskimo. The prevailing opinion was that even this object would not be attained, and few of those who expected the enterprise to succeed even dreamed of its present magnitude or the meaning it would have for Alaska to-day or for the world to-morrow.

"'Under Eskimo care these herds have increased at the rate of doubling in three years. But the few animals that are in the hands of white men are found to double in numbers every two years. The white men look further into the future, and, therefore, butcher only male animals. The Eskimo butchers females each year for reasons of fashion in clothing.

"'When the American Government gave reindeer to the Eskimo it made each Eskimo promise he would not sell a female reindeer at any time to a white man, the object being merely to promote the economic welfare of the Eskimo. But it was found necessary to secure Laplanders to instruct the Eskimo in the care of the deer, and these Laplanders were by the Government allowed to own reindeer herds on the same terms as the natives.' . . . . .

"In due time, Mr. Stefansson said, arctic Alaska will support more than 7,000,000 reindeer, producing as much meat yearly as 14,000,000 sheep or seven times the present mutton production of all the settled portion of Canada. The Americans now realized, he said, that they had made a mistake in starting the industry on such a small scale, and he warned that Canada should not make the same mistake."

SHORT-CIRCUITING FLOODS

HOW to utilize the energy of a fall is the problem that usually confronts the hydraulic engineer. How to dissipate this energy without putting it to any use at all was the quite different problem solved by Francis C. Shenehon, of Minneapolis, the builder of a device for "short-circuiting" floods in the Big Sioux River, at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Sioux Falls is on the river twenty-six miles below itself; in other words, one may start at Sioux Falls, descend the Big Sioux River for twenty-six miles, and find himself again at Sioux Falls and only two and one-half miles, across a neck of land, from the exact place where he set out. Incidentally, he is fifty-three feet lower, the sluggish river dropping about two feet to the mile in making its huge loop away from the town and back again. Then it goes over a fall of sixty-two feet more and into a rocky gorge, where it is thus 115 feet below the level at which it first approaches the city. The plan of relieving the rich bottom-lands from flood (they might better be called "top" lands, because they are on the upper level) by cutting across the loop and letting flood-waters short-circuit into the gorge has been adopted on a small scale for some time. An attempt to build a larger spillway resulted disastrously, the raging flood-water tearing the works to pieces. A new spillway, mostly underground, has just been completed and is described by Mr. Shenehon in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York, May 15). As intimated above, no use can be made of the sporadic energy of this flood-water, great as it is; on the contrary, the spillway contains a "stilling-basin" built especially to catch and quiet it at the end

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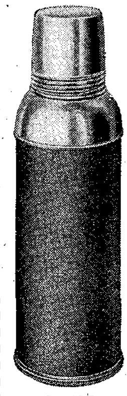
Made in America



ICY-HOT No. 23

Icy-Hots double the pleasure of outings. Make it easy to carry a complete course dinner with you; hot soups, and hot or cold drinks in bottles; hot meats and vegetables and frozen ices in jars.

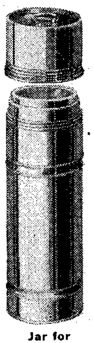
Icy-Hots keep hot things steaming hot and cold things icy cold. Essential in every home. Save preparing food and drink at inconvenient hours for babies, invalids, or anyone. Icy-Hots are easily cleaned, absolutely sanitary—leaders for ten years.

Last a Lifetime

with ordinary care because Icy-Hots are cushioned to prevent breakage. The glass bottle inside the protecting metal case rests on a shock-absorbing cushion which prevents breakage from jolts and jars.

Icy-Hot Lunch Kit

for all who carry lunch. Keeps lunch moist, while Icy-Hot Bottle in Kit provides hot tea or coffee or cold milk.



Jar for Ice Cream or Solid Foods

Ask your dealer for Icy-Hots. Look for trade-mark "Icy-Hot" on bottom. If your dealer can't supply you, send direct to us, giving your dealer's name and address.

Write for catalog showing Icy-Hots from $2.25 up.

The Icy-Hot Bottle Co.
127 W. Second Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

Carafe No. 775

Lunch Kit Complete with Bottle

Keep Contents Cold for 72 Hours; Hot for 24 Hours

ENTER A BUSINESS of your own and earn big annual income in professional fees, making and fitting a foot specialty to measure; readily learned by anyone at home in a few weeks; easy terms for training, openings everywhere with all the trade you can attend to. No capital required or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. *Address* **Stephenson Laboratory, 3 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.**

"There's *something* about it you'll like"

On Sale Everywhere

TRADE MARK

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture

Sample upon request

Falk Tobacco Co. 1784 Broadway, New York.

DILLON MULTI VISION LENS

What Car-Owners Say:

"You are at liberty to use the letters I wrote you, for the Dillon Lenses have no equal in my estimation, and I have tried several others that are on the market. Yours only have given me just what I have been expecting of the others."
J. E. CAVEY, Stratton, Col.

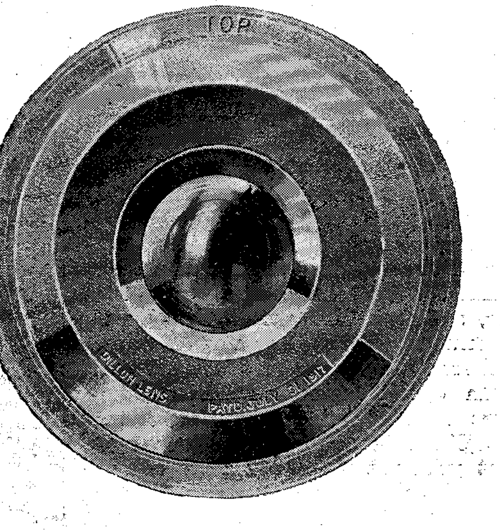
"Received the Dillon Lens and had same installed on my machine in less than five minutes. Have tried them out on the boulevards, also on the country roads, and must say that they are in my opinion the perfection of lenses. Have tried several other kinds of headlight attachments, but your lenses are the only ones that have given me a perfect and clear light."
JAS. A. COOGAN,
Kansas City, Mo.

"I have found in the Dillon Multi-Vision Lens, at last, comfort in night driving. I have tried almost every other kind of headlight attachment on the market, but they are excuses compared to the Dillon. I wouldn't sell mine for $25 if I couldn't get another pair." J. MAXIME ROY,
Broussard, La.

"They are all that you claimed them to be and then some. Would not drive over country roads without them. They give a wonderful light right where you want it."
C. E. MARKHAM,
Detroit, Mich.

"The Dillon Lenses are the finest auto lenses I ever rode behind, and apparently perfect. Am very much pleased."
E. N. REASONER,
Oneco, Fla.

"I had the extreme hard luck of breaking one of my Dillon Lenses. Would just as soon have broken a connecting rod, because I am at a loss without it, and cannot replace the Dillon with any other type of lens with the same satisfaction."
E. H. KELLER, Jr.,
Fort Worth, Texas.



Do You Feel Safe When Driving at Night?

You may have felt that all legal lenses cut down the light and are therefore not to be considered unless under compulsion of the law.

The Dillon Multi-Vision Lens is different.

It gives you more illumination on the road than plain glass lenses, and is legal in all states.

Plenty of Light

You see the ditches and the entire roadway in almost daylight clearness. There are no dark areas, no "waves of light," no shadows. Just a fine, full illumination that leaps straight out at both sides and extends far ahead.

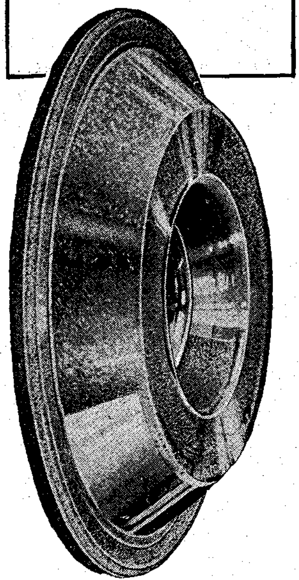
A Test Will Tell

One short ride behind the Dillon Lens on a dark night will give you proof beyond question of its superior lighting efficiency. As driver or as passenger you will realize immediately that here at last is a lens that satisfies every desire for light, safety and compliance with the law.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Read the testimonials in the opposite column. They are typical of the thousands of letters we have received, all telling the same story of more and safer light.

Get a pair from your dealer today. Try them out and if not fully satisfied return them and your money will be refunded. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct. Same price, $3.50 per pair, any size, postpaid. Booklet upon request.



$3.50 *per pair*
Any Size
Anywhere in U.S.A.

DILLON LENS & MFG. CO., Dept. "D" WHEELING, W. VA.

DEALERS AND JOBBERS CAN BE SUPPLIED PROMPTLY BY
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
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Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Great Falls, Mont.
Highpoint, N. C.
Houston, Texas
Jacksonville, Fla.
Kansas City, Mo.
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Pacific Coast States
PATTON PAINT COMPANY
San Francisco, Cal. Los Angeles, Cal.
Seattle, Wash. TIMMS, CRESS & CO., Portland, Ore.

Western Canada
INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC CO., Regina, Sask.
Export Managers
J. J. NORDMAN & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

of its journey. The spillway carries 2,000 cubic feet of flood-water per second down 110 feet in a distance of 300 feet. In the stilling-basin energy is absorbed and made harmless at the rate of 25,000 horse-power. Writes Mr. Shenehon in substance:

"The spillway as perfected was made up of simple elements. Controlling works were placed at the upper end, with sluiceways limiting the inflow to 2,000 cubic feet per second. A stilling-basin is at the lower end, where the flood-waters are made to plunge into a well, 25 feet deep, U-shaped and equivalent in horizontal area to a circle 24 feet in diameter. A conduit leads from the sluiceways to the stilling-basin. It was designed to destroy energy, so the conduit first drops vertically in a circular shaft tapering to a diameter of 10 feet at bottom. Then an elbow turns the water through an angle of 80 degrees into a tunnel 214 feet long. Then comes an open flume which leads to a curved deflector-beam, where the flood-stream is turned vertically down into the center of the well or stilling-basin. As the water is turned downward on the deflector, it spreads out laterally and strikes the water in the basin in a thin sheet, perhaps 2 feet thick and 20 feet wide. Perhaps the well should be called a seething-basin instead of a stilling-basin, because the water is not stilled when it issues from the basin in a stream 20 feet wide and 15 feet deep, but is alive with energy. The final absorption of the residual energy takes place in the open gorge down-stream from the basin, where the rock bottom is at a depth of 30 feet and the stream is free to cut out for itself a channel 100 feet wide if it needs it. Sixty feet down-stream from the basin the flood-water flows tamely away.

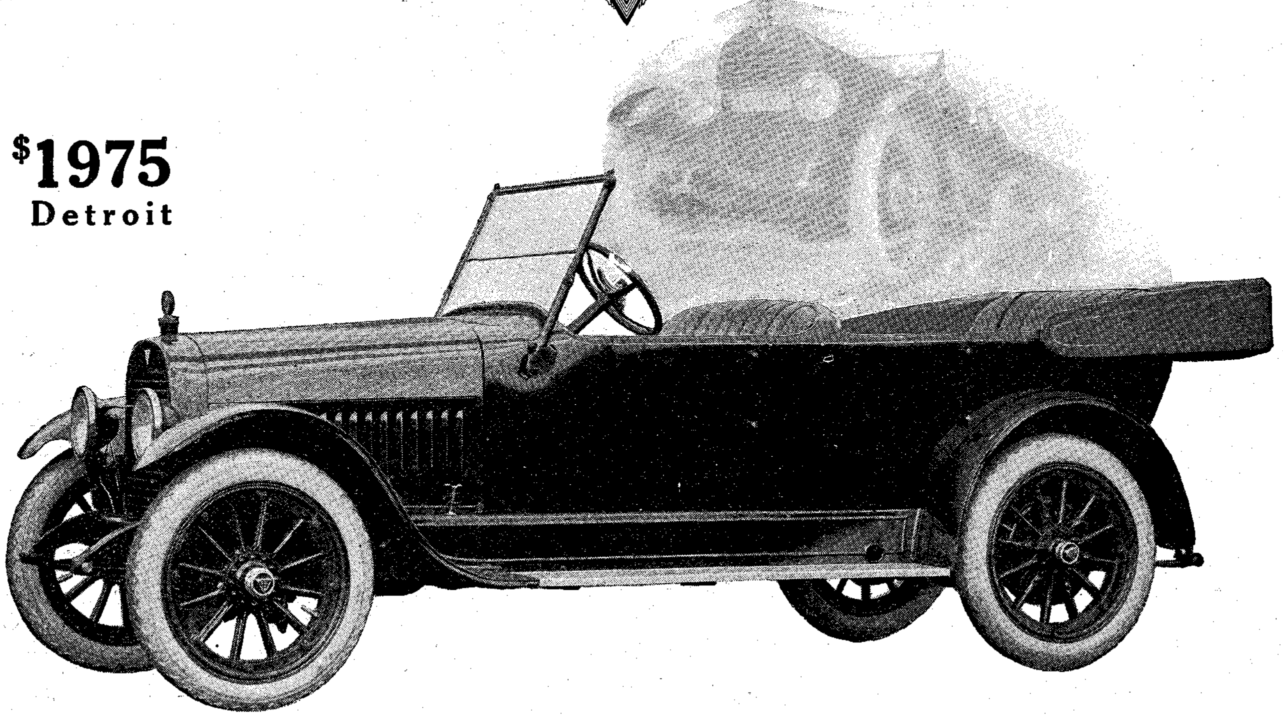
"One geological feature is still to be explained. The rubber-like blue-gray clay rests on a stratum of fine quartz sand, which at the basin was 20 feet in depth. This sand yields a small spring flow. It is not quicksand and does not flow, but where exposed to current wash it undermines the blue clay and causes the landslides mentioned above. When a condition of equilibrium is reached, the blue clay has formed a talus-bank, which confines and protects the sand from further wash. The clay itself does not scour readily.

"The principle involved in the absorption of energy in the stilling-basin is that of the hydraulic jump, or standing wave, in which a stream of high velocity and small section undergoes a transition to a stream of low velocity and large section. It has been much discust of recent years in connection with the detaining reservoirs of the Ohio flood-relief projects.

"The object of projecting the swift stream vertically downward into a deep well is to make the structure shorter and more compact.

"All structures are of reenforced concrete of massive design. Perhaps the forces to be cared for may be more readily grasped when it is stated that at overload capacity 4,700 tons of water per minute are speeding at thirty-five miles an hour vertically through the shaft, turned nearly to horizontal in the elbow, turned to vertical on the deflector; then flow out of the basin horizontally again. The reaction in the elbow and on the deflector is over one hundred tons."

$1975
Detroit



A New Car—A New Price—Greater Value The Hudson Super-Six $1975

Four Years Experience and 60,000 in Service Result in a Super-Six Which Men Say Has No Rival

Owners of earlier Hudson Super-Sixes—there are 60,000—are the most appreciative appraisers of the new model.

They know the reliability of Hudson endurance and have long said it was potentially the greatest car built. The improvements their experience has suggested have been made. Annoyances that have been regarded as inevitable to all cars have been eliminated.

With practically every dealer, his first sales of the new Hudson Super-Six were made to those who have owned Hudsons for years.

They Saw Qualities You Will Want

This is the tenth year of Hudson leadership. The Super-Six is four years old. When it came the trend was toward motors of many cylinders. But its freedom from vibration, obtained by a patented motor which added 72% to power without increase of size or weight, was what had been sought for. Smoothness meant easier riding and greater endurance.

The Super-Six established its leadership in these qualities in every avenue open to such proof. It became the most famous speed car.

But the Super-Six was not designed as a race car. It merely established its speed qualities in the development of its value as a reliable enduring car such as you want.

Those qualities were established with the first Super-Six. Subsequent models revealed the refinements that come only from experience. Each year saw an advancement over previous models.

This new model attains the ideal for which we have sought.

The Proof Is All About You

No other fine car is so well regarded by so many people. There is a Hudson Super-Six for each six miles of improved roadway in America. You will see more Hudson closed- and chauffeur-driven cars on Fifth Avenue than of any other make. It is the choice car of the business man, the farmer, the rancher, the mountaineer and the tourist. With changes that can be made in any Super-Six, it is the car upon which race drivers rely to win prizes in 500-mile speedway events or in the most famous road races.

How It Was Improved

The new Super-Six starts easier, rides easier, and runs smoother. All its excellent qualities you know are retained—in many instances, enhanced.

Owners of earlier Hudsons see its finer values as you detect the matured nature of a friend in whom you have long admired qualities of sturdiness and reliability.

Prompt Delivery for Early Buyers

Each season has seen a Hudson shortage. Reports from dealers indicate sales are increasing faster than production. Buyers have waited months to get the car of their choice. You will do well to decide now.

The new Super-Six sells at $1975, f. o. b. Detroit. Compare that price with the price of less wanted cars and then think how much greater will be the demand for Hudsons this year than ever before.

Hudson Motor Car Company Detroit, Michigan

(1073)

Robert A. Hoag,
Iron Mountain, Mich.

Mellin's Food

Wherever you spend the summer
spend it with a
Movette
and re-live the enjoyment
throughout the year

INSTEAD of ordinary snapshots take your own motion pictures, and come back with a *living record* of all the good times you have had.

It's so easy to take motion pictures with *Movette.* The camera is small, compact and as easy to carry and operate as a folding pocket camera. It's even simpler—there is no adjusting or focusing to do. You simply point the camera and turn the little crank, that's all. You buy the film from any leading dealer, who will also develop it and make the print for you. And then the pictures you have, and which are shown with the *Movette* projector, are real motion pictures, with the same clearness and detail as shown in theatres but smaller—to fit your home.

The price of the *Movette* outfit consisting of camera and projector is $100. It is on sale by the leading dealers in all larger cities. If your dealer cannot yet show you *Movette,* write to us for literature.

MOVETTE, Inc.
Rochester, New York

THE SPICE OF LIFE

The Difference.—HE—"What's the difference between a gown and a creation?"

SHE—"I couldn't tell the exact figures—but it's a small fortune."—*Blighty* (*London*).

Another Hand to "Rock the Cradle."—MOTHER—"Would you like to come and rock the baby for a bit, Tommy?"

TOMMY—"Rather! but I haven't got a rock!"—*London Mail.*

Equals.—HE—"Your cousin refused to recognize me at the Jazz last night; thinks I'm not his equal, I suppose."

SHE—"Ridiculous! Of course you are; why, he's nothing but a conceited idiot."—*Blighty* (*London*).

A Mere Trifle.—"Oh, Charley, have you half-a-minute to spare?"

"Yes. But only half-a-minute, my dear."

"Well, I only want you to explain to me exactly what's meant by the Covenant of the League of Nations."—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Another "Dry" Vote.—"'A burnt child dreads the fire,'" announced the teacher during the lesson in proverbs. "Now, give me a sentence different in wording but meaning the same thing."

A grimy hand shot up from the back of the class.

"Please, teacher," came a small voice, "A washed child dreads the water."—*Blighty* (*London*).

What's Bred in the Bone.—During his recent visit to the Coast a member of a reception committee asked Secretary of War Baker if it were true that the Germans were hissing American troops doing duty in Germany. "It is true," replied the Secretary, "but don't be alarmed. The Government has decided that it's just an instance where the goose-step has gone to their heads."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Instructing Grandpa.—"I was talking to my little granddaughter over the telephone the other day," said an old man recently to a few of his friends at a hotel, "and when I ended I said, 'Here, Dorothy, is a kiss for you.' She replied, 'Oh! pshaw, grandpa! Don't you know that a kiss over the telephone is like a straw hat?' I said, 'Why, no, sweetheart, how's that?' 'It's not felt, grandpa,' she said."—*Blighty* (*London*).

Spelling 'Em Down in Kansas

Menageries where sleuth-hounds caracole,
Where jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic gnu
Fright ptarmigan and kestrels cheek by jowl,
With pewit and precocious cockatoo.

Gaunt seneschals, in crochety cockades,
With seine net trawl for porpoise in lagoons;
While scullions gage erratic escapades
Of madrepores in water-logged galloons.

Flamboyant triptychs groined with gherkins green
In reckless fracas with coquettish bream,
Ecstatic gargoyles, with grotesque chagrin,
Garnish the gruesome nightmare of my dream!

—*Capper's Weekly.*

Skeptics.—Some people are so skeptical concerning its claims that they call it "The League of Halluci-nations."—*Boston Transcript.*

Outclassed. — WIFEY — "That Mrs. Brown must be an awful gossip. I never can tell her anything but what she's heard it before."—*Blighty* (*London*).

Heard in the Cotton-field. — NORTHERNER—"What's that white fluffy stuff you are picking?"

"That, sah, will be wool when yo' wear it next winter in the No'th."—*Life.*

Intermittent.—LADY (to applicant for position as gardener)—"You are, of course, strictly sober?"

APPLICANT — "Yes, mum, often." — *Blighty* (*London*).

Casuistry of 1919.—"The ancients disputed how many angels could dance on the point of a needle."

"That's nothing. How many could dance on the Fourteen Points?"—*Denver Post.*

Heavenly Harmony.—The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse says that if there really are harps in heaven, he would rather have pianos. For our part, what we desire there is the German banned.—*London Opinion.*

Suggestive Art.—PURCHASER (who is selecting a wedding gift)—"Yes, I rather like that. What is the title?"

PICTURE DEALER — "'The Coming Storm'—would make a splendid wedding present."—*Blighty* (*London*).

Some Test.—SHE—"Of course I like you! Why, haven't I danced with you six times to-night?"

HE—"But I don't see any proof in that!"

SHE—"You would if you knew how badly you dance!"—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

The Delays of Demobilization.—"Well, Bill, what are you going to do when you gets demobilized?"

"Live on me pension, of course."

"You don't think yer goin' to get a pension from the Army, do yer?"

"No, not Army—Old Age Pension, I mean."—*London Opinion.*

Superfluity.—"You love my daughter?" said the old man.

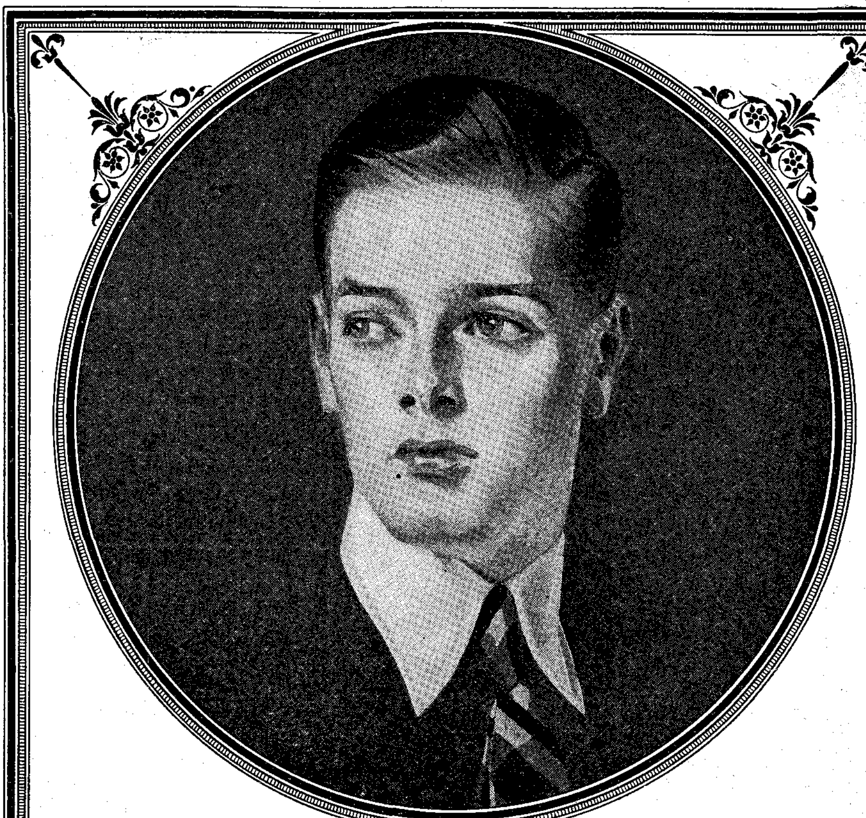
"Love her," he exclaimed, passionately. "Why I would die for her. For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish—a bruised mass upon the rocks two hundred feet below."

The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Cutting It Short.—"Don't be so long-winded in your reports as you have been in the past," said the manager of the "Wild West" railway to his overseer. "Just report the condition of the track as ye find it, and don't put in a lot of needless words that ain't to the point. Write a business letter, not a love-letter."

A few days later the railway line was badly flooded, and the overseer wrote his report to the manager in one line:

"Sir—Where the railway was the river is.—Yours faithfully, ———."—*Blighty* (*London*).



ARROW
TROY TAILORED
SOFT COLLARS
are made of selected fabrics in smart styles possessing exclusive features that assure easy laundering, good fit and long service. *Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, N.Y.*

UNION
METAL COLUMNS
For Porch and Pergola

There is an air of constant invitation and welcome about the garden where Union Metal Columns are used for pergolas, porches or ornamental nooks.

These gleaming white pillars furnish striking contrast with green foliage and brilliant flowers—and—what is of utmost importance—they will not split, rot, warp or open at joints as wood is bound to do when surrounded by damp vines and shrubbery.

Union Metal Columns are made of special steel pressed into the exact designs of ancient architecture—sizes up to 36 inch diameter and 32 feet high.

Write for Pergola Book No. 43, showing attractive installations and full description of complete Pergolas—or Column Book No. 23 showing Columns on Porches and Entrances.

Union Metal Lamp Standards
Booklet No. 103 on Street Lighting, or Booklet No. 113 on Building Entrances, sent free to anyone interested in beautiful lighting for city or building.

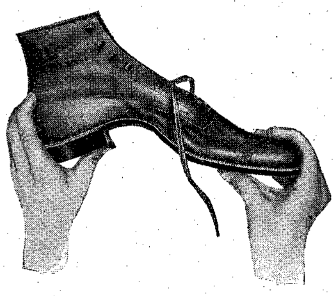
THE UNION METAL MFG. CO. **Canton, Ohio**
Capable representatives considered for open territory.

"The Ones that Last a Lifetime"

The
Coward Shoe
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Nature's Way

The Coward "Nature-Tread" Shoe with its natural lines and flexible sole enables you to walk as Nature intended you should.



This popular member of THE COWARD SHOE family is one of the most comfortable and helpful shoes ever made. The last is cut along the exact lines of the natural foot. The sole is flexible and as it flexes at each step it massages the muscles of the arch, making sound natural feet. Try this shoe and notice the difference it makes in your walking.

James S. Coward
262-274 Greenwich Street, New York
(Near Warren St.) Sold Nowhere Else

Delivered TO YOU FREE

Your choice of **44 styles**, colors and sizes in the famous line of **"RANGER"** bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

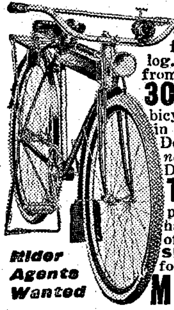
30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our *great new trial offer* and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer such values and such terms.

SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog. **It's free.**

Rider Agents Wanted

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. P-172 Chicago



A NIP OF *White Rock* GINGERALE 10¢

CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

June 4.—The Allied leaders fail to come to an agreement on concessions to Germany. Paris reports indications that the German counter-proposals as a whole will be rejected but that certain modifications may be made in the treaty as follows: The fixing of reparations at a definite sum of around $25,000,000,000 instead of giving the Commission indefinite authority to assess beyond that sum; reducing the period of occupation on the Western frontier from fifteen to ten years; readjustment of the Silesia terms so the population may secure self-determination, probably through a plebiscite.

June 5.—A heated debate takes place in the United States Senate over the "leak" in connection with the Peace Treaty, involving charges that copies of the Treaty were placed in possession of certain men in New York, while the Senate and American people were deprived of the text.

June 6.—The United States Senate by a unanimous vote orders an investigation to find how "special interests" in New York obtained copies of the text of the Peace Treaty.

June 8.—It is believed in Paris that the Council of Four will come to an understanding before the end of the week on the reply to the German counter-proposals, and it is regarded as probable that President Wilson will leave France for the United States in ten days or two weeks.

June 9.—The Commission on the League of Nations of the Peace Conference recommend a revision of the covenant in the terms affecting the admission of other than founder members, the purpose of the change being to simplify the admission of Germany. The movement to admit Germany to the League of Nations is said to be due mainly to the possibility of the formation of another group composed of rival Powers.

The reply to the German counter-proposals will be delivered to the Germans on Friday, June 13, it has been decided by the Peace Conference.

The full text of the peace terms to Germany is published by the Chicago *Tribune*.

June 10.—A resolution is introduced in the United States Senate, by Senator Knox, which, if adopted, will place that body on record as in favor of an immediate peace with Germany, as considering that the war-aims of the United States expressed in the war-declaration have been accomplished, and as deferring consideration of the League of Nations until later, when the American people shall have had time to pass on it.

CENTRAL POWERS

June 6.—Levine Nissen, Bolshevik agitator, who was one of the leaders of the Munich Communist *Soviet* régime, is executed, being convicted of causing civil war in Bavaria.

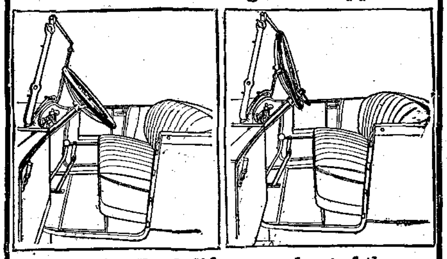
The Hungarian Bolshevik army is said to have achieved unexpected success in attacks on the Czech troops in Slovakia, who are reported to be in retreat, according to advices from Prague.

June 8.—Three thousand peasants, including women and children, have been shot or hanged by the Red army as a consequence of revolts in western Hungary, according to advices received in Vienna. The massacre took place after thirty-two villages had refused to go over to Bolshevism.

A dispatch received from Budapest says

Equip Your Car *with a* NEVILLE "MORE-ROOM" STEERING WHEEL

—and step in and out of it with ease and comfort. Its advantages are apparent.

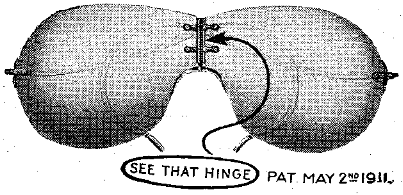


The Neville Wheel slides up and out of the way (gives 8 inches more room). Rigid as the ordinary wheel when in driving position. Beautifully finished. Mechanically perfect.

Thousands in Use. Standard equipment on various Dodge, Haynes, Liberty, Elgin, Kissel and Gray-Dort models. There is a Neville Wheel for every make of car. You can afford one.

Write for booklet and name of nearest dealer.
Neville Steering Wheel & Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.

THE AUTOGLAS



A protector for those who enjoy out of door life—motoring, golf, tennis, sailing, hunting and fishing.

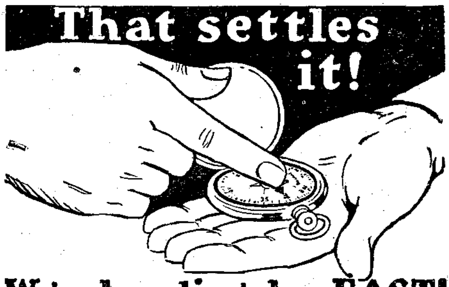
A comfortable goggle that does not detract from the personal appearance of the wearer or the pleasure of outing.

Obtainable from opticians, motor supply and sporting goods establishments everywhere.

We will send the address of your nearest dealer.

F. A. HARDY & CO.
Dept. F Box 804, Chicago, Ill.

That settles it!



We're heading due EAST!

And camp is *north east.* We might have tramped miles out of our way if it hadn't been for this

CEEBYNITE 24 HOUR COMPASS

You can't go wrong with a Ceebynite. Its floating dial and permanently luminous N and S points tell the way day or night. A reliable, thin model, white metal hunter case compass. Cap automatically lifted off point when case is closed. Wherever you go this summer take a Ceebynite along. $3 at dealers

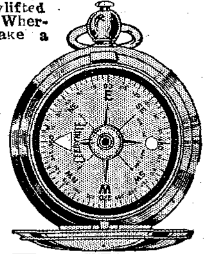
other Taylor Compasses shown by your dealer:

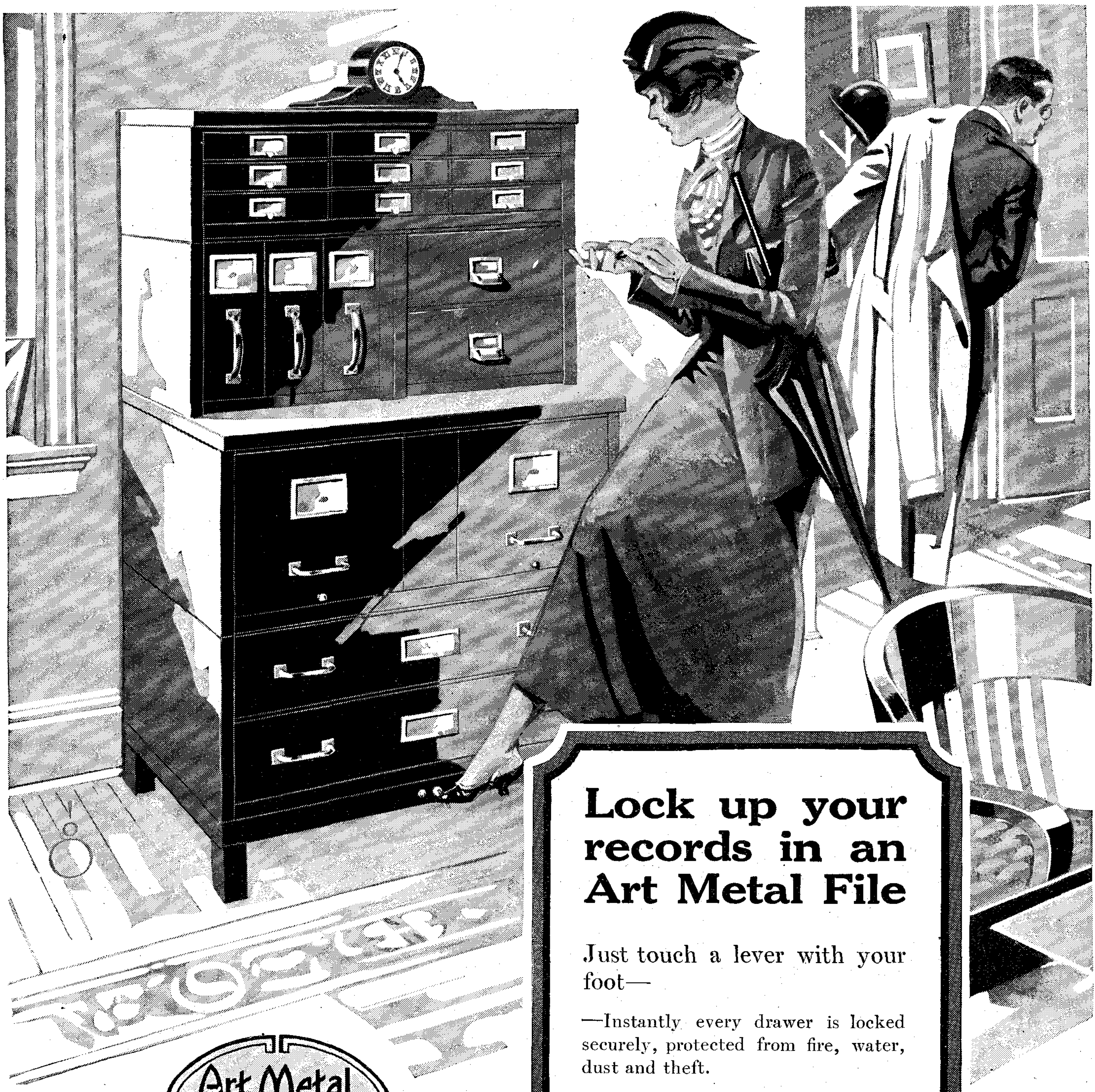
Leedawl	$1.00	Magnapole	$1.50
Flodial	$2.00	Aurapole	$2.50
Litenite	$2.00	Meradial	$2.50
Gydawl	$2.25	Usanite	$3.50

Prices in Canada and Far West proportionately higher.

If unobtainable locally remit direct to us, sending dealer's name.

Taylor Instrument Companies
421 Rochester, N.Y.





Lock up your records in an Art Metal File

Just touch a lever with your foot—

—Instantly every drawer is locked securely, protected from fire, water, dust and theft.

The illustration shows only one of the various combinations to meet individual requirements—built up from interchangeable units. Finished to imitate natural wood, or in standard olive green.

Write for catalog and address of nearest agency or branch office.

ART METAL CONSTRUCTION CO.
JAMESTOWN . . . NEW YORK.
Branch offices and agents in all principal cities

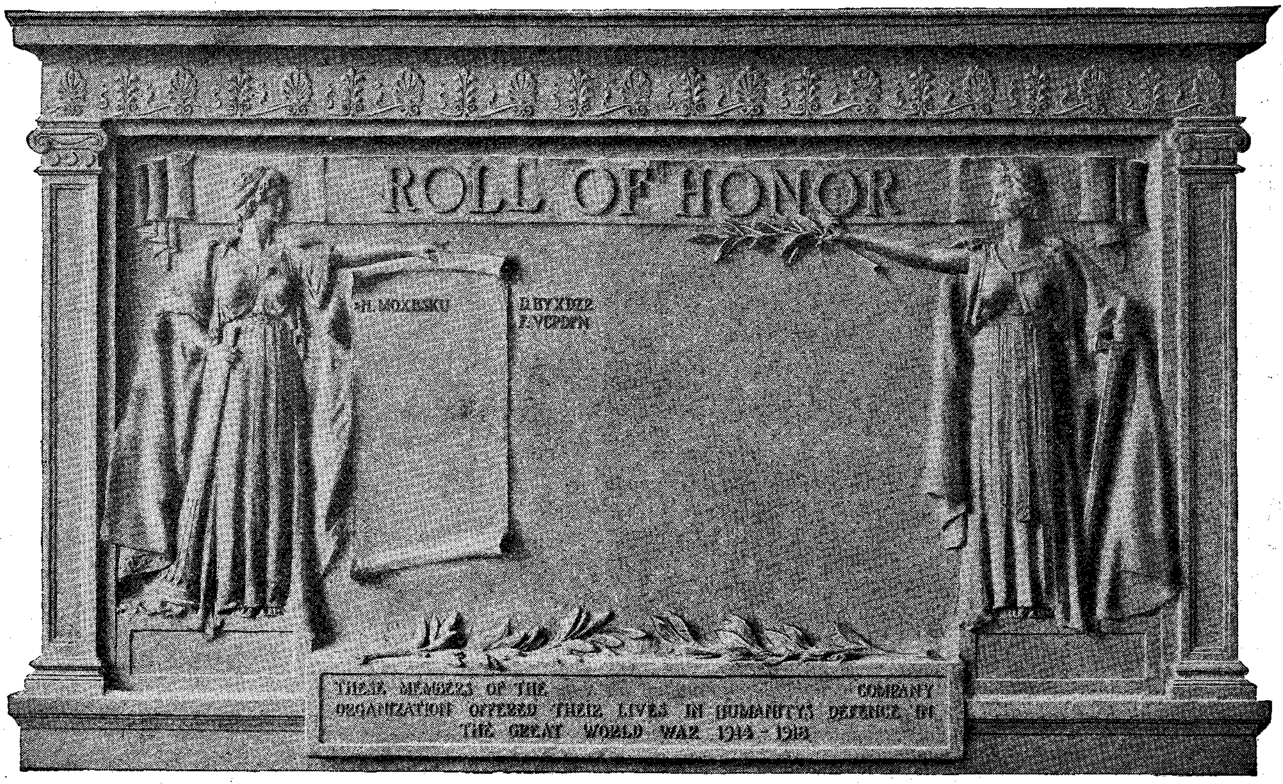
Art Metal
Jamestown - New York
U·S·A

If it doesn't bear this trade-mark it isn't Art Metal.

Art Metal

JAMESTOWN N·Y

· World's largest makers of steel office furniture ·


ROLL OF HONOR
THESE MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY ORGANIZATION OFFERED THEIR LIVES IN HUMANITY'S DEFENCE IN THE GREAT WORLD WAR 1914-1918

Write today for the Art Brochure, "Bronze—The Imperishable Memorial."

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THIS beautifully sculptured bronze memorial is being used by schools, churches, lodges, business organizations and municipalities to commemorate those who fought in the cause of world liberty. Are you going to be the one in your organization to start the movement for the erection of such a memorial, or are you going to wait for someone else?

The bronze memorial shown here is the work of our own sculptors and is but one of many which we are prepared to furnish. This memorial provides for the names of the "gold star men" upon the scroll held by the classic figure at the left. If desired, these figures can be changed to represent a soldier and a sailor.

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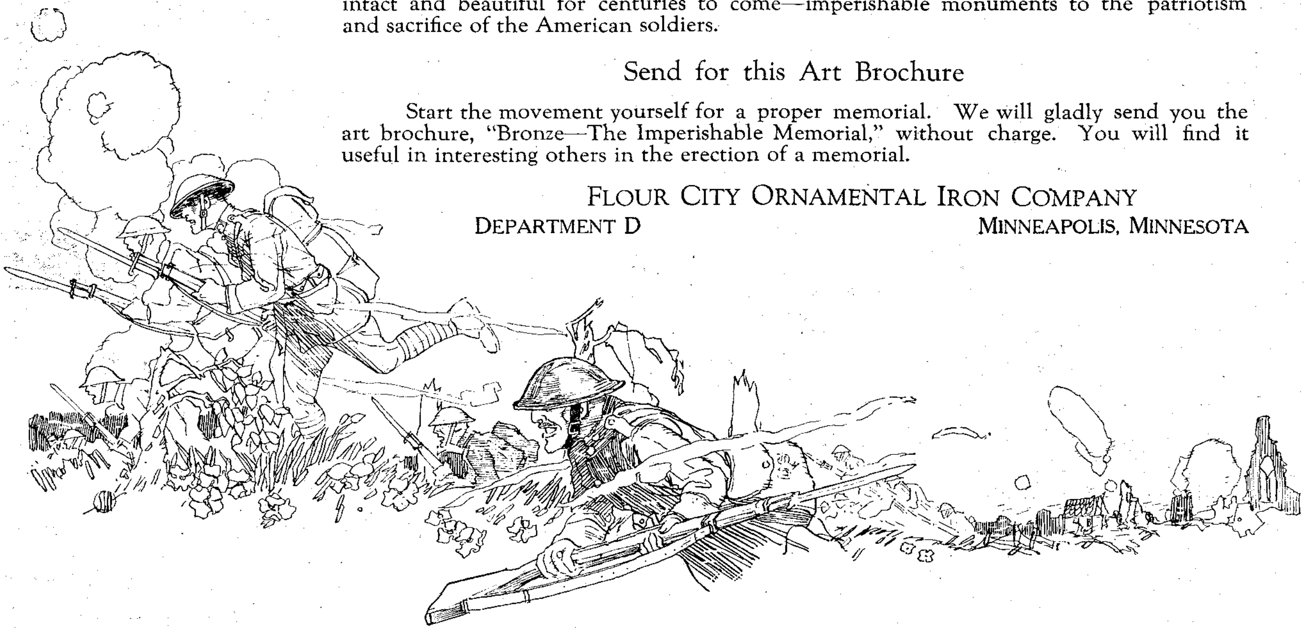
FLOUR CITY ORNAMENTAL IRON COMPANY
DEPARTMENT D MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA



Hungarian Communist troops have defeated the Czechs in northern Hungary.

June 9.—The German Constitutional Convention has completed its consideration of a bill creating a State Court to try those accused of starting, lengthening, and losing the war, says a dispatch from Berlin. The bill will be presented to the National Assembly soon.

June 10.—Bela Kun, the Hungarian Communist Foreign Minister, replying to a message from Premier Clemenceau, has agreed to cease hostilities with the Czecho-Slovaks.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA

June 5.—A telegram to a Swedish socialist paper reports that the forces of Admiral Kolchak have been defeated by the Bolsheviki with a loss of 40,000 prisoners, 100 guns, and much war-material.

June 6.—Advices received in London say that under pressure from British forces the Bolsheviki have evacuated Alexandrovsk on the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea.

German forces on the Esthonian front are said to be aiding the Bolsheviki according to an official headquarters report telegraphed to Stockholm.

June 7.—The Esthonians are reported to have begun a drive on the Bolsheviki seventy miles southeast of Riga. The Reds are fleeing in panic from central Livonia to escape being surrounded.

According to revised arrangements, all American forces, including the engineers, will be withdrawn from the North Russian front ready for sailing by the last of June.

June 9.—Jewish pogroms have occurred in fifty different places in Russia, according to a Russian wireless message received in London. The Jews killed in four districts are said to number 9,350.

June 10.—Information is received in Paris to the effect that Bolshevik Premier Lenine is refusing permission to Americans to enter Russia, being dissatisfied with the Steffens-Bullitt Mission which recently visited Russia.

The last units of American troops on the fighting front south of Archangel, except engineers, are withdrawn and will sail for home within a week.

FOREIGN

June 4.—A strike takes place in Paris, 350,000 workers walking out. The strike agitation is said to be due to the influence of the Bolsheviki.

The sympathetic strike in Toronto ends and 17,000 men go back to work.

June 6.—Costa-Rican rebels are reported to have been completely driven out of Costa Rica and have taken refuge in Nicaragua.

Strike parades in Winnipeg are prevented by 1,400 soldier-constables.

June 8.—Nicaragua has asked the United States to land forces to cope with a threatened invasion of Costa-Ricans.

June 9.—The United States Government will protect Nicaragua from Costa-Rican aggression if the threatened invasion by Costa-Ricans materializes, according to advices from Washington.

Villa sympathizers are threatening Juarez. American business men and well-to-do Mexicans have commenced moving their valuables to this side of the river.

June 10.—Confidential information is said to have been received by the Nicaraguan Government to the effect that the Costa-Rican Minister of War has obtained from the Congress of that country authority to declare war upon Nicaragua. The armed Costa-Rican forces on the Nicaraguan border are regarded by the United States as a menace to Nicaragua and this Government will take such steps as are necessary to maintain Nicaraguan sovereignty.

DOMESTIC

June 4.—The Woman-Suffrage Amendment of the Federal Constitution is adopted by the United States Senate by a vote of 56 to 25. The ratification of thirty-six States is now needed to make the amendment become effective.

June 5.—Postmaster-General Burleson orders the telegraph and telephone lines returned to their owners. Following the Postmaster-General's action a general strike of telegraphers is ordered in ten Southeastern States.

June 6.—President S. J. Konenkamp, of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America, announces that he will call a nation-wide strike of members of the Union in support of the strike called in ten Southeastern States following the return of the wire systems to private operation.

The House Military Affairs Committee cuts the Army down to an average of 400,000 men for the coming fiscal year. Secretary Baker had requested an American Army of 509,000.

Radicals are planning to begin on July 4 a five days' demonstration against the "ruling class," according to information obtained by Federal authorities.

June 7.—Governor Hobby of Texas has asked Secretary Baker for the protection of Federal troops against Mexican rebels, declaring that the situation on the border is critical.

A nation-wide strike of telegraph- and telephone-operators who are members of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America, is ordered to take effect on June 11. The telephone-operators and electrical workers are to go out on June 16.

The Boy Scouts start a nation-wide campaign for a million associate members who may be used as leaders of scouts.

June 8.—Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board asks Congress for a final appropriation of a little more than $600,000,000 to wind up the Government's ship-building operations.

June 9.—The House Appropriations Committee reports out a bill appropriating $750,000,000 to cover railroad deficits, and to meet the needs of the immediate future. Director-General of Railroads Hines had asked for $1,200,000,000.

June 10.—The State legislatures of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan ratify the Woman-Suffrage Amendment.

The House of Representatives approves the action of its Appropriations Committee in cutting the appropriation for the Railroad Administration from $1,200,000,000 to $750,000,000, by passing a railroad-deficiency bill appropriating the smaller sum by a vote of 305 to 4.

Apropos of June.—June is the circus month—also the month of some one-ring affairs that lead to circuses later.—*Boston Transcript.*

Resourceful.—"Jack, I'm going to tear up those new photographs of mine; they look ten years older than I do."

"Nonsense! Put them away until you catch up with them."—*Boston Transcript.*

Inflamed gums—the cause of tooth-base decay

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
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NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay.

Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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NEW NON-FRAY SPIRAL (Patented)

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Ship by Truck

A Glance at Its Present Performance and Its Future

By Harvey S. Firestone, President, Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

IN previous considerations of Ship by Truck activities the truck express idea has been given prominence. The quick response of business men to this phase of Ship by Truck suggests the presentation here of further data recently secured through The Firestone Ship by Truck Bureau.

For example, Omaha, Nebraska, and Flint, Michigan, have offered a valuable suggestion in the establishment of warehouses or freight stations used in common by the truck express companies entering these cities. This permits convenient handling of through shipments and provides prompt transfers from one truck line to another.

The question of economy has been raised in some quarters. Ship by Truck seems to be offering lower rates to the public than might be supposed. A case in point, is the investigation made of rates out of New York City, disclosing the fact that to many points in the state, in Connecticut, in New Jersey, and Massachusetts, the truck express rates are lower than the railroad rates.

Lower rates may not always be obtainable through Ship by Truck. But the shipper will realize the fact that the extra speed, convenience and adaptability of the truck express systems may be had at the same or little more than prevailing freight rates. And the shipper gains a certainty of delivery, an elimination of goods damaged in transit, a lowering of boxing costs, and a favorable impression on his customers that could be obtained in no other way.

Reports are coming in to the Akron office of the Firestone Ship by Truck Bureau showing with what enthusiasm business men's organizations and entire communities are aiding the development of truck express lines.

Macon, Georgia, recently arranged a Ship by Truck demonstration day to test the truck express idea. Four truck trains, one train to a route, moved 100 tons of goods to towns within 50 miles of Macon. The demonstration was an education to merchants of the smaller towns as well as to shippers in Macon. A saving in time of from 1 to 10 days was accomplished.

The Chamber of Commerce of York, Pennsylvania, seems to have an unusual record in spreading the knowledge of truck lines, routes and schedules among local business men. Among other things, a transportation map has been prepared which shows Ship by Truck routes to the immediate towns surrounding York, and also to Pittsburgh on the west, as far north as Buffalo, eastward to Philadelphia and New York, and a route south to Baltimore and Washington.

Firestone Ship by Truck Bureaus are now in operation in the following cities:

Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Charlotte, N. C.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Iowa
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
El Paso, Tex.
Erie, Pa.
Fargo, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Great Falls, Mont.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Hartford, Conn.
Houston, Tex.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Louisville, Ky.
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
New York City
New Orleans, La.
Newark, N. J.
Oakland, Cal.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Oregon
Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Sacramento, Cal.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Francisco, Cal.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Toledo, Ohio
Washington, D. C.
Wichita, Kan.
Youngstown, Ohio

Call up your Local Bureau for Names of Lines, Rates, Schedules and Other Information *Regarding Truck Shipment*

Detroit has proved that refrigerator trucks will move fresh meat to Toledo in about 6 hours as compared with 2½ days by rail.

A Chicago packer ships to branch houses by a 12-ton semi-trailer.

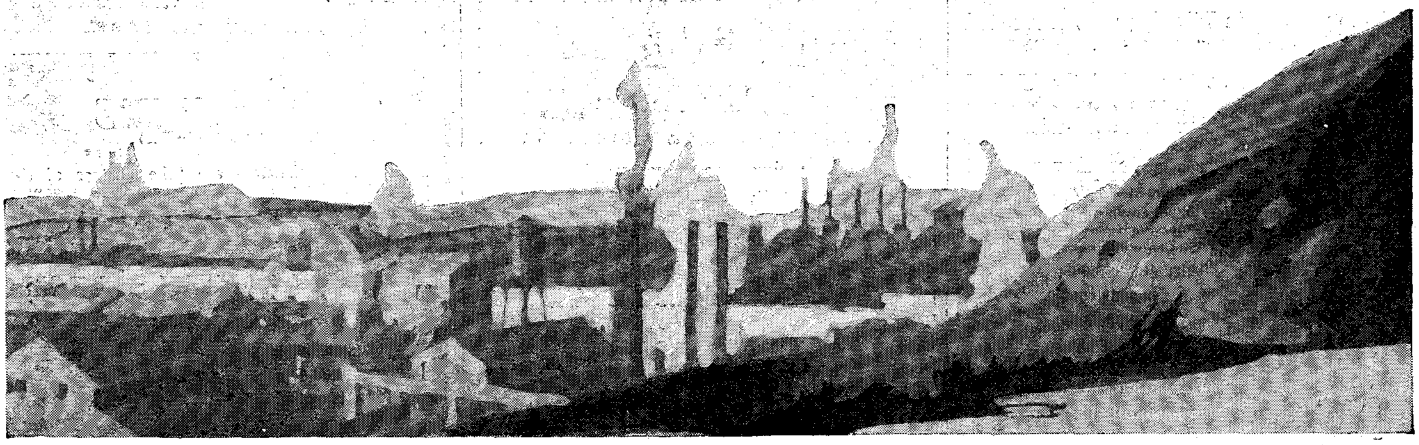
A large ice cream company of Cleveland has reduced transportation costs directly by operating trucks to Limaville—a distance of fifty miles—delivering ice cream and ice to their dealers on their down trip and *bringing in cream on the return trip.* Former delays and wastage, due to the insufficient railway service, were eliminated through this practical application of motor trucking.

The activities of Detroit in fostering truck transportation for the benefit of local shippers recently took the form of a parade so extensive as to require two hours to pass a given point. It is such promotional work as this that is responsible for the present widespread appreciation of the truck as a factor to be reckoned with in nearly all phases of distribution.

Even a cursory study of the growth of the truck express systems inclines one to agree with that official in charge of engineering and maintenance for the U. S. Railroad Administration, who said recently:

'Where, heretofore, development of the country for 50 miles either side of a trunk line of railroad has required the construction of light branch lines, it is a question to be seriously considered whether this policy should be continued or whether good roads should be constructed and the products of farms and passenger travel should not be handled by motor trucks to the main lines. * * * Investigation of this subject may show the desirability of the taking up of many branch line railroads and utilizing the abandoned roadbed for improved motor road."

If you are a shipper you may well ask yourself: "Am I profiting by what Ship by Truck has to offer?" If the question interests you, let us suggest that you consult with the local Firestone Ship by Truck Bureau, the central Firestone Ship by Truck Bureau in Akron, Ohio, or your local Chamber of Commerce.



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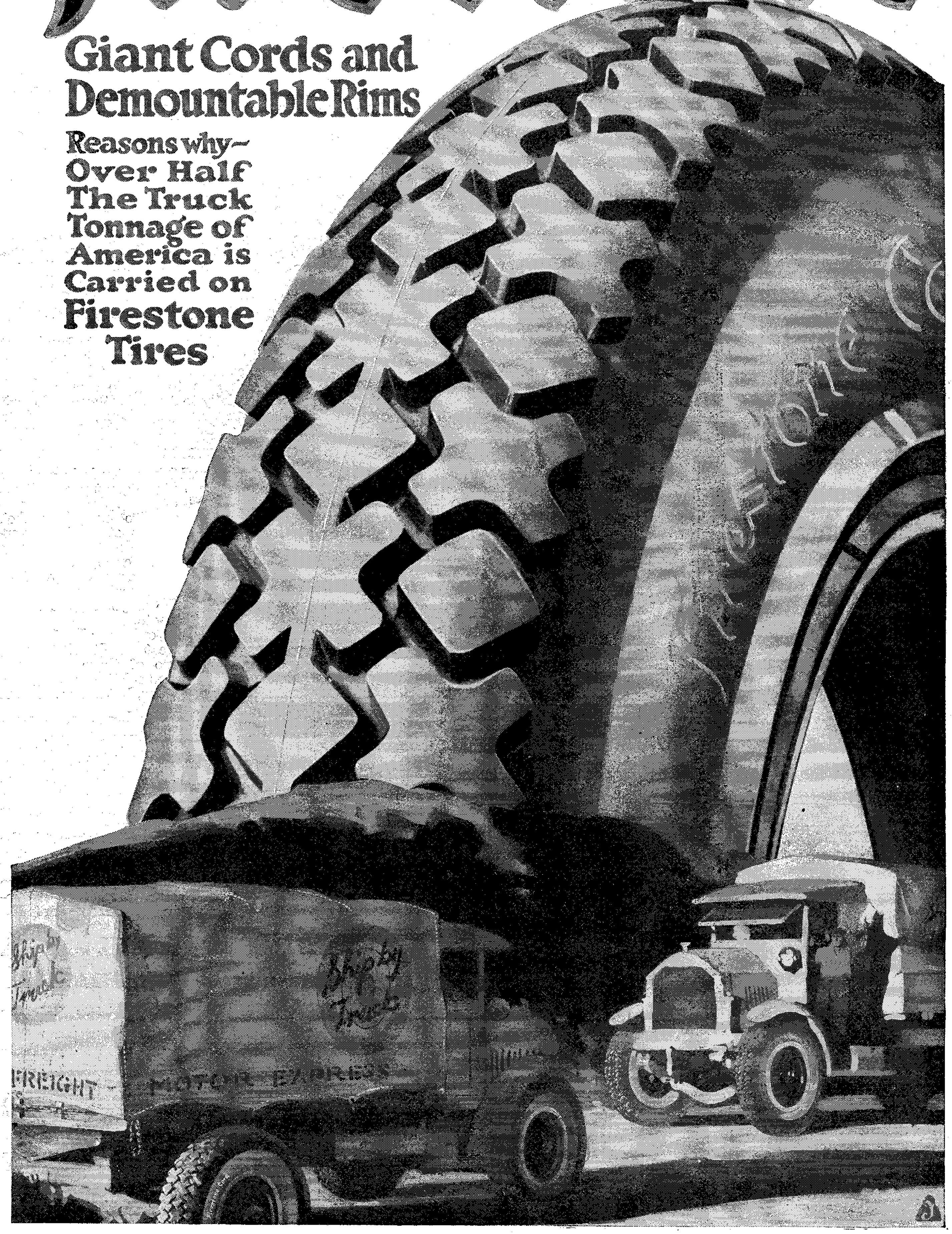
Tires**


Firestone
Ship by Truck
Ship by Truck
FREIGHT
MOTOR EXPRESS

INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

SUGGESTIONS FOR DIVERSIFIED STOCK INVESTMENTS

JOHN MOODY has long been known in financial New York as one of the most experienced and conservative among observers of stock-market conditions, who writes constantly of them with a view, not to promoting a brokerage business for himself, but to inform investors, who in some way pay for his services. For many years he was the editor of *Moody's Magazine*, a financial monthly. His name has again been widely known from "Moody's Manual." In later years it has been kept familiar by "Moody's Analyses of Railroads and Industrials." When, therefore, Mr. Moody puts forth a series of lists of diversified stock investments, rails, industrials, and public utilities, they may be taken as the result of unusual knowledge and conservatism. This he has recently done in one of the leaflets of his "Investors Service." First he names some rails as "among the best that could very well be picked out, having in mind both the government guaranty and the probability of a return to private ownership." Then he gives some industrial common stocks, "all strictly investment issues, which, with one or two exceptions, can be relied upon to give a good account of themselves through all the changes that are bound to follow the war." Industrial preferreds are also enumerated, "all high-grade and involve practically no risk." The public utilities stocks, however, "vary from high-grade investments to speculations; but each one looks attractive within its class." Following are the rails in his list:

Stock	*Dividend Per Cent.*	*Price*	*Yield Per Cent.*	*Rating*
Atchison	6	102⅝	5.85	A
Atlantic Coast Line	5	107	6.54	A
Chesapeake & Ohio	4	67½	5.92	Baa
Great Northern Pfd	7	99½	7.03	A
Louisville & Nashville	7	121	5.78	Aa
Northern Pacific	7	99½	7.03	A
Norfolk & Western	7	109¾	6.37	Aa
New York Central	5	82½	6.05	A
Southern Pacific	6	113	5.30	A
Union Pacific	10	138⅜	7.25	A

"One could hardly make a mistake," says Mr. Moody, "in purchasing any of these rails, altho, of course, there is a considerable difference in the situation of the stocks individually." As a usual thing, the stability of investments is reflected in their yields; "but this appears here not to be the case." He cites for example, that at current prices Northern Pacific "yields a great deal more than Chesapeake & Ohio, and in spite of its relatively lower price, it is a much higher-grade investment and has a more stable traffic." Atchison, he describes as an agricultural road which has almost an ideal traffic, its management progressive and its earnings "even now are doing well." Atchison is "one of the few railroad stocks which would not be seriously injured even if Congress should make no provision for undoing the damage which the Government has done to the earning power of railroads."

Atlantic Coast Line is "a strictly high-grade investment; but just now, of course, the Company is suffering from depression of the lumber trade, and earnings are not doing very well." Other roads are commented on:

"Chesapeake & Ohio made immense earnings during the war out of the soft-coal boom and benefited to a large extent by the diversion of traffic to itself from the roads lying parallel and further north. This diversion was caused by the freight congestion on these latter roads—especially in the case of freight for export. The outlook for the Chesapeake & Ohio property is good, however, even if all this diverted traffic should be lost.

"Great Northern Preferred is one of half a dozen of the very best railroad stocks in the country; and its low price and high yield just now may be attributed in part to the great depression of the iron-ore trade. Iron ore is the biggest single item in the business of the company, and the outlook for an active demand for ore is not good just now.

"Louisville & Nashville is in a very strong position and its yield is a fairly good index to that position. Its traffic is well diversified, but is not, perhaps, quite so exceptionally stable as that of such roads as Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, and Atchison.

"The Northern Pacific has one of the finest businesses in the country. The two big factors in it are the spring-wheat production, measured in value rather than tonnage, and the Northwestern lumber trade, measured in tonnage rather than value. The spring-wheat crop largely determines the prosperity of the patrons of the road, and the activity of the lumber trade has a great influence upon the total of the road's traffic, since lumber is the most important item therein.

"Norfolk & Western is one of the highest-grade railroad stocks in the United States, or at least in the Eastern half of the country. Its traffic is nearly all soft coal; and its engines, cars, tracks, and terminals are all especially designed for the handling of coal in vast quantities. Consequently, the company is able to make a wide margin of profit even at very low rates per ton per mile; and this business has behind it the promise contained in the practically inexhaustible coal-reserves of West Virginia.

"New York Central is now one of the most successful roads in the East owing in part to the export boom. It is a great carrier of goods for export. Besides this, its stock was placed in a permanently stronger position by the recent consolidation, and its outlook is good.

"Southern Pacific has been steadily building up for a series of years and now ranks among the best of our railroad stocks, altho it is perhaps not quite so high-grade as Union Pacific, Atchison, and one or two others. The oil-lands question is not really so important, but the investment in Mexico may be important in the long run. At this price the stock looks a bit high.

"Union Pacific has strong claims to the position of the best railroad stock west of the Mississippi River. Its traffic is largely agricultural and is as stable as that of any road in the United States. The margin of profit is wide, and the management is conservative."

Mr. Moody then gives his list of ten common and ten preferred industrials, with comments from which the following is taken:

Stock	*Dividend Per Cent.*	*Price*	*Yield Per Cent.*	*Rating*
American Sugar	7	133⅛	5.20	A
American Tobacco	20	210	9.52	A
General Electric	8	168½	4.77	Aa
General Motors	12	209	5.70	A
General Chemical	8	195	4.10	Aaa
International Harvester	6	131⅛	4.60	Aa
Sears-Roebuck	8	201¼	3.98	A
Swift & Company	8	137½	5.82	A
Texas	10	280½	3.57	A
United Shoe Machinery	8	53⅝	3.71	Baa

"American Sugar is in a very strong position because in all the movement of sugar prices the raw and refined remain just about so far apart, causing not very much change in the margin of difference out of which this company makes its refining products.

"American Tobacco is selling low for a 20 per cent. stock because of the difficulties brought on by the high war-price of raw tobacco. This company is chiefly a manufacturer, and when raw tobacco—which has been selling 200 per cent. above normal prices—goes back to normal it ought to help this stock rather than hurt it.

"General Electric was greatly helped by the war, and it may possibly prove that the war permanently interrupted the shrinking tendency of the margin of profit in the electrical manufacturing business. Even at this high price, the stock looks good.

"General Motors may even at these prices prove to be not a bad investment in the motor industry. The company is showing a wonderful expansion and the whole nation appears to be motor-mad. There is no knowing to what lengths the public buying of automobiles may go, since even those who can not afford cars are buying them on instalments and standing them in their garages except on Sundays and holidays.

"General Chemical is a sort of an investment in the new and expanding chemical industries of this country. The war gave a great stimulus to chemical manufacture and especially to dyes. With suitable tariff protection we may, perhaps, remain independent of German dyes; and to say the least, the holders of chemical stocks believe that we will.

"International Harvester is in a strong position because of the great prosperity of agriculture and of the splendid way in which the farmers are equipping their plants. One does not stop at a farmhouse and pump a drink of water from a well any more; but rather he draws it from a tank kept full from some deep well by means of a gasoline or electric motor. The wells are going the ways of the sickle, scythe, cradle, flail, etc.

"Sears-Roebuck enjoys all the advantages of a great retail distributing business. It is one of those companies whose business grows a little in bad years and a lot in good years, but never seems to know how to stand still.

"Swift & Company has long been doing well for stockholders by making a small profit of 2 to 5 per cent. on a vast and growing volume of business. Probably all the Government suits will never be able to break up its prosperity because the profit per animal or per pound is so small as to be beyond criticism.

"Texas stock is a good investment in the oil industry. The company has had a phenomenal career and there is no sign of its ending. Petroleum may go back to peace prices; but the growth of the industry is in the West and Southwest, and so is the Texas Company.

"United Shoe Machinery is indirectly benefiting just now from the great world-wide demand for shoes and from the incidental demand for the machinery with which to make them.

Stock	*Dividend Per Cent.*	*Price*	*Yield Per Cent.*	*Rating*
American Hide & Leather	7	123⅜	5.69	Baa
American Car & Foundry	7	116¾	5.98	Aaa
American Smelting	7	107	6.54	A
American Sumatra Tobacco	7	95	7.36	A
Bethlehem Steel	8	112	7.14	Aa
Central Leather	7	111¼	6.30	Aa
Goodrich	7	106	6.60	A
Pittsburg Coal	6	98	6.12	Baa
U. S. Steel	7	116½	6.00	Aa
Virginia Chemical	8	113⅞	7.02	Baa

"Preferred industrials as a class are not entitled to anything more than their regular dividends, no matter how much the companies may earn. All of these stocks are so high grade that but little comment is necessary.

"American Hide & Leather Preferred

Tires You Can Trust

In his touring, as in his racing, Barney Oldfield has always been far more than a successful driver and the greatest tire user in the world.

He has been a student—a pioneer.

For nearly 20 years, each day has found him dependent for comfort and safety on the tires of his cars. He must have tires he could trust. So he studied tires of many types and makes.

Systematically he tried out and established certain infallible principles of trustworthy tire design and materials.

On track and road these tires fulfilled his highest hopes. They had lost nothing in resiliency and speed; they had gained notably in strength and long life.

These are the tires we have now placed on the market. They bear Mr. Oldfield's name and carry his frank recommendation that you can trust them to the absolute limit of tire wear and endurance.

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Our BANKING and FOREIGN DEPARTMENTS, with world-wide facilities established through the greatest banks in all countries, may be of value to you in many ways, for example:

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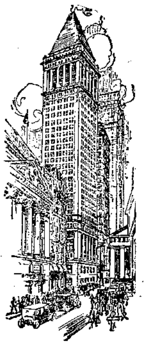
—handling commercial banking, domestic and foreign

—handling personal active or inactive deposits



—depositing funds for special purposes

—securing credit and trade information, foreign and domestic

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—transferring funds by telegraph and cable

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has had a big advance in anticipation of the wiping out of the funded debt. American Car & Foundry Preferred is selling high on its long dividend record and partly also on account of the very satisfactory earnings which the company is now making. American Smelting & Refining Preferred looks rather cheap; for while the business just now is not the best in the world, there is surely nothing that threatens the position of this stock.

"Central Leather is selling high in sympathy with the boom in the leather trade. The current price looks to be just about what this preferred stock should be intrinsically worth in the long run. Goodrich is enjoying a very profitable business incidental to the motor boom. Prices of finished rubber goods are coming down some, but the decline is partly offset by the fall in crude-rubber prices; and besides this it does not threaten the position of this preferred stock."

Finally Mr. Moody gives a list of ten selected public utility stocks as follows:

Stock	*Dividend Per Cent.*	*Price*	*Yield Per Cent.*	*Rating*
Consolidated Gas, New York....	7	102¼	6.84	Baa
Consolidated Gas, Baltimore.....	8	111¾	7.15	Baa
Montana Power..................	5	76	6.57	Ba
Northern States Power..........	0	72	....	Caa
Pacific Gas & Electric...........	5	57	8.77	B
Southern California Edison......	7	87½	7.99	Ba
Western Power Pfd.............	4	70	5.71	B
Western Union..................	7	91⅜	7.65	Baa

"Here is a great variety of grades and yields. Public-utility stocks generally gave a good account of themselves during the war by showing ability to keep expenses down and maintain earnings. The electric railways were an exception, and even the power companies during 1918 suffered some from the high cost of coal."

THE GREAT INCREASE IN BANK OFFICE-SPACE

Since the war began many of the largest banks in New York City have doubled their office-space, owing to expansion in their business, including the demands made by war-financing. The National City Bank has had to purchase unexpired leases in its own building and to take additional quarters outside. Similar steps have been found necessary by the Guaranty Trust Company and the National Bank of Commerce, while the reserve banks have had a phenomenal growth. The demands of the banks have, in fact, been one of the causes which have contributed to the congestion of office-space in Wall Street. With their business expanding by leaps and bounds during this period, most banks have been obliged approximately to double their quarters and personnel. Many a brokerage house, industrial concern, and legal firm has, in consequence, been crowded out of offices they had occupied for years in order to make room for this growth. Even then sufficient space was not always obtained, and banks were forced to lease additional quarters outside their buildings or acquire adjoining property, or erect new structures for the accommodation of their increasing business. *The Wall Street Journal*, noting these facts, says further:

"The reasons for this tremendous expansion of the banking business have become familiar to even the casual observer of banking developments. It has been most marked since our entry into the war, for the Government in financing its war-operations and extending aid to the Allies has had to lean heavily on the banks of the country. They have been indispensable in the successful flotation of the several Liberty Loan issues and the intervening emissions of Treasury certificates of indebtedness.

"The rapid strides the banks have made in the last five years is strikingly illustrated by the case of the National City Bank. In 1914 the three top floors of its building

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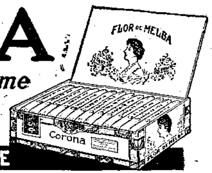

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were occupied by tenants. But as its business began to increase with the progress of the war and the establishment of a network of branches throughout Latin America, the bank declined to renew leases and took over the vacated offices for its own purposes. Later, when the pressure of its rapidly expanding departments became more intense, it commenced to purchase unexpired leases. Since a few months ago the building has been free of all but affiliated tenants, namely, the National City Company, the International Banking Corporation, and the legal firm of Sherman & Sterling, attorneys for the bank.

"In addition, the bank has leased space at 60 Wall Street and in Lord's Court Building, where it has housed its statistical and educational departments. But that the bank is still prest for larger quarters is evidenced by the fact that May 1, last, it discontinued the dining-room which it had for years maintained for its employes, who are now obliged to lunch outside. In the meantime the bank's personnel has also shown a phenomenal growth. In 1914 the number of its employees was about 1,000. Now it stands at 2,000 in the city and 900 distributed among the foreign branches. Including the officers, the bank's entire staff now numbers about 3,150.

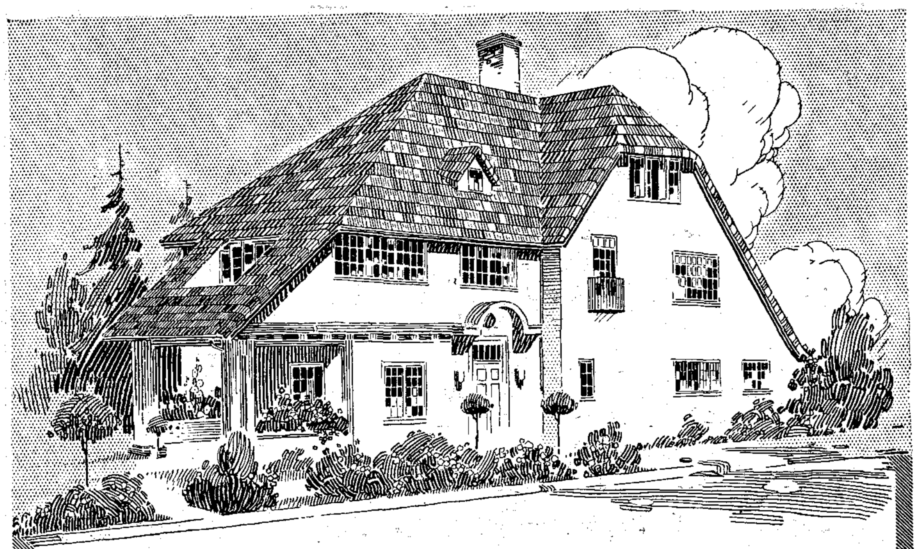
"Ranking second in size to the National City Bank, among banking institutions of the country, the Guaranty Trust Company has shared in a notable degree in the general expansion which banking has undergone in the past several years; and it has been compelled to enlarge its offices accordingly. Soon after its occupancy in 1913 of the building on Broadway, it leased the former offices of the Chase National Bank on the ground floor of the Clearing House Building on Cedar Street. With the increase of business incident to the war, it even outgrew this additional space, and in 1917 it completed and occupied the annex in the rear of the Broadway building, thereby more than doubling its office-space.

"At present the company occupies a total floor area of 207,000 square feet, against 57,000 square feet in 1914, and employs 2,700 persons, including those at its four European branches, compared with 550 in 1914. Since the beginning of the war it has established branches in Paris, Liverpool, and Brussels. Owing to its being appointed as one of three European depositaries of the United States Government during our participation in the war, its London and Paris branches have shown an enormous expansion. The Paris branch has now 300 employes on its payroll, against only 50 in April of 1917.

"The National Bank of Commerce has more than doubled its office equipment since the world-war commenced. As against a building-space of 30,000 square feet in December, 1915, its quarters now embrace a total floor area of 72,000 square feet, or the equivalent of ten full floors of its building. The expansion of its quarters has been especially rapid since the first of the present year, when the office area covered 52,000 square feet. Recently it purchased the adjoining building at 35 Nassau Street, which it had occupied under lease for about a year. Its staff has increased from about 400 to 850 in the last five years.

"During the war-period the Chase National Bank practically doubled its capacity. When it moved into its present quarters in the Adams Express Building in January, 1915, it occupied the first two floors. Since then it has taken over the third and a part of the fourth floor. Its staff has increased from 234 employees on January 1, 1914, to over 700 at present.

"As a State institution with authority to maintain branches within the city limits, the expansion in business of the Corn Exchange Bank has been partly reflected in the increase of the number of its branch offices. With the opening of the branch in Sheridan Square, the bank



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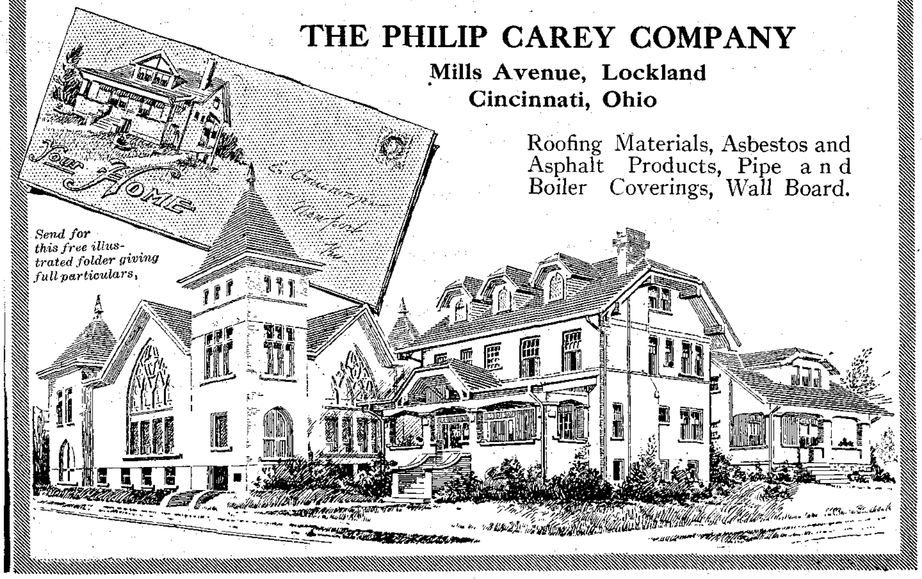
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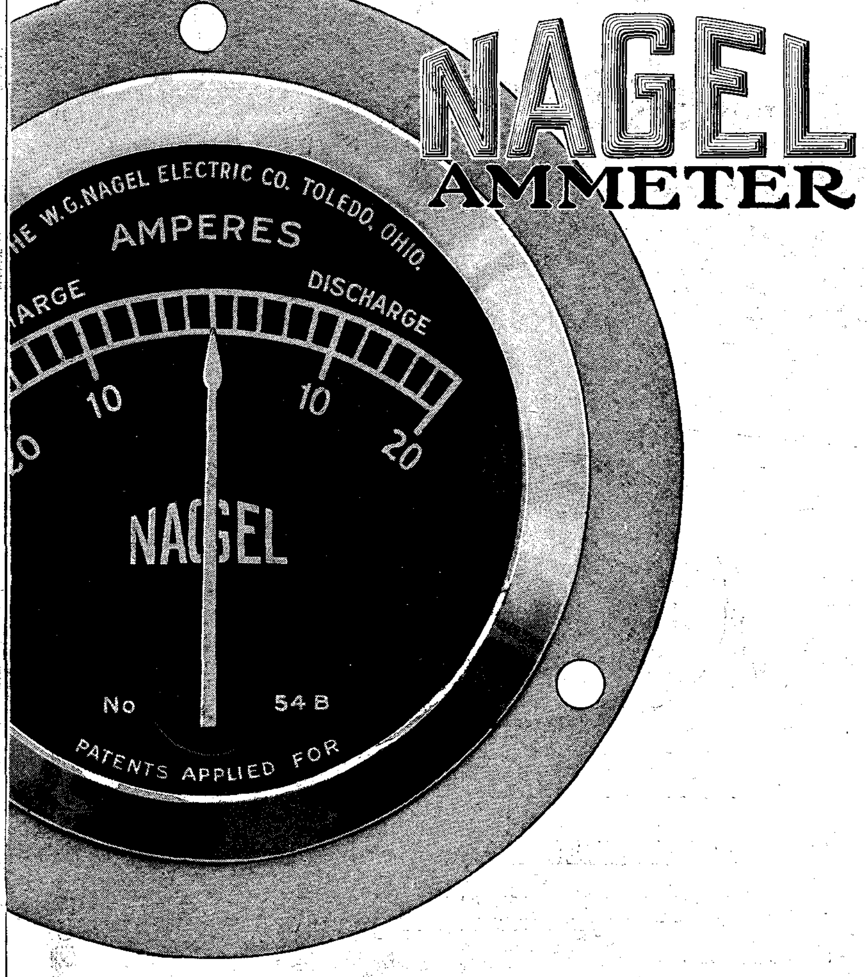

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will have in operation a total of forty-two branches, compared with thirty-three in 1914. Over 25,000 additional accounts have been opened with the bank since the beginning of the war. To handle this accession of business, it has extended its quarters over the entire first floor of its building, occupying the former offices of the Stock Exchange firm of N. L. Carpenter & Co., and in addition it has installed some of its departments on the entire fifth floor.

"About a year ago the National Park erected a five-story addition to its present building, covering an area of 1,200 square feet. Its employees now total about 450, representing an increase of approximately twenty-five per cent. over the prewar period. The bank has recently opened a trust department under the authority granted by the Phelan Act. Other national banks of the city have already taken or are contemplating a similar step, and this has increased the need of greater banking quarters.

"In 1914 the American Exchange Bank's quarters covered the first, second, and third floors of its building. Since then it has expanded into the fourth and fifth floors, and is now preparing to occupy the sixth. Its staff has grown from 159 clerks and 6 officers, in 1914, to the present number of 346 clerks and 15 officers.

"Bankers Trust Company also shows a considerable increase in its equipment during the period under review. Five years ago its quarters embraced the two basements and the first three floors of its building. Now it includes in addition the fourth and a part of the seventh floors. Its personnel at present totals about 650, or an increase of sixty per cent.

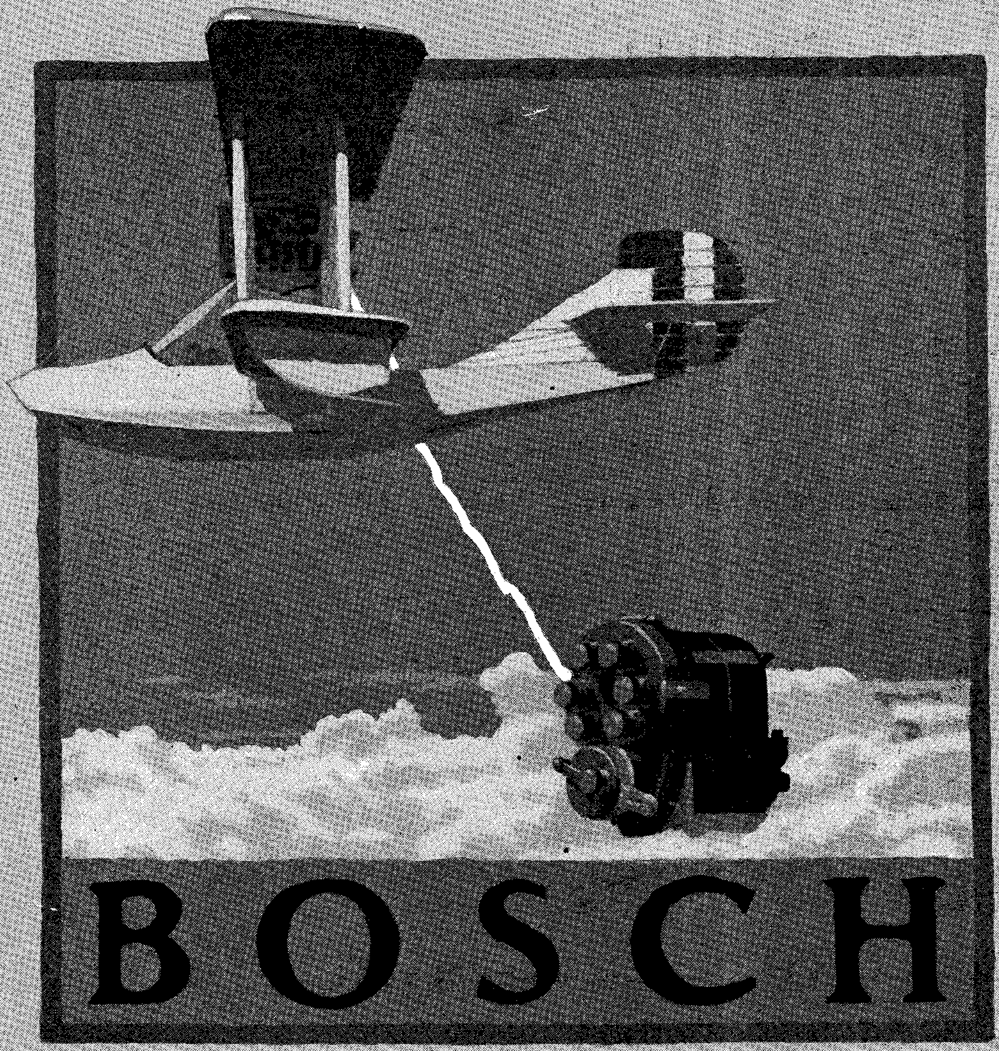
"Of local banking institutions the greatest relative growth has naturally been experienced by the Federal Reserve Bank. Its expansion dates principally from our participation in the war, when member banks began to avail themselves of its rediscount facilities and the Government required its services as fiscal agent in this Reserve District in connection with its disbursements and Liberty Loan flotations.

"To perform the duties that were thus suddenly imposed upon it, the bank has been forced to increase its office area, until now, in addition to the corner space on the ground floor of the Equitable Building, it occupies by lease the entire twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth floors, one-half of the fifth and a quarter of the fourth floor. To provide itself with a permanent home, the institution has purchased at a cost of approximately $3,000,000 the block front on the east side of Nassau Street, between Liberty and Maiden Lane, covering an area of 38,000 square feet. Work on the proposed building will probably commence as soon as the Government financing is out of the way and conditions are otherwise favorable."

MR. HOOVER'S VIEWS OF EUROPEAN NEEDS

After Mr. Vanderlip's recent statements as to the financial needs of Europe and the certainty that the United States will have to be depended on largely to meet them, *The Financial World*, in the week ending June 14, had from Paris an interesting statement on the same subject by Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, who agreed with Mr. Vanderlip that American financial aid was in Europe a major need. Credits given in definite and organized manner would, however, be able to rehabilitate industry in Europe and make possible the return of men to productive labor. After having said that our recent "economic delirium tremens would end with peace," Mr. Hoover was asked for a statement as to the financial requirements of Europe from the United States during the next year, and to an Associated Press correspondent he said:

"Any statement is premised upon peace



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and the return of Europe to work. I do
not take it we will finance any more wa
in Europe, directly or indirectly, nor tha
we will provide money to enable the peopl
of Europe to live without work, or to wor
part time, as at present all over Europe.

"The amount of credits from th
United States to Europe during the yea
after peace revolves around the inabilit
of the nations to pay for (*a*) raw material
machinery, and tools, (*b*) food, (*c*) curren
reorganization, and (*d*) interest on mone
borrowed from our Government.

"The volume of financial assistan
needed, and the solution therefor, varie
with the situation in each State. Neutra
states are flourishing and need cause n
concern. Roumania, Greater Servia, Bu
garia, Arabia, Turkey, except Armeni
Portugal, Greece, and Hungary will b
virtually self-supporting. In fact, som
of them should be able to export food, an
with other commodities they can expo
they can pretty well provide for all the
necessities, except, perhaps, railway reco
struction material, agricultural implement
and currency reorganization. These stat
represent nearly one-third the populati
of Europe.

"Poland and the Baltic states will pr
duce almost enough bread, grains, a
vegetables for their own people, but w
be short of fats. If they secure resourc
for currency reorganization and some wor
ing capital for raw material imports so
to get exports going, they should, wi
economy, be self-supporting within a ve
few months. Czecho-Slovakia, Belgiu
and Finland have a larger import proble
for they always require breadstuffs, mea
and fats throughout the year to supp
ment their own production. These peo
are already moving energetically to
their industries going, even under
terrible difficulties presented by the arm
tice situation. They must have work
capital to reorganize their currencies, p
vide raw material, and meet the fo
problem for a while. The econo
problems of most of these states are sim
when compared with the larger Europ
nations, and the world will be astonis
with their recovery if they have peace.

"There will be great poverty am
individuals who have suffered loss dire
from the war and these individuals
comprise a proper scene for charitable w
for many years, but it will be individ
not national, as has been the case this
winter.

"The condition of Germany and Germ
Austria can not be discust intellige
until peace is signed. Of the 70,000,
Germans in these two states some 25,0
000 to 30,000,000 lived before the war
trade, by the import of raw material
export in exchange for food and ot
necessities, and these can not be s
ported on the land. How they will pay
indemnity and at the same time sec
credits for raw materials is a problem
the new commission whose duty it will
to secure maximum reparation. If t
do not get raw material and food they
never be able to pay indemnities. In
event, one possibility that must not
overlooked is that 10,000,000 to 12,000,
of this population may emigrate eastw
or overseas under the economic press
which will be their fate at best.

"The larger Allied states have, of cou
an up-hill load to pull in the resurrec
of industry and their economic life. Fra
has the smallest need of the three
food imports. Great Britain can feed
self largely from her colonies, but h
will need financial help in the providin
credits for raw material, and Italy will n
not only assistance in raw materials,
in the providing of food-supplies. T
will also want relief from the paymen
interest for some time on what they
the American Treasury.

"Altogether, the dominant problem
the rehabilitation of Europe is one wh
of credits with which to buy overseas,
if such financing can be provided Eu
should be on a self-supporting basis wi

another year. Whether the United States will undertake a third stage in our intervention in Europe must be for Congress to decide. The first stage was to end the war, the second to feed the people until peace and harvest, and the third may be to give our financial assistance to bring back economic life.

"In my own personal view the largest part of the credits required from the United States should be provided by private credits and we should, except for certain limited purposes, stop the lending of the money of our Government. Credits next year are required for business operations, and when governments are engaged in business they are always overspending and the years to come must be years of economy not extravagance.

"I feel that something like a billion dollars' assistance from the American Government may be needed to join with the other Allies in the reorganization of the currencies of the new states, and to take care of some particularly acute and otherwise unsolvable situations.

"On the other hand, much larger sums will be required from private credit for raw material and food, and in order to secure that the private credits to Governments, and especially to individuals, should be established, our Government would probably need to consider some further measures of encouragement in this direction. The credit of private individuals and firms of even the most wrecked states of Europe is still worth something, and what is needed is to reestablish confidence in such credits. In this matter the Government could by different devices lend its assistance with comparatively little risk. In any event, some solution must be found, or we will again be faced with starvation in some parts of Europe, on a lesser scale, next spring when the forthcoming harvest is exhausted.

"We may have some further political revolutions in Europe, because the social pendulum has not reached the point of stability in some spots, but in my view the great danger of the Red Terror and destruction by Bolshevism have been greatly mitigated and will have actually passed in some countries on the signing of peace.

"If we undertake to give credits we should undertake it in a definite, organized manner. We should have consolidated, organized control of the assistance we give in such a way that it should be used only if economy in imports is maintained and if the definite rehabilitation of industry is undertaken—if the people return to work, if orderly government is preserved, fighting is stopt, disarmament is undertaken, and there is no discrimination against the United States in favor of other countries.

"If these things are done, the matter will be of nothing like such enormous figures as we have been handling during the war, and generally I look upon the third stage of our intervention in the assistance of Europe as less difficult and less expensive than the two previous stages.

"If these things are not done, Europe will starve in spite of all we can do. The surplus of our productivity could not support a Europe of to-day's idleness if every man of us worked fifteen hours daily."

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An Optimist.—DAUBER—"I got more than I expected for my last picture."

FRIEND—"Why, I thought your landlord agreed to take it in lieu of next month's rent."

DAUBER—"Yes, but he raised my rent."
—*London Tit-Bits.*

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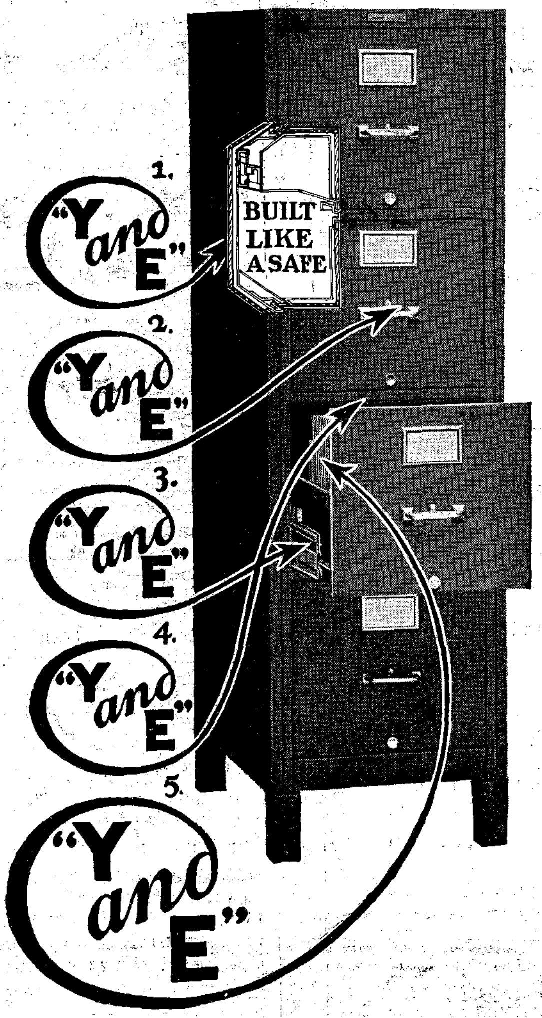

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WRITE FOR LITERATURE

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"J. M T.," Scranton, Pa.—"Kindly tell me what part of speech is *from* in the following: 'He occupied a far *from* pleasant position in the room.'"

From is a preposition introducing the phrase, "*from* pleasant position." *Far* is the antecedent of *from*. Dr. James C. Fernald in his "English Grammar Simplified," says: "The *antecedent* of a preposition may be a noun, pronoun, adjective, verb, adverb, or an entire phrase; as, There is the *steamer for* Liverpool; *Some of* the pupils were late; That is *good for* nothing; *Run to* your base; He came *exactly at* the moment."

"W. F. W.," Dresden, Mo.—"(1) In repeating the multiplication table, is it better to say '5 times 1 *are* 5,' considering *times* as the subject of the plural form of the verb, or '5 times 1 *is* 5,' regarding *5 times 1* as one quantity, the subject of the singular form? (2) Please give author of the quotation, 'Not failure, but low aim is crime.'"

(1) Plural numbers take verbs in the plural. Say "*Three times* three *are* nine," not "Three times three *is* nine;" "Seven and five *are* twelve," not "Seven and five *is* twelve," because you have plural numbers here also. (2) The correct quotation is—

> "Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
> Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed,
> As, God be thanked! I do not."

—Elizabeth B. Browning. *The Inn Album*, iv.

"G. E. J.," Pine Bluff, Ark.—"Please give the correct pronunciation of the name of the Russian dancer *Pavlowa*."

The name *Pavlowa* is correctly pronounced *Pav'lo-va—a* as in *art*, *o* as in *obey*, *a* as in *sofa*.

"P. W. W.," New York, N. Y.—"Kindly give the meaning and derivation of the term, 'the fourth estate.'"

The *fourth estate* is the newspaper press. It is so designated humorously as a distinct power in the state. Formerly, the phrase designated the persons constituting the lowest and unrepresented classes of society, as distinguished from the commons.

"A. C. W.," Waynesboro, Pa.—"(1) Why is *Arkansas* pronounced Arkan*saw?* We say *Kansas*, and *Arkansas City*. (2) In the sentences, 'If one wins first prize, surely he may rejoice'; 'If one is fair in the discussion, he may well yield somewhat to an opponent,' why is it considered wrong to say *he?*"

(1) The State of Arkansas has decreed that *Arkansaw* is the official pronunciation, and they base their decree on an early spelling of the word—*Arkansaw*. You will find the entire subject treated in Part II of the "Handbook of American Indians," published by the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C., pp. 333–339. (2) Dr. Vizetelly in his "Desk-Book of Errors in English," says: "*One:* Used sometimes as in writing narrative instead of 'I,' 'he,' or 'a' Bain ('Higher English Grammar') says: '*One* should be followed by *one* and not by *he* (nor for that matter by *I* or *a*); as, "What *one* sees or feels, *one* can not be sure that *one* sees or feels."' To begin with *one* and to continue with any one of the substitutes suggested would not only be incorrect but would confuse the reader."

"S. S. C.," Chicago, Ill.—"Kindly advise me if I am correct in using the word *replacal* to signify something that has been replaced."

No; *replacement* is the word you should use.

"J. O. L.," Woodbury, Ga.—"What is the full meaning of the name *Langdon*, and what nationality does it signify?"

Langdon is English, and means belonging to Langdon, or Dweller at the Long Hill. It is from the old English *lang* and *dun*. Old English *lang* equals modern English *long*, and Old English *dun* equals modern English *down*, *hill*, as the South Downs of England, a range of hills in Sussex, England.

"W. W. L.," Freeport, L. I., N. Y.—"What is the correct pronunciation of the word *advertisement?*"

The word *advertisement* is correctly pronounced *ad-vur'tiz-ment—a* as in *final*, *u* as in *burn*, *i* as in *habit*, *e* as in *get;* or *ad"var-taiz'ment—a* as in *fat*, *a* as in *final*, *ai* as in *aisle*, *e* as in *get*.

"H. S.," Macon, Ga.—"Please tell me about the word *Yankee;* its origin, and why people in certain sections of the United States are called 'Yankees'."

The word *Yankee* as a noun is defined as follows: "(1) A person born or living in New England: a word of doubtful origin, said by some to be the same as Scotch *yankie* and by others to be a form of *Yenghees*, a corruption of French *Anglais* by the Canadian Indians. Smollett used the term in 1762 in his 'Adventures of Lancelot Greaves,' p. 45: 'Proceed . . . without yawing like a Dutch *yanky*.' Here the reference may be to a Dutch sailor or sailing-vessel. The origin has not yet been definitely ascertained. (2) Hence, a citizen of the United States: a foreign, chiefly British, usage. (3) A Northerner; especially, a Federal soldier: so called in the South, particularly during the Civil War."

Yankee "was a cant, favorite word with farmer Jonathan Hastings, of Cambridge, about 1713. . . . The inventor used it to express excellency. A *Yankee* good horse, or *Yankee* cider and the like. . . . The students (of Harvard) used to hire horses of him; their intercourse with him, and his use of the term on all occasions, led them to adopt it." (Will Gordon, *Independence of United States*, vol. I, letter xii, p. 482.)

"H. P.," Indianapolis, Ind.—"Kindly inform me as to the correct way to write the phrase *per cent.*"

The correct form is *per cent.* (with the period).

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